

INGRATITUDE

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GROTON, Vt.—Virginia Onorato says she instantly fell in love with the community of 900 whose welcome sign describes it as a place "where a small town is like a large family."

But she and her husband are finding the feeling isn't entirely mutual.

Robert Onorato will be released from prison Friday after serving nearly 20 years for murder and sexual assault. Virginia Onorato bought a home here a year ago.

Hours after a heated town meeting last week, her car was torched in her driveway. Police are investigating.

On Tuesday night, state corrections officials let Robert Onorato plead his case before a crowd of nearly 100 residents.



"I want to live in this peaceful town just as much as you want a peaceful town," Onorato said. "I'd like to be part of this community. I realize that's going to take some serious time."

Some people are fearful, citing Onorato's conviction for sexually assaulting a 9-year-old boy in 1980, and his murder of a 19-year-old gas station attendant in 1978.

"I think I can safely say nearly everybody in this town thinks that what was done to your personal property is deplorable," Cory Drew told the Onoratos. "I can also safely say that the fear in this community is understandable."

Still, others welcomed the couple, including 46-year resident Patsy Bouley. "We'll be glad to pray for you, my husband and I," she told them.

Virginia Onorato met her husband through a ministry to prisoners. He has registered as a sex offender, as required, and will not be under police or parole supervision.

AS A young boy growing up in Scotland, Robert Black's only claim to fame was that he shared the same birthday as the Queen.

Little did those who knew him then think that one day he would go down in history as Britain's worst child killer since Moors murderers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley.

Rationing was still part of post-war British life when Black was born on April 21, 1947 at Falkirk Royal Infirmary. He was the illegitimate child of Jessica Hunter Black, who lived at The Dock House in Grangemouth, Stirlingshire. Shortly after his birth, Jessica handed the child to the authorities for fostering, later emigrating to Australia.

Black never discovered the identity of his father.

During a prison interview he revealed that his step-grandmother once told him: "If I passed your mother in the street I wouldn't tell you who she was."

He didn't know his mother had died until police informed him after his arrest in 1990. He showed no emotion. He was brought up by widow Betty Tulip who lived in a small house in the Argyllshire village of Kinlochleven.

Betty did her best to keep young Bobby in check and she would turn him out in neat school uniform and well-shined shoes. But from an early age there was a natural waywardness and aggression about the boy that made him difficult to control. And he liked to dominate other children.

Jimmy Minnes, who went to school with the killer, remembers how Black picked on one pupil who had an artificial leg. "He gave the poor lad a terrible hammering," he said. "He just jumped on top of him as he was walking over the bridge to school one day. Black just punched and kicked him for no reason."

Colin McDougall, another pupil at the local primary school, recalls Black as "a bit of a loner but with a tendency to bully".

Betty Tulip died when Black was 13. He was sent to a children's home at Musselburgh outside Edinburgh.

It was here the sordid road to sexual deviance began. Entering adolescence, unloved and unwanted, Black became a victim of abuse — a classic characteristic of many who go on to become abusers themselves.

By his own admission, his favourite pastime was to go to a public swimming baths at nearby Portobello — where he later abducted Caroline Hogg — to watch the little girls in their swimsuits.

He committed his first offence in 1963 when he was 16 and working as a butcher's delivery boy in Greenock, Renfrewshire. He persuaded an eight-year-old girl in a park to accompany him, then gripped the terrified child until she passed out.

He sexually assaulted her before leaving her unconscious.

Black believed he had killed the child but she recovered and the next day identified him to police.

He was charged with lewd and libidinous behaviour but, astonishingly, he was given a suspended sentence at Greenock Sheriff Court. After 12 months he was let off with nothing more than a warning.

Soon he took his first job as a delivery driver with newspaper and magazine distributors John Menzies. Black suddenly reappeared in Kinlochleven a year or two later where he took lodgings in Appin Road.

Village postwoman Janet MacDonald revealed Black as a Peeping Tom when she caught him peering in at her sister from a window.

Black finally left Kinlochleven in disgrace in 1967 after preying on a six-year-old girl from the village.

He admitted three charges of indecently assaulting her and was sent to borstal for two years. On his release, he went to live in digs in Glasgow.

But he soon moved to North London, where he was to stay for more than 20 years in the four-storey home of Scottish couple Eddie and Kathy Rayson. Behind the door of his bedsit at 7 West Bank, Stamford Hill, in the Seventies, Black became a different person — a lone paedophile whose lust for little girls would eventually turn him into a callous serial killer.

The room was awash with child pornography, magazines and videos, as well as bundles of children's clothing, some of which Black had clumsily fashioned himself.

He became a long-distance lorry driver. As he travelled the length and breadth of Britain in his delivery truck, it was only a matter of time before he claimed his first victim.

Outwardly, he was normal enough though a touch withdrawn. He spent much of his spare time in North London pubs playing darts at which he became extremely accomplished.

Former world champion Eric Bristow was an acquaintance when

both played on the North London amateur pub circuit.

"Black was a loner," said Bristow. "He never turned up with a girlfriend or anything. He just wasn't the type. He was a regular guy who would come into the pub and play darts. He was a very good pub player."

"I can hardly believe it. I knew him from years ago and you would never have suspected anything like it."

And the memory of Black still haunts Eddie and Kathy Rayson. For two decades, they had no idea they were sheltering a monster.

The couple have moved to the Dordogne in France. But at their new home outside the village of Tourtoirac, Mr Rayson admitted: "Black's shadow has followed us here. We wish we had never met him."

With his 71-year-old wife at his side, the retired tiler recalled how Black became part of the family, sharing the Victorian house with

their five sons and two daughters.

"He was a perfect tenant," said 70-year-old Mr Rayson. "He always paid his rent on time and never caused any problems. He had the flat at the top of the house."

The couple said Black was intelligent. "He could rattle off a crossword very quickly," said Mr Rayson. "He must have had a good education in Scotland but he never spoke about his childhood although we knew he was an orphan."

"He only ever brought one girl back in the 20 years he lived with us and she was gone in the morning and never came back."

Rumours that Black may have interfered with their children are strenuously denied by the couple.

Their son Paul, who still lives in the house, said Black attended family occasions including the christenings

of the Raysons' grandchildren. "He was more than just a tenant but not what you would call a friend."

Paul added: "People seem to think that because he lived here we must have known what he was up to. But we didn't. We never imagined he was a killer. Now all I wish is that they would string him up."

Black goes down in the annals of crime as Britain's worst child killer since Brady and Hindley. Like Brady, Black is a Scot. His only other similarity is his total lack of regard for human life.

Brady was a psychopath driven by a lust to see his victims suffer then die. But psychiatrists argue that Black, was a sexual deviant first and a killer second.

Yet he has never shown any remorse for his young victims nor for the way he so casually discarded their limp bodies like unwanted rag dolls once he had finished with them.

A BRAVE mother today speaks for the first time of how the monster at the black heart of the world's biggest child porn gang destroyed the lives of her three little children.

She reveals how evil paedophile Gary Salt—ringleader of the depraved internet-based Wonderland Club—befriended her, won her trust and then secretly spent four years preying on her beloved youngsters.

Time after time twisted Salt, 39, took pictures of himself raping her eight-year-old daughter after stripping her and tying her up. He also photographed his horrific sexual assaults on the mum's two boys aged nine and 11.

And then he posted them on the gang's sordid website.

Now even the very sight of a camera—the sinister symbol of the children's years of abuse at the hands of Salt—can send them running in terror from the room.

Today, in the aftermath of her family's terrifying ordeal, the devastated mum struggles to hold back the tears as she tries to explain how Salt's menacing shadow still hangs over the ruins of her once happy-go-lucky family.

"I can't describe the pain they have been through... the pain they are still going through," she says.

"The kids are scared of cameras now. Even at family occasions like birthday parties they will not have their picture taken because it brings back painful memories."

"The two youngest have been to all sorts of counselling. Even now my daughter wakes up almost every night screaming."

"It is heartbreaking—and I think as she gets older she is realising more and more what happened to her."

"She will come up to me when I am on my own. I can tell by looking at the dazed expression on her face what is about to happen and it makes me feel sick."

"She simply says, 'Mum, I want to talk'. We then head off to a quiet room in the house."

"Once she told me, 'He took me into his bedroom where his computer was. The camera was there next to it'."

"I was undressed and put on the bed while he took pictures of me. Sometimes he tied me up."

The anguished mother—whose identity we are not revealing to protect her children—pauses as she struggles to compose herself.

"When my daughter opens up like this I have to be strong for her..."

Today Salt is in prison serving 12 years on 23 counts including rape and acts of gross indecency.

Detectives from the National Crime Squad who nailed him said he was a "key figure" in the sick Wonderland Club which placed a massive 750,000 obscene pictures of children online and has at least 180 members worldwide. Fellow club member David Hines said in a TV interview that the internet pictures of Salt raping and abusing the youngsters had made him a "hero" to the gang.

This month Hines, 30, was among seven of Salt's perverted followers who began paltry sentences ranging between just 12 and 30 months for their role in posting obscene pictures on the internet.

Salt's victims, however, face a lifetime sentence of pain and misery.

But unlike the coward who robbed them of their innocence, they possess courage beyond their years.

Before agreeing to our interview the caring mum asked them whether they thought she should go public about their horrific experiences. They told her: "Do it mum. We want everybody to know what a monster he is."

This is how Salt spread his tentacles into their lives. When the single mum met ex-RAF engineer Salt, of Stockport, Manchester, in 1993 she was impressed by him. The bachelor visited her at her home and the children, then very young, took to him.

Biting her lip regretfully she admits she still finds it hard to talk about Salt.

"It is very difficult for me to speak rationally about him because I am so full of hatred for him and what he has done."

"But at first he seemed really nice. A normal, genuine, down-to-earth man with a good sense of humour. He was forever treating the children, buying them sweets,

and they seemed to really like him. He used to take them for trips out to buy them burger and chips. So after I had known him a while I had no qualms about letting the kids go to his house."

"Every time they went there, without fail they would come home with a huge bag of sweets. He even bought them computer games to play."

She had no idea that Salt's computer existed for far more disturbing motives. Until the day the bombshell exploded.

"One afternoon the kids were brought home from Gary's house by social services. The police arrived and said they had reason to believe that there had been instances of abuse," says the mum.

"I was absolutely floored. I thought I knew Gary well."

Then the police broke the news to her about what they had found on Salt's computer. "When the police told me about the pictures I

felt like throwing up," she says. "I knew he was into computers but he said he used it for his hobby—plane spotting and keeping records on aircraft."

"Even now I don't know if there are pictures of my children being abused still on the internet."

"I find it difficult to understand how anybody can do something as horrible and degrading as this to children."

During the next few weeks the mum had to endure every parent's worst nightmare.

Her children were gently questioned by specially trained officers who slowly discovered that Salt had issued chilling warnings to silence them.

He had left them believing they would be killed if they blew the

whistle on him. "All I could do was let them all know that if they needed to talk I was there for them," says the mum.

"After a few days my daughter came to me and said she had something to tell me."

What was said will haunt her mum for the rest of her life.

She had to try to stay calm and supportive while her eight-year-old daughter described how Salt had abused her.

"I had to listen as she told me how Salt used objects to abuse her," she says.

"She is so wary of men now. She stays away from them. She still holds my hand when we are out together."

Her two boys who are a couple of years older than their sister have reacted differently.

They were badly abused by Salt and made to frolic together on his bed as he took pictures. The young-

est opened up to his mum not long after his sister but the eldest has only just started to talk about his experiences three years after Salt was jailed.

"They know now that if they want to discuss anything about this they can come to me. It is all I can do."

What upsets her deeply is what the courts have failed to do. And how leniently Salt and his sick Wonderland cronies have been treated.

On the day of Salt's sentencing his three victims—now at secondary school—were sat at home in their living room. They cheered when their mum told them he had been locked up.

But their cheers dissolved to stunned silence when she told them he had only been given 12 years.

"When I said he was going to jail I am sure it was a massive relief for them because it really brought home the fact that it was HIM that was in the wrong and not them," says the mum.

"But their faces hit the floor when they heard it was just 12 years. I will never be able to wipe it out of my mind."

She also blasted the lenient sentences handed out to the other seven British members of the Wonderland Club last week.

None were even given the three-year maximum that applied for distributing indecent pictures on the internet at the time of their offences.

"It is another case of the law forgetting about the victims," she says.

"The judge should be ashamed of himself. Judges should pay a visit to the victims of these monsters before they hand out their sentences."

"When I walk down the street with my children and anybody looks at them I immediately assume they have recognised them from the internet."

"It is the first thing that jumps into my mind and it is all Salt's fault."

"The kids use the internet at school and one of my worst fears is that somehow they will find these pictures of themselves."

The mum fully backs the News of the World's campaign to protect children from paedophiles.

She says: "Anybody who has been through what has happened to my children would agree with what you are fighting for."

"When Salt gets out I will definitely want to know where he is and I think everybody should be told."

On the day after Salt's case finished the children cut out a picture of him from their local paper—and pinned it on their dartboard.

Their mum adds grimly: "I am sure it was very therapeutic for them."

"He has totally destroyed their lives. It is not something they will ever be able to forget."

AN evil paedophile convicted of abusing a 12-year-old girl has escaped a jail sentence and been allowed to return to his home—opposite a primary school.

The victim's mother pleaded with Judge William Thomas to cage twisted David Rogers, who lives less than a mile from Michael and Sara Payne.

But Judge Thomas gave 43-year-old Rogers, a former British Telecom manager from Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, three years' probation after saying it was not a "bad case".

Rogers, who pleaded guilty to indecent assault, confessed his crime to the girl's mother while he was drunk.

And Kingston Crown Court heard how balding Rogers had fantasised about his victim in a sickening diary for six months before molesting her when she was in bed.

Judge Thomas said Rogers had an "unhealthy interest" in young girls made more serious by his refusal to admit he had a problem. But he added:

"It was not, as these cases go, a bad case. Many that come my way are worse than what you did."

The girl's mother said afterwards:

"How can he say it's not a bad case? If he saw the state my daughter is in he would not say that. She suffers nightmares, panic attacks and has become withdrawn and quiet."

"That man has ruined my child's life and there is nothing to stop him from ruining another child's. To allow him to live opposite a primary school after what he has done is a disgrace."

"On top of all this he lives a ten-minute walk from the family of Sarah Payne. It beggars belief."

In an open letter written after Rogers walked free from court, his victim wrote: "He lives near a school. Once I saw him looking at all the children and now I know why. I don't want him to do it to anyone else. He should not get away with it."

"He took me round his flat and he seemed harmless."

"My impression was he was just a lonely old man. He showed me pictures of his grandchildren."

Louise allowed her daughter to continue to visit him.

It was not until the girl was escorted home by two officers that his sickening past was revealed and Louise was told of her daughter's sexual assault.

Then he tried to tempt her back into his clutches with a gift. He wrote: "I won't tell you what the gift is but the only clues I will give you is you said you had always wanted one... anyway it's here for you."

Flintham was found guilty of indecent assault at Snaresbrook Crown Court, east London, on February 1 and will be sentenced on March 30.

The court heard that he had been jailed at the Old Bailey in 1989 for a sickening attack along with another paedophile, Ian Durban.

Flintham kidnapped, tortured and raped an 11-year-old girl after he and Durban had dragged her into a car, given her large doses of ether and bound and gagged her with masking tape.

The terrified girl was threatened with a screwdriver and told she was going to be raped as she screamed for her mother.

After the trial the girl's parents stormed: "They should be hanged. It is a waste of money keeping people like that locked up."

RESCUED schoolgirls Charlene Lunnon and Lisa Hoodless hugged each other as they told of their joy at being back home with their families.

With beaming smiles and a happy sparkle back in their eyes, the best friends held hands tightly and said in unison: "It's brilliant to be home."

Then, when presented with huge fluffy toys by The Express, the 10-year-old pals added: "They are lovely. We are going to cuddle them all day."

As the brave pair strolled with their families on Hastings beach, detectives continued to question jobless Alan Hopkinson, 46, on suspicion of abducting the girls and holding them for more than three days.

Looking remarkably happy considering her ordeal, Charlene giggled: "The thing I missed most was my Dad moaning at me. But the first thing I did was run up to him and give him a big hug."

Lisa said: "It was really exciting getting back home. I love my Mum and Dad so much. It's fantastic to see everyone again."

The girls, who vanished on their 500-yard walk to school last Tuesday, will be interviewed by specially trained police officers to piece together the full details of their ordeal.

On Saturday they chose not to talk of the time they spent missing and instead spoke of their hopes for their futures that looked so bleak only 24 hours earlier.

Clutching our soft toys to their hearts — a giant rabbit for animal-lover Charlene and a huge teddy bear for Lisa — they said: "Thank you so much, we love them."

Charlene posed happily in a plush new brown velvet outfit bought for the special day, alongside Lisa, neatly dressed in a purple top and black trousers with her hair held in a white Alice band.

Both will now have a week off school.

But Lisa said: "I can't wait to see my teachers, friends and my boyfriend. He's called Stevie and he's nine, I think."

"I haven't spoken to him yet, but he must be worried about me."

"When I grow up I want to be an artist. The beach is my favourite place to go."

Then she put her arm around Charlene and said: "She's my best friend in the whole world. I phoned her last night to see how she was. She's brilliant. I'm going to enjoy my week off school."

Charlene, whose ambition is to become a vet, said that since the pair were rescued from a flat in Eastbourne she had been paying special attention to her pets, Fluffy the hamster, Oscar the iguana and Timmie the cat.

She said: "I love animals, especially my hamster. I got her out this morning and she was all happy."

Then, giving her only hint of the fear she had felt during the rescue drama at 11am last Friday morning, Lisa added: "I got a bit frightened at first, but I soon got used to the policemen and I was happy again."

On the face of it, the girls are coping well — but only time will tell if they have been mentally scarred.

Charlene's father Keith, 48, seemed close to tears as he watched his daughter and Lisa cuddle each other and smile as they were handed our large toys.

He said: "Charlene's feeling more rested today. She slept all night." Lisa's father Andy Hoodless, a 37-year-old gardener, suggested they may need counselling to get over their ordeal.

Speaking for the first time since he was reunited with his daughter, Mr Hoodless said: "Lisa has a strong-willed personality and hopefully she will get over this in time with professional help."

"I'm delighted she's back, she has settled down well. I just want to forget all this. Lisa has put up with it really well and I'm so proud of her."

"She didn't get much sleep last night. She stayed up with my wife Julie until 12.30am and woke up again at 4am."

On the night of the girls' homecoming, Charlene had returned holding a doll and looking dazed by the attention.

But minutes after entering the secure confines of her terrace home, curiosity overcame her.

She lifted the net curtains of her bedroom window and smiled at friends and well-wishers who had gathered outside.

Bolstered by a happy family reunion, Charlene eventually ventured outside in her dressing gown and 101 Dalmatian slippers.

Lisa, on the other hand, took longer to find her confidence. When she returned home she appeared vulnerable and confused.

On the beach, however, it was a totally different story. Taking confident strides, the two girls marched 500 yards on their own to face a daunting bank of more than 50 photographers and cameramen.

With little prompting, they grinned broadly and waved in delight.

Even when they were surrounded by microphones and TV cameras, the girls seemed to be enjoying the attention and had a quick response for every question.

They showed no signs of suffering from their ordeal. And the tables had turned from the previous evening when Charlene was the centre of attention. On Saturday it was Lisa's turn to be the more outgoing of the two.

Asked how they were coping with being in the spotlight, Lisa laughed and said:

"It's all right." The two sets of parents were equally relaxed. Mr Lunnon watched the girls protectively from a distance while other relieved family members strolled together and played with their other children on the pebbles.

Charlene's stepmother Philomena said she wanted to inject some normality into their family life by spending some time browsing around the shops.

She added: "I'm going to spoil Charlene rotten on a shopping trip. We are going to get her some new clothes and then go ten-pin bowling."

The girls were rescued last Friday when police swooped on a flat above a shopping centre in Kingfisher Drive, Eastbourne, 20 miles from their homes. A security guard had earlier reported seeing two girls like Charlene and Lisa at a petrol station at 2.30am.

The youngsters were taken to Battle police station, where they were given medical checks and found to be well.

They had vanished last Tuesday when they failed to turn up for lessons at Christ Church Primary school in St Leonard's.

Their parents waved them off at 8.30am and that was the last they saw of them until the emotional reunion last Friday evening.

Moments before their rescue, Det Supt Paine said: "It's less and less likely we will find them alive."

To everyone's relief his fears proved to be wrong.

TO MANY, it must seem an odd choice of venue for a funeral. But to the family of murdered schoolboy Rory Blackhall it is entirely fitting his short life should be mourned at the centre of his friendly community.

At 9.30am today, almost exactly a month after 11-year-old Rory was last seen, his family and friends will crowd into Howden Park Centre, a community hall in Livingston, to commemorate the tragic schoolboy who was killed by a paedophile on bail.

Mourners have been asked to 'wear something tartan', and any donations will be passed to Rory's favourite charity, the Canine Defence League. The service, followed by a private cremation, will be unbearably poignant, not least as it will take place just as Rory should have been attending his first lesson of the day.

One can only imagine what fresh agonies his mother Michelle will be feeling as she faces another landmark on the journey of grief which will have no end in her lifetime.

The last time the 41-year-old teacher saw her youngest son, he was ambling along an underpass on his way to school. How proud she must have felt to glimpse him in her wing mirror: school uniform neatly pressed, his Puma rucksack containing schoolbooks and a lunch-box slung casually over his shoulder.

And how reassured she must have felt. Moments before, just as she did every school day, she had dropped him at the underpass — so he didn't have to negotiate a busy road — before driving on to her own job at a neighbouring primary school.

For Michelle, it was just one of the many safety precautions she observed — like adhering to the 20mph speed limit and insisting on seat belts — to ensure the welfare of Rory and his older brother Conal, 14. But as we now

know, it was not enough to save her second-born son on that fateful day.

At some point during the 20 seconds it should have taken from being dropped off in the underpass to reaching the gates of Meldrum Primary School, Rory Blackhall was abducted.

And, most distressingly, although it has not yet been officially confirmed, it is understood detectives have been told Rory was alive for 48 hours after the last sighting of him.

His little body, concealed under a tarpaulin tent, was found in nearby woodland three days later.

His death has shocked the close-knit commuter town situated 17 miles from Edinburgh, and brought chilling reminders of the callous murder of Soham schoolgirls Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman three summers ago.

Across Britain, concerned parents wondered how such an event could take place. But those who know the area also question how it could happen in a community which is so child-centred, so friendly and apparently so safe.

Built in 1965 as the fourth of Scotland's five New Towns, Livingston is popular with parents because it is within commuting distance of

both Edinburgh and Glasgow, and is a major employer in the electronics industry.

Everything about the town's modern homes, wide roadways and shopping and leisure complexes seems to have been designed with families — and their safety — in mind.

However, the dark side of this meticulously planned community was shockingly revealed seven days after the discovery of Rory's body.

A local man, awaiting trial on criminal charges of indecent assault on three children under the age of 11, was found hanged in his home, a suicide note by his side.

On Wednesday, 37-year-old Simon Harris was confirmed as the only suspect for Rory's murder. But he was not the only adult who must take a share of the blame for the youngster's death.

For despite his mother's painstaking efforts to ensure his safety, Rory was systematically let down by his school, the police, the local hospital

and a justice system where a focus on administration and political correctness has replaced common sense.

Through an investigation which will concern every parent, the Mail has discovered that a catalogue of errors — including a seven-hour delay in reporting Rory missing, and a woefully inadequate bail system — may have conspired to put Rory in danger.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the makeshift grave where Rory's body was dumped, Simon Harris lived in an end-of-terrace council house on an estate described by one neighbour as a 'paedophile's paradise'.

A scruffy loner, with no known occupation, he had lived there for more than 20 years with his mother, Betty, and stepfather, Walter Inglis.

One of four children born to Betty, a children's nurse, and her first husband, Peter Harris, an RAF corporal, Harris cut a reclusive figure, rarely spoke to neighbours and ventured out only to tinker with his car or do a spot of light gardening.

His parents had separated when he was only four and he had little to do with his father from that day. Both parents remarried and although his siblings all matured into respectable adults, Harris turned into something of an oddball.

He kept a stash of child porn and developed an interest in black magic, reportedly joining a coven close to his home and constantly demanding information from relatives about his late grandmother.

One family member, Brian Presswell, described Harris as 'bad news' and he was said to be involved in drugs, both using and selling.

But not even the family, who considered him the black sheep — or the neighbours who were barely on nodding terms — knew just how depraved Harris had become.

Earlier this year, after his elderly mother was taken into a nursing home and his stepfather died, Harris was charged with a series of sexual

assaults on girls aged between two and 11.

To protect the victims, only minimal details of the crimes can be published, but one of the girls is now aged 16, and the crimes took place between 1993 and 2000, possibly during a time when Harris was believed to have attended college in an undisclosed location in England.

The mother of two of the victims, who met Harris in 1996 through a mutual friend, invited him into her house as a paying lodger.

Harris lived with the family for more than a year — the children even called him 'Dad' — before the mother asked him to leave because he was becoming too possessive.

Only years later did she learn that he had sexually abused her eldest daughter seven times during his stay, when the traumatised youngster wrote her a heartfelt letter. The girl told her mother Harris had also abused her younger sister.

'I felt sick and angry and confused,' she said. 'Because looking back he had never shown any interest in women.' Despite her shock, the woman brought charges in a bid to prevent someone else's daughters falling victim to the same fate.

Yet incredibly, when he appeared in court in February, Harris was given bail, pending trial, and was freed to return to the Livingston estate which was home to hundreds of youngsters.

Crucially, because he had not been convicted of any sex crime, Harris was not placed on the sex offenders' register and none of his neighbours knew of the charges.

This was almost six months before Rory Blackhall's murder, yet already the chain of events which would lead to his death had been set in motion.

Because the Crown office is still investigating the exact circumstances of Rory's death, police are refusing to reveal whether he had met Harris. But some close to the inquiry are considering the possibility that Harris might have been 'grooming' the youngster by first forming an innocent friendship with him.

More than 1,000 worried residents flooded a police helpline when news of Rory's disappearance emerged. There was one report of a man fitting Harris's description emerging from the woodland area where Rory's body was found, at 8.30am the day before the youngster went missing.

The caller, who had been walking his own child to school, said that the man seemed totally out of place. He was wearing a fur-lined hunting cap clipped down over the ears.

Unusually for an area where friendly greetings are regularly exchanged by parents walking their children to school, the man made no attempt to acknowledge the father.

Described as 'not very streetwise' but interested in dogs, fishing, the environment and trains, Rory had had a hard summer and was not looking forward to returning to school.

His best friend had moved to another school and his parents had split up that summer, leaving Rory vulnerable and upset. To compound his anxiety, he was being teased at school and had lost a grandparent.

Set against this it is easy to see how Rory might have been lured away by a seemingly sympathetic adult, perhaps one who knew of his interest in wildlife and exploited it.

One local angler, who did not wish to be named, said he thought he had seen a boy fitting Rory's description, fishing with Harris at a nearby reservoir. Harris is understood to have kept fishing rods in his garden shed.

According to Ian Stephen, a forensic psychologist who has consulted on dramas such as *Prime Suspect*, the youngster's unhappiness and reluctance to return to school may have rendered him very susceptible to a paedophile. He said: 'He may have been looking for a friend. The boy must have felt fairly safe with whoever he was with because there is no sign of a struggle.' Even if this was

the case, Rory's life might still have been saved, had it not been for a further catalogue of blunders. For seven crucial hours, no one even knew he was missing.

Although Rory never got to school on that fateful morning, none of his teachers told either his mother or the police until his grandfather arrived to collect him at 3.15pm and was told the boy had been absent.

School policy states it is parents' responsibility to get children to school. But no one had telephoned Michelle Blackhall to tell her her son had not shown up, assuming — erroneously and tragically — that he was off sick and would return the following day with a note from his mother.

A spokesman for West Lothian Council, the education authority, said the school contacted parents of missing children if they were a regular truant — which Rory was not.

Within hours of Rory's disappearance being known, local people had distributed missing posters and his parents made a tearful television appeal for their son to return.

On Sunday, August 21, his body was discovered, asphyxiated, under a tent, just a few yards from where his mother had dropped him off. Initially, police refused to rule out death by natural causes or suicide — a fact which many say delayed the hunt for his killer and put the community further at risk.

When a murder inquiry was finally launched, one of the first tasks was to interview 25 known paedophiles in the area. Simon Harris, however, was not among them as he was not on the sex offenders' register and had no conviction for sex offences — although trial was pending on a string of sex offences.

Officers were not aware that Harris had failed to show up for a bail hearing at Linlithgow Sheriff Court on Monday, August 22, the day after Rory's body was discovered.

And although a warrant was issued for his arrest for non-appearance, in another vital delay it was six days before notification reached police.

Scotland's First Minister, Jack McConnell, has since criticised the tardiness of the justice system. But a Crown Office spokesman said Harris was not considered a danger to the public and the service was operating within Scottish Court Service protocol when it took two days to consider a petition for arrest, a further day to process it and a further day to transmit the request back to the Procurator Fiscal Service.

The spokesman said the request for a warrant was handled in the normal way and was ready to be handed to police by 9am on August 29.

Ultimately, the police had to depend on another phone call from a member of the public suspicious about Harris, and officers wearing riot gear raided his house the day before the warrant turned up.

They found him hanging by an electrical cable with an 'incoherent' suicide note nearby.

In a further worrying twist, staff at Livingston's St John's Hospital had expressed alarm when an 'agitated' man with marks on his face had appeared the day after Rory's body was discovered. But, citing 'patient confidentiality', they did not contact police until officers issued a description of a man fitting Harris — based on the sighting in the woods.

Above all, neighbours are shocked that a paedophile was living in their midst without their knowledge.

Phyllis Traynor, who lived opposite Harris for 17 years, said: 'This place is full of kids and it's not right that we weren't informed of his background.'

Almost a month on an inquiry has begun into the handling of the case by Lothian and Borders Police and First Minister Jack McConnell has promised a review of the bail system.

Sadly it is all too little, too late to save the life of the smiling schoolboy who loved the outdoors.

IT WAS not just the scenes of depravity that startled detectives investigating the Wonderland paedophile ring: it was the sheer number of criminals and victims they identified, with each new figure laying bare another secret story of trauma and abuse.

Police discovered that more than 200 men in 13 countries were members of the Wonderland Club. Before they were caught, they had exchanged 750,000 sexually explicit images of children via the Internet.

Analysis showed that 1,236 children had been subjected to the most appalling abuse. Some were babies who were raped by their abusers. Others were abused live online. Some detectives wept as they inspected and filed each image.

Like any other exclusive club there were strict rules and membership requirements. In this case, the price of entry was proof that the would-be member had 10,000 new pictures to trade.

On September 2, 1998, in a series of simultaneous raids across three continents, 107 people were arrested. Fifty men have been convicted worldwide and a further 22 are still awaiting trial.

To that extent, Operation Cathedral was an outstanding success. The satisfaction of the officers concerned is tempered, however, by the realisation that many of the victims are still at risk of further abuse or even death.

In the 2½ years since the material was seized, only 17 of the children have been identified, six of them from Britain. That leaves 1,219 child victims, who may be anywhere in the world. Among those who were identified was an 11-year-old Portuguese boy, Rui Pedro Mendonca, who disappeared on his way home from school. He has never been found, but images of him being abused were traded by the Wonderland Club, which was named after Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Detective Chief Inspector Alex Wood, of the National

Crime Squad, said: 'If you were an ordinary Internet user, you could not enter Wonderland by mistake. There were at least five stages of security. It was very well hidden and very secure.'

The club styled itself "wonderland", with a zero instead of a letter "o", to reduce the risk of anyone finding its websites, and used advanced encryption software. Of the paedophiles sentenced yesterday, three were computer consultants. Users had to pass through an Internet chatroom; members created an artificial person or "robot" to police chatroom users and ensure that strangers did not gain access.

Until the day of the raid, no detective had typed the word "wonderland" into an Internet search programme, Mr Wood said. "We were scared it would give us away and the whole thing would crash around us."

Some members were child abusers who produced their own pornography of underage children, and those who committed abuse were venerated by the mere collectors.

Gary Salt, a Wonderland member and a former RAF technician from Stockport, was arrested in a separate inquiry and jailed for 12 years in June 1999 for abusing three children. Pictures of one of the youngsters he abused, a nine-year-old friend of his daughter, were traded in the Wonderland Club. One alarming connection was that another Wonderland member, Gavin Seagers, a computer consultant from Dartford, Kent, was a volunteer youth leader at the local Sea Cadets, with access to 25 boys and girls aged 10 to 18.

The investigation began in the United States after an incident in Greenfield, California, in April 1996. An eight-year-old girl was staying the night with her school friend when the friend's father, Ronald Riva, took her into his computer room. Using a web camera linked to his computer, he broadcast his abuse of the child live to his friends.

Inquiries into Riva's crime led to the exposure by US Customs officers of a paedophile ring calling itself the Orchid Club. Among the leads was an e-mail address that led to the home of Ian Baldock, a computer consultant, in St Leonard's,

East Sussex. A police computer expert found that Baldock had distributed 1,600 images to 17 other Internet users in the six days before his arrest.

The National Crime Squad recruited two computer consultants to work on the case full time for 14 months. Officers tracked down the Internet service providers being used by the paedophiles so that they could trace their customers' names and addresses.

"We then had to establish who was making use of the computers. In some cases the computer was in a shared house, and others were based in universities and libraries."

Mr Wood said. Officers set up covert surveillance to differentiate the paedophiles from the innocent computer users.

In the waves of raids that followed, club members were arrested at 32 premises in the US, 18 in Germany, 16 in Italy, 14 in the UK, eight in Norway, four in France, three in Portugal, three in Belgium, two in Finland, two in Australia, one in Austria and one in Sweden.

Six members of the club around the world committed suicide in the aftermath of the raids, among them a university professor. Every officer who had been involved in inspecting the images was ordered to have counselling.

In an attempt to identify the 1,219 missing victims, the National Crime Squad has compiled an album of 900 victims, categorising them by gender, age and ethnic group. It is available to law enforcement agencies around the world.

An advanced facial mapping technique measures the characteristics of each child's face so that he or she can be identified from later photographs, and a trail of abuse identified, even though they might have grown older and their appearances altered.

"Officers are coming back to us for the evidence which may help them prosecute paedophiles across the country and the world," Detective Superintendent Peter Spindler said. "Only last week colleagues from the US sent us an image of a child being abused and we managed to identify the child."

Some of the images from Wonderland's stock are believed to be 10-15 years old but officers say some were "almost brand new" at the time of the arrests in 1998.

"John Rexroat is far more dangerous than any stranger, because he's the guy down the street in your neighborhood," she told Zafiratos. "We have to let him know he crossed the line—what he did is wrong, taboo in our society. We have to protect the children."

Reading from a victim impact statement, the victim's parents also called for Zafiratos to hand down a severe sentence.

"Obviously, this is a sick, perverted person, but does that excuse him from having to pay for what he did to our lives?" asked the mother. "We will never be able to let our children out of our sight again; their lives are changed. Giving probation or home confinement to those who prey upon our children is neither a deterrent or proper punishment—that is tantamount to a slap on the wrist."

But after hearing from attorneys and the victim's family, Zafiratos sentenced Rexroat to concurrent terms of four years probation each for the Class I felony charge of manufacture of child pornography charge and possession of child pornography, a Class IV felony.

In addition, Zafiratos ordered Rexroat confined to his home between 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. each day for the next year, to report to a probation officer once a week and to continue psychotherapy. The defendant will also be required to register as a sex offender and pay a \$2,000 fine plus \$220 in court costs.

Just before sentencing, Rexroat, who has no prior criminal record as an adult, said that while he was sorry for "causing a problem, I'm not the sick individual you have portrayed."

State Rep. Jim Durkin (D-Westchester), who was at the hearing, said afterward that he will draft legislation under which defendants convicted of child pornography will receive mandatory 4- to 15-year sentences.

"This is outrageous. This family is going to have to explain to their daughter that the man who did this to her is walking around," said Durkin, a member of the Illinois House Judiciary Committee. "If the court won't protect citizens, the legislature will have to. People go to jail for lesser things. ... It's very simple: You commit a crime, especially one like this, you should go to jail."

"This is another very violent and awful event that has happened here," said Mike Anderer-McClelland, who has been San Miguel's principal for seven years. "I can't remember something so public and so heinous."

At the school Thursday evening, more than a hundred people—including the 12-year-old girl's mother—attended a Chicago Alternative Policing Strategy meeting to talk about the assaults and other recent violence in the area.

Residents in the Southwest Side neighborhood were still reeling from the deaths last week of a woman and her 7-year-old granddaughter in a hit-and-run accident three blocks from where the girl was assaulted.

Police Cmdr Eugene Roy applauded the sense of community that drew the standing-room-only crowd and said that kind of activism would be key to solving both cases.

"This man is walking in this community as we speak," he told residents. "Someone in this room knows him or knows something about him ... we need you to be our eyes and our ears."

But many complained, in English and Spanish, that police had not notified them about the first assault.

Roy said that while police did not directly inform the community after the first incident, beat officers were put on the alert.

Ald. Arenda Troutman (20th), making her first public appearance since she was charged with taking money to help ease the way for a South Side real estate development, said she came to the meeting to learn what she

could do to help the community.

"It's offensive to the community for a young person to be violated. I'm sorry for the child and for that family," she said.

But when she arrived, she drew angry comments from residents who complained that she never attends CAPS meetings.

"I come if I'm invited," she said, and she reminded residents of the police camera installed at 48th and Wood Streets as an example of how she has tried to address their concerns about crime. She left amid a scattering of jeers.

Police haven't determined if the two sexual assaults are connected, but there are similarities in the descriptions of the suspects and the methods used in both attacks, said police spokeswoman Kristina Schuler.

Both young girls were pulled into an alley, choked and sexually assaulted, police said.

The attack on the 12-year-old girl occurred about 4:45 p.m. Tuesday in the 4800 block of South Winchester Avenue, police said. The attack on the 16-year-old girl occurred about 8:30 p.m. Saturday in the 1900 block of West 48th Street, Schuler said.

Sylvia Flores, 32, stood outside her home Thursday waiting for her children to arrive from school. Flores, a security guard living a block from Hedges Elementary, said she worries about her three daughters' safety while she is at work.

"I feel bad we can't send our kids to the store or have them play outside because you never know what will happen," she said.

Also on Thursday, police issued a community alert for a man who attempted to abduct three girls walking home from school Monday in the 3400 block of South Oakley Avenue. The man exposed himself and made obscene comments to the victims, police said.

The stepfather of one of the victims said the girl was traumatized by the incident.

"She doesn't want to walk by herself, she doesn't want to sleep by herself," he said. "We're trying to get her to calm down because she is very scared right now."

The suspect is described as a white male, 38 to 43 years old, 5 feet 10 and 180 pounds with light brown curly hair and a light complexion. He was last seen wearing a blue and orange baseball cap, dirty work boots and driving a Ford pickup truck, police said.

Under an assumed name, O'Malley wrote to Chaivat, saying he wanted to buy pictures.

In reply, he received a one-sheet photostat of eight snapshots, each of a different child and man. On the back was a long handwritten letter in blue ink, quoting prices. And there was a sample photograph that O'Malley thought was "particularly disturbing."

The picture was of a little girl, estimated to be no older than 10. She was naked, lying on her back on a bed, smiling at the camera. Painted on her stomach in bold red letters was an explicit invitation.

O'Malley began the hunt.

He sent Chaivat \$100 cash and received four separate blue envelopes, each containing three different pictures of a girl, estimated to be 12, and a man "in every type of sexual activity imaginable."

The last mailing offered a deal: 40 photos for \$300. Chaivat wrote that he had pictures of any sexual perversion, and O'Malley was to specify what he wanted. In June, O'Malley ordered 40 photos.

Hoping to get more evidence, O'Malley called on a customs agent based in Detroit. The agent wrote to Chaivat, using O'Malley as a reference, and ordered the \$100 set of photographs. Eventually he ordered the \$300 set. He also hinted that he wanted to go to Bangkok.

Chaivat's reply was ecstatic. "I'll have girls for you," the letter read. "I even have hashish and heroin if you so desire. Please come to Bangkok, I can meet you at the airport, and I'll take care of all your social events from that point on."

Detroit agents analyzed the handwriting in the letter, and they found something very interesting.

In 1981 two Americans were arrested and convicted in Detroit for importing child pornography.

A BARRISTER'S life was in ruins last night as he was jailed for hoarding child pornography and secretly filming up women's skirts in supermarkets.

Married Simon Hamilton, 35, brazenly insisted to police after being arrested that his disgusting actions were not an offence.

He said: "You have described me as a complete pervert, I would not argue with that. Being a pervert is not illegal."

And he used his legal knowledge to argue that because neither his 80 female victims nor anyone else caught him in the act of filming his 'upskirt shots', he was not committing the offence of outraging public decency.

He also claimed he stopped his covert filming before a new voyeurism law was introduced - and insisted he was too busy practising law to look at his child porn collection.

But his legalistic bluster was ignored by a jury who yesterday convicted him of 14 offences, including downloading and distributing child porn.

Judge Adele Williams, jailing Hamilton for three years and nine months, said: "I am quite certain you will not have an easy time in prison because of these offences. But these offences cannot go unpunished."

Hamilton's wife Vanessa, 30, who shared a three-bedroom home with him in Bosham, West Sussex, was not present as he was sent down to the

cells at Canterbury Crown Court. She had been mentioned in court, however, when the judge was told that in the barrister's stash of pornography were pictures of Mrs Hamilton posing provocatively while dressed as a schoolgirl.

Hamilton, who worked as a defence barrister, had put a video camera, its lens pointing upwards, inside a shopping bag on wheels - and trawled supermarkets in Chichester seeking victims.

He obtained some 20 hours of footage at a Sainsbury's store in the cathedral town by wheeling the trolley under women's skirts as they queued at the checkout or wandered the aisles.

The jury was shown a video of white, pink and black women's knickers captured as a result, and one shot of a woman not wearing any underwear.

Hamilton also used a video camera to zoom in on a 14-year-old girl in school uniform at a leisure centre in his home town, and took indecent pictures up the skirt of a girl on a train with a mobile phone camera.

Prosecutor James Townend told the court a raid on the barrister's marital home in 2003 revealed a pornographic haul on a home computer and stacks of videos in the loft.

Mr Townend said: "When the tapes were played they showed he indulged in taking what I believe is known as 'upskirt shots'. He would go into supermarkets and there, having

secreted a small video camera in a shopping basket on wheels, he would push his basket around the store.

"He would manoeuvre it close to a woman so that by controlling the angle of the basket he would be able to film underneath a woman's skirt."

"This is an offence under the Common Law of England as an act outraging public decency."

"Imagine how you would have felt ladies and gentlemen if someone had taken photos of your wife, girlfriend or daughter in this way."

The prosecutor added: "The defendant agrees his interest was perverted, but says this does not make what he has done a criminal act."

Experts who examined his home computer found 7,500 files of indecent images - with 86 containing shocking video clips and photos of children being forced into sex by adults.

One set of images featured an obviously distressed girl of between three and five years old.

Hamilton, who moved to North London after his arrest, was tried in Kent because he is too well known by the Sussex judiciary.

He told the jury that he began

'upskirt' filming after seeing footage on the Internet and finding he had too much time on his hands - but stopped when a new law for voyeurism was introduced in 2003.

Hamilton, a cat-loving Luton FC fan, said: "I found it vaguely titillating. I knew I wasn't breaking the law but when the law changed, before I got married, I stopped doing it."

"I'm not oblivious to the fact that this was bizarre behaviour."

He admitted to a passion for adult porn, but denied being 'obsessed' with child porn.

He denied being aroused by his covert video, claiming he simply enjoyed building up a collection.

"It was the sort of gratification of a job well done," he said.

Outside the court PC Jim Nicholls, of Sussex Police, said: "Hamilton is a professional, educated, intelligent man, who has deliberately sought out the most appalling images of child sex abuse for his own sexual gratification."

"In addition, the upskirt material is of about 80 female victims around the Chichester area whose privacy has been violated in the most appalling way."

Their supplier was a Mr. M. Lee from Bangkok. Lee had been indicted in absentia, and his letters to the men were on file, O'Malley said.

Lee's handwriting matched Chaivat's perfectly.

Later Chaivat, in a letter, offered to sell O'Malley 600 color negatives for \$5,000. At that point, O'Malley said, he began to believe Chaivat was a major dealer.

By July, O'Malley believed he had enough evidence to convict Chaivat. But the Customs Service never had entered another country to help police make an arrest.

It was time, O'Malley decided, to try.

He talked to Donald Watson, acting regional commissioner for the Customs Service. Watson liked the idea and contacted a U.S. customs attache in Bangkok, who contacted Thai police. The police were eager to cooperate. Finally, O'Malley and Watson asked for approval from the U.S. State Department.

By the end of July, the department sent approval: O'Malley and the Detroit agent would go to Bangkok to help the Bangkok Metropolitan Police find and arrest Chaivat.

O'Malley and his partner flew to Singapore on Aug. 4. They met Thomas Winker, the customs attache in Bangkok, and a Thai police official. The agents had taken with them the letters and photographs, and they showed them to the Thai officer. In return the Thai gave them a detailed report on Chaivat, whose real name is Mani Thamaree, 49, a former advertising copywriter. Mani had been under 24-hour surveillance by Thai police since mid-July.

The agents then gave the evidence and their passports to police. For the rest of the trip, they would travel using false passports and identification for their undercover identities.

They flew to Bangkok and checked into a hotel. At 7 p.m. on Aug. 6 the call came. Mani wanted to meet with them but not at the hotel; earlier that day police had made an unrelated arrest in the agents' hotel. O'Malley believed that Mani was sitting in the lobby, saw the arrest and got cold feet.

Though the agents "had everything ready to tape-record anything that happened in the room," they agreed to meet Mani in the lobby of another hotel.

O'Malley posed as a businessman who wanted to sell child pornography. His partner posed as a pedophile who wanted to buy children for sex.

"We sat in the lobby for about 10 minutes, and nobody walked up to us," O'Malley said. "I just started browsing through the library, and I was on my way to buy a drink when I heard my name called."

He turned, and there was Mani, a man O'Malley said "you wouldn't notice if you passed him on the street." He was about 5 feet 8 inches, 130 pounds with a wan, sickly complexion. He was sweating.

After an exchange of pleasantries, Mani told O'Malley to follow him. O'Malley tried to stall, but Mani insisted. So O'Malley signaled his partner, and the three walked into the night.

"I kept in mind that the Thai police were monitoring us, and I had to give them time to catch up," O'Malley said. "But he led us out down the street and up into this small shopping mall with stores on each floor of a six-story building. We just kept going up and down and around. Finally I grabbed him and asked where we were going."

"He was very nervous, sweating profusely. He thought we were the police and that we were going to arrest him. . . . He asked to see our passports." They showed the fake passports to Mani, and the suspect calmed down.

Mani wanted to sell the agents the negatives immediately. But Thai authorities wanted the transaction to take place at the hotel because they had a stakeout there. So O'Malley stalled, saying he did not have the \$5,000 on him. The

men walked back to the hotel, but after a few minutes Mani stopped.

Mani said he had changed his mind. He told the agents he would contact them the next day.

The next afternoon, Aug. 7, the agents received a letter at their hotel. Mani wrote that he had had a car accident and would be unable to meet them. He said that the agents should deposit the money in his bank account and that he would mail the negatives to them. He also said he did not have the "things"—children—O'Malley's partner had said he wanted.

The police told the agents that they thought Mani was planning to leave the country that day. After his arrest, Mani confessed to distributing and producing pornography. Thailand has pornography laws but none dealing exclusively with child pornography.

O'Malley and the Detroit agent were asked to help search Mani's apartment, two rooms on the eighth floor of a public housing complex. "It was very dirty," O'Malley said. "I don't know how he could live there."

In Mani's apartment, police found, among other things, hundreds of pictures and a list of more than 300 customers from several nations, including the United States, England, West Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Saudi Arabia, Norway, Scotland, Switzerland, Austria, Venezuela, Denmark, Canada, Poland, Spain, Greece, Indonesia and Monaco. Mani also had the addresses of Europe's leading child-pornography distributors.

Mani said he did not take the pictures himself, claiming he was supplied by a third party. O'Malley does not believe this.

"We compared the photographs with the walls and furnishings in the apartment. They were virtually identical," he said. "We believe he had a hand in this all the way."

The man who sexually assaulted a 6-year-old girl at a North Side discount store Monday night is believed to have fondled 12 other girls in incidents dating to August 2001, police said Tuesday.

The man "approaches young girls and befriends them, speaks to them in either Spanish or English and then grabs them and fondles them," Chicago Police Lt. Robert Hargesh-eimer said.

Monday's assault was the fifth at a Village Discount Outlet store, police said. There were three assaults at the store at 3301

W. Lawrence Ave. in May, June and July 2002 and one at the chain's store at 4898 N. Clark St. in June 2002. The store's owner is offering a \$5,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the offender and said Tuesday in a statement that more off-duty Chicago police officers had been hired for "heightened security."

In Monday's incident, the girl was with her parents and 9-year-old brother in the Village Discount Outlet store, 4027 N. Kedzie Ave. She had wandered away from her parents when she was approached by a man about 8:30

A Berwyn man who admitted partially undressing a 3-year-old girl and taking pictures of her genitals was placed on four years' probation Thursday by a Cook County judge who brushed aside calls from prosecutors and the girl's family to sentence the defendant to prison.

John Rexroat, 32, of 3418 S. Kenilworth Ave., pleaded guilty

to one count of manufacture of child pornography and one count of possession of child pornography in the Maywood courtroom of Judge James A. Zafiratos.

Rexroat acknowledged he had removed the shorts from a sleeping 3-year-old girl and taken photos of her genitals and his hand while her parents were in a nearby room during a party at a Forest Park home on July 4, 1995.

He was arrested several days later after employees at an Oak Park drugstore alerted police after he brought the film in to be developed.

During questioning, police said Rexroat told them he had also previously taken photos of other partially clad girls as they played in a backyard swimming pool with his step-daughter.

Family and friends of the victim at the hearing registered shock at the sentence, even after the judge told them he would send Rexroat to prison if he violated the terms of his probation.

"So he has to abuse another child?" the victim's mother exclaimed. "I thought child pornography was a crime."

In response, Zafiratos frowned and said tersely, "Murder is a crime. Rape is a crime. Arson is a crime." Then, turning to Murphy, he said, "fill out those papers," referring to Rexroat's probation paperwork, and walked from the courtroom.

Prosecutors as well as defense attorney later said that during a conference about the case last month Zafiratos had told them he was unlikely to sentence Rexroat to prison whether he pleaded guilty or was convicted in a trial.

A convicted sex offender who had been ordered held indefinitely because of his violent tendencies was mistakenly allowed by Will County authorities to post bail and get out of jail a week ago, but he surrendered to police Monday.

The Will County state's attorney and Sheriff's Department are investigating the snafu that allowed Gregory White, formerly of Moline, to go free. The incident has triggered a wave of finger-pointing among state and county authorities.

On Monday, representatives from the Sheriff's Department and the state's attorney said they did not receive notification that White was to be held under the Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act until after he had been released.

Under that 1997 state law, offenders may be held beyond their criminal sentences if authorities can prove they are likely to attack again.

IN 1958, when Black was 11, his foster mother died and he was returned to the Falkirk area. Although he had relatives there the social services department placed him in a children's home at Redding, on the outskirts of the town.

His behavioural problems quickly became apparent in this mixed home of infants to 17-year-olds. Almost immediately he began to make strong sexual advances towards the young female residents. His troubled stay lasted just over a year, ending abruptly after an attack with two others on a girl of about 12. Black had become a real danger to young girls.

He was moved to the single sex Red House Home, Musselburgh, in May 1959 and began his secondary education at Musselburgh Grammar School.

He spent three-and-a-half years there, leaving the home aged 15-and-a-half when he had completed his education. It was an important period in his life. He developed a keen interest in sport, particularly swimming, and became a regular at Portobello's indoor and outdoor pools.

More significantly, perhaps, Black claims he was regularly sexually abused by a male member of staff, a claim which others who were at the home at the time believe is likely to be true.

Red House Home was independently run for boys who were orphaned or from broken homes. James Cairns, now 86, was a warden at the time Black was there. His wife Mary was the matron. He said: "Robert Black was just an ordinary boy. There was nothing outstanding about him. He wasn't exceptionally well-behaved or exceptionally badly behaved. To my knowledge, he was never in any trouble in his time there. He seemed to get on well enough with everybody and he was keen on football."

A former resident, who knew Black well, was stunned to learn of the crimes associated with his former friend. He said Black had been one of the older boys at the home and was looked up to by others, that he was a good influence on them. He could not remember Black ever getting into trouble at the home. He appeared as ordinary as the rest, enjoying rock and

roll music and most sports. Black, he said, was an excellent all-round sportsman: a keen runner, swimmer and a very good footballer. He bought proper running shoes, and excelled at indoor games - table tennis, billiards and draughts.

It was at Red House that Black started to develop his physique. He used weights at school and would do pull-ups on a climbing frame outside the home.

AT JUST 16, Robert Black appeared for the first time before a court of law. He had, by this time, left Red House Home and found a job as a butcher's boy in Greenock where he lived in a working boys' home.

His crime was sexual assault. He had come upon a seven-year-old girl in a park in Greenock, taken her to an air-raid shelter and there sexually assaulted and choked her, leaving her unconscious. He was convicted, but was admonished following an astonishingly misguided report by a psychiatrist who merely described his behaviour as "isolated".

It was following this incident that he returned to Grangemouth, lodging with a couple - both now dead - in Newlands Road. Here he formed his first sexual relationship with a girl of his own age. It lasted more than a year. The girl, now married with children, ended it by letter. Black had considered it a good relationship. He said: "The intention was to save up, to get engaged, but she broke it off. She said she'd met someone else."

Black's primary sexual focus, however, was always on little girls. At the same time as his affair with the girl, he sexually assaulted the young grandchild of the couple he lodged with. The incident was not reported to the police, but Black was thrown out of his digs and dismissed from his job in May 1966.

Black now decided to return to Kinlochleven, perhaps looking for solace in a familiar place. It was a fateful decision. He stayed with a family for a short while before moving in with old friends of the Tulips. He called them aunt and uncle, and their son was his best friend.

Colin MacDougall became re-acquainted with Black. He said that at 19 Black still did not mix much, hanging around at the Co-op corner either on his own or with his closest friend, who was several years younger than himself.

"It was about 1966 when he came back. He used to wear ice-blue jeans and baseball boots. I remember when we were playing football that he said the baseball boots were good for it. There still wasn't anything that made him stand out. You would never have said this guy was evil."

Black's stay in Kinlochleven came to an abrupt end when the couple with whom he had been lodging discovered that he had been sexually abusing their six-year-old daughter while babysitting. They called the police.

On 22 March, 1967, Black was sentenced at Oban Sheriff Court to 12 months' borstal training at Polmont.

The family who had trusted him were devastated and to this day will not talk about their unfortunate association with Black. The daughter who was abused, is now a mother and lives overseas.

WASHINGTON — Investigators are in the final stages of breaking up a ring of child-pornography enthusiasts in the United States and Canada who derived sexual pleasure from the severe spanking of children. Nine people already have pleaded guilty, including one in west suburban Chicago.

Members of the loose-knit group, which investigators have nicknamed "the Spanking Club," harshly beat children—often their own—with paddles, canes or other devices, and then exchanged videos of those spankings through the mail, officials said. The videos also featured close-ups of genitalia and other pornographic elements.

Those who investigate crimes against children say they cannot remember another such case, featuring an organized group focused on the pornography of spanking children. In all, authorities have removed 12 children ranging in age from 4 to 14 from their parents or guardians.

"What we're talking about, it was not just a little paddling with the hand on a kid's backside," said Raymond Smith, a senior U.S. postal inspector who

worked on the case. "They're using paddles, whips, canes and severely brutalizing these very young children, sometimes as young as 4 years old."

Some of the defendants have yet to be sentenced, and other arrests may be made. But whatever the final numbers, the case illustrates a phenomenon becoming increasingly known among law enforcement: that the Internet has made it much easier for child pornographers to find each other and create and exchange material in violation of the law.

Five years ago, the FBI created an initiative called Innocent Images, sending agents undercover to stop on-line child pornographers by, for example, entering chat rooms in the persona of girls. These agents opened 113 cases in 1996. That jumped to 1,541 last year.

In the spanking case, the pornographers sent videos through the mail because it is difficult to transmit a 90-minute video on-line. But they often communicated with each other on the Internet, authorities said.

Veteran investigators said that even by the disturbing standards of child pornography, the activities of the Spanking Club were chilling. The films did not involve ordinary spanking, but rather beatings, and they included a clearly sexual element.

"Any time children are brutally beaten, it's the most outrageous type of conduct that we have to deal with," said Michael Heimbach, chief of the FBI's Crimes Against Children Unit. "It wrenches your heart. All the children's issues do, but when you see children being beaten on videos and their genitalia are being filmed, it's very, very disturbing."

Investigators' first break occurred in May 2000, when Canadian authorities intercepted a video mailed to an assistant school principal, David Wadsworth, and arrested him. He was carrying a phone bill that led investigators to David Patterson, a computer programmer in Dalton, Ga., who appeared to have been at the center of the ring.

A tape from Wadsworth's house showed Patterson "administering repeated spankings to four naked children, who cried out in pain during the prolonged beatings," said a prosecutor. Two of the children were Patterson's children, another was the child of a former wife, and the fourth was a family acquaintance, investigators said.

Patterson pleaded guilty and was sentenced last November to 10 years in prison. His ex-wife, Shirley Blaney, received 2 years.

More important from the investigators' perspective, Patterson agreed to cooperate, leading agents and inspectors to others involved in the group. Some of them beat children and made videos, while others simply trafficked in them.

There was Jim Nath, a railroad employee in Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., in whose house agents found hairbrushes, a rat-tan cane and other items.

There was Gordon Murray, an elementary school teacher in Brewton, Ala., who met Patterson through an ad in Domestic Discipline Digest.

There was Richard Roll, a male nurse and former scoutmaster from Jamestown, N.Y., who called his pornographic films "Rick Roll Videos."

And there was George Kelly of Lombard, Ill., who pleaded guilty last month to possession and distribution of child pornography. Kelly, 63, had been a volunteer Sunday school teacher at Christ the King Catholic Church in Lombard.

Kelly was creating spanking videos, investigators said, but they involved mannequins rather than children. During the search of his house, Kelly admitted to agents that he had manufactured and distributed simulated child pornography in exchange for "the real thing."

Kelly's sentencing is scheduled for April 19, and he faces a potential term of 70 to 87 months in prison.

Officials say they had to take down the organization quickly, rather than drawing out the investigation, because children were being abused. They do not believe there will be many other such cases, they said, because the group revolved around a relatively rare fetish.

Still, such people have a drive to get in touch with one another, and the Internet provides an easy way to do so, according to Smith, who heads the child exploitation unit at the Postal Inspection Service.

"They have a real innate need to communicate with others because deep down inside, they know what they're doing is wrong," Smith said. "But by communicating with each other and sharing experiences, it's a psychological support thing. It's a validation system. It makes them say, 'See, I'm not so weird. There's a lot of other people out there that like the same thing as I do.'"

A PAEDOPHILE who dug a 6ft deep pit in his home in which to trap and abuse boys was jailed for life yesterday.

Thomas Titley, 46, had begged to be locked up for good after he was convicted of indecently assaulting young teenagers in 1996.

But he was sentenced to only four-and-a-half years and served just two-thirds of it.

After his release he lured two boys, aged seven and eight, to his flat next to a playground with offers of cigarettes and alcohol.

He had found a hole beneath the floorboards in the bedroom of the ground-floor Edwardian property in Walsall, West Midlands, and persuaded the seven-year-old help him deepen it. Titley then made the boy strip and abused him in the pit.

On another occasion he pulled the carpet back over the top, leaving the youngster, who he knew was scared of the dark, screaming in terror below.

His crimes are a chilling echo of scenes in the film *The Silence of the Lambs*, in which the serial killer Buffalo Bill keeps a victim in a pit.

The pit was only discovered in July last year when the boy 'freaked out' and told his mother of his abuse after she lifted the carpet in their home while deco-

rating, triggering her son's awful memories.

Titley was arrested soon afterwards and told police everything. He said his approach to child abuse was 'systematic and involving a number of phases'.

At an earlier hearing, Titley admitted a total of 15 charges of indecent assault, indecency, abduction, false imprisonment and breaching a sex offender's order.

Saying he was 'addicted' to child abuse, he again asked to be locked up for good.

Yesterday, the judge at Wolverhampton Crown Court was able to comply with his wish, as false imprisonment carries a maximum sentence of life. Titley was sentenced to 18 years concurrent for the other offences.

Judge Robert Orme said: 'These offences are frankly quite

horrific. You have expressed in your frank and candid admissions to the police, probation services and psychiatrists a totally depraved and abusive attitude towards young children.

'Nobody knows what long-term effect your actions will have on the boys.

'You have been given chances in the past to try to come to terms with your condition. After your release from prison in 1999 there was an attempt at rehabilitation and while you were in custody but to no avail.

'I would hope that you will not be released until those who are responsible, the parole board, are satisfied that you no longer pose a risk to children.'

The judge added that, despite Titley's admissions of his offences, he seemed to derive an 'element of self-gratification from describing such matters'.

Titley had asked in 1996 to be jailed for life 'or for as long as possible' because he saw himself as a continuing danger to children, but the offences he was convicted of only carried a maximum sentence of ten years.

He was released in September 1999 following treatment.

The court heard that he began abusing children again soon after social workers and probation officers ceased contact with him.

His first victim, the seven-year-old, lived opposite his flat. Titley befriended the boy's mother and invited them to his flat, then told the boy he would give him a cigarette if he came back on his own.

The child began visiting the house regularly and Titley got him to help dig the hole.

In September 2001, an anonymous tip-off to police that the boy was visiting Titley's flat led them to search it.

They found the boy cowering in a dog kennel where Titley had ordered him to hide.

Officers found a pair of binoculars in his flat which he used to spy on children and a sex offenders order was made against him in April 2002. But it wasn't until 15 months later that evidence of the abuse came to light.

The boy's mother was told by the police to keep him away from Titley but the pervert said he was able to 'make progress again' when the boy went to

meet an eight-year-old friend in the park behind his house.

Titley lured both boys and abused them in the pit and also in his cellar, threatening to tell their mothers that they smoked.

Detective Inspector Neil Beechey, who led the investigation, said: 'Titley is a very dangerous and sinister man and these crimes were premeditated. I'm delighted he is going to prison for a long time.'

Norman Brennan, spokesman for the Victims of Crime Trust said: 'There is no known medical cure for paedophiles. It beggars belief why they are released in the first place.'

The owner of a Beverly tutoring center who has been accused of videotaping children performing sex acts in a bathroom at the center has been indicted again after prosecutors identified another alleged victim.

Using videotapes seized from the Beverly Instructional Tutoring Center in the 2200 block of West 95th Street, authorities said they were able to identify a teenage girl. Police and prosecutors had identified three other alleged victims.

Marcy Jensen, spokeswoman for the Cook County state's attorney's office, said James Bradshaw, 62, was again indicted on charges of possession and manufacturing of child pornography. Cook County Circuit Judge James Linn increased Bradshaw's bail to \$350,000 from \$200,000 on Wednesday. Jensen said. Bradshaw is scheduled to appear in court Aug. 30.

People who live near a 29-year-old Naperville man accused of raping an 11-year-old girl in the neighborhood expressed surprise Friday, and one described him as "a totally nice guy."

Some said that the suspect, Daniel Shellstrom, was so well-liked in the neighborhood that they would have been willing to leave their own children with him.

Shellstrom, of the 1900 block of Stanford Drive in the western suburb, was ordered held without bond Friday by DuPage Circuit Judge John T. Elsner, who said Shellstrom "poses a real and present threat" to himself and the community.

Assistant State's Attorney Suzanne M. Armstrong told the judge that Shellstrom tried to commit suicide after his arrest.

DuPage County Jail officials said he tried to hang himself with his T-shirt about 1 a.m. Friday.

Armstrong said Shellstrom gave oral and written statements to police in which he admitted the rape.



Investigators said Friday that three factors led to solving the crime—Shellstrom's red pickup truck, which was spotted near the victim's home shortly after the attack; a composite sketch of the rapist, and a phone call from an informant who saw the sketch.

The first call to police was made at 11:05 p.m. Monday, immediately after the attacker fled the girl's home, investigators said. At 11:15 p.m., Naperville Police Officer Robert Maloney spotted Shellstrom's unoccupied pickup truck parked on the street a block from the girl's home.

A check of the license plate showed that the car was registered to Shellstrom at his Naperville address a few blocks away, but initially there was nothing to tie Shellstrom to the rape, police said. Thursday afternoon the informant gave information on Shellstrom's possible involvement.

Shellstrom voluntarily came to the police station and admitted the rape, police said.

Naperville Police Chief David Dial said Shellstrom and the victim did not know each other. Dial said the rapist climbed latticework at the rear of the girl's two-story home, removed his clothes and cut a screen on a master bedroom window.

Then the intruder walked into the girl's second-floor bedroom and tried to rape her, Dial said. When she resisted, he took her to the first-floor living room, where he sexually assaulted her, Dial said.

The rapist ran out the front door and retrieved his clothes from the top of a ledge before fleeing, Dial said. No witnesses saw the rapist enter or leave the home, Dial said.

After the attack, the girl ran to her mother, who had been taking a shower, and the mother phoned police. Two other children were asleep at the time, police said.

Armstrong said that during the last 10 years Shellstrom had been

charged with a misdemeanor count of obstruction of a peace officer in Illinois, but she could not offer any details.

Shellstrom is a shift supervisor at Field Container Co., which manufactures folding cartons, in Elk Grove Village.

In the neighborhood, Greg Furneaux, 13, said of Shellstrom: "He always played with his kids out in front, and he never showed any signs of being mean or violent. He was a totally nice guy, especially toward the kids." He often played basketball with other youths in Shellstrom's driveway.

Furneaux's brother, Grant, 11, said Shellstrom often used his snowblower to clear neighbors' sidewalks and driveways. The Furneaux brothers said they were shocked and scared when they heard about Shellstrom's arrest.

Others described Shellstrom as "kind and patient with his own children, a girl, age 5, and boy, 4,

A MOTHER yesterday came face to face with the man accused of raping her ten-year-old daughter and seven other victims.

Antoni Imiela refused to make eye contact with the woman, keeping his head down as she gave evidence.

After she left the court he sat up and appeared to wipe away a tear, blowing his nose into a handkerchief.

It was the first sign of emotion the married father of one has shown since the trial began last Friday at Maidstone Crown Court.

The woman - who cannot be named to protect her daughter's identity - recalled the night of November 15, 2001, when her daughter was snatched from outside a youth club in Ashford, Kent.

Railway worker Imiela, 48, allegedly bundled the girl into

bushes before forcing her to perform a sex act and raping her.

The mother told the jury that knickers found hanging from a tree near the club "matched the white pair my daughter had at home".

She added that her daughter was so traumatised she thought she could see her attacker four days later.

"We were driving along the road and she saw these two men crossing ahead," the mother said.

"She said to me, 'That's him', but we didn't connect at the time. It was something about this person's eyes that she connected with."

A forensic expert told the jury that DNA found on the girl after the attack matched Imiela's profile. Gillian O'Boyle, who worked at the time for the Forensic Science Service, said the DNA profile was identical to that taken from the defendant after his arrest a year later.

She said: "The profile obtained from both sets of swabs matched Antoni Imiela. If semen had

come from Antoni Imiela I would expect to find a match between the two profiles."

"If the semen had come from someone else unrelated to him then the chances of obtaining a match is in the order of one in one billion."

The court had earlier been played a videotape of the girl describing her ordeal to police.

The terrified child cuddled a fluffy puppy toy as she told a woman officer that her attacker had said she should pretend he was her dad.

She said the man spoke to her outside the youth club where she was putting up posters, before putting his hand over her mouth and taking her into

secluded woodland nearby. The girl said: "I go, 'Please don't do anything to me. I'm innocent' and he said, 'Yeah, I know you are and if you shut up I won't hurt you'."

She added he told her that "if you scream or cry or anything" he would break her legs or kill her, "so of course I stopped".

After the attack, Imiela allegedly told the girl to count to 500 while he fled.

She said: "I was lying on the grass counting with nothing but my top I had on which had a flower on. It was lucky I was wearing it because otherwise I would have been naked."

Eventually the youngster ran towards the road to a bungalow where she said she "knew the owners a little bit". She added: "I went and knocked on

the door and said, 'Can you help me?' I went in and they got a blanket and wrapped me up with it."

Imiela, of Appledore, near Ashford, is accused of raping eight females between the ages of ten and 52 - one of them twice.

He denies nine counts of rape, one of attempted rape, one of kidnapping and one of indecent assault.

He allegedly used motorways - particularly the M25 - to carry out the attacks in Kent, Surrey, Hertfordshire, London and the West Midlands between November 2001 and November 2002.

They were known as the 'trophy rapes' because items of clothing and personal possessions were often stolen.

The trial continues.

A collector of brutal child pornography, whom prosecutors called "a clear threat to children," was sentenced to 2½ years in prison Thursday, about half the time he could have received, after a federal judge in Chicago made an unusual decision in his favor.

David Malik, 20, of Chicago, admitted to having at least 4,000 computer images and 150 digital video clips of child pornography

on his computer, some of it involving the sadistic abuse of children. He previously had been convicted in state court of crimes in connection with pleasuring himself in a schoolyard and spraying little girls with a hose and making sexual remarks, authorities said.

Prosecutors had expected Malik would be sentenced to roughly 4 to 5 years in prison after he pleaded guilty in January.

But U.S. District Judge Milton Shadur, in a technical ruling, decided it would be more fair to sen-

tence him under the guidelines for the less serious of the two child porn crimes to which Malik pleaded guilty—possession of child pornography. That resulted in the lower sentence, over prosecutors' objections.

Prosecutors had no comment on the judge's decision.

Malik apologized in court for his crimes. The judge recommended he be sent to a federal prison where he can receive counseling.

"I realize my life is in the hands of God," Malik said.

A Chicago man who spent 15 years in prison for a series of sexual attacks on young girls was back behind bars Wednesday, becoming the latest person to be snared under a new state law barring sex convicts from loitering near schools.

George J. Ashetzle, 41, is charged with one count of presence within a school zone by a child-sex offender. He was being held in Cook County Jail on \$200,000 bond, two days after he was spotted allegedly hanging around Schaumburg's Kindercare Learning Center.

Ashetzle passed through the same lockup more than 17 years

ago to begin a lengthy sentence on charges he used a starter pistol to subdue and assault young girls and women in Chicago and La Grange.

In his latest arrest, Ashetzle is not accused of assaulting anyone at the Schaumburg day-care center, 635 Windsor Drive.

But under the state's sex offender law, anyone convicted of sex crimes against children is barred from entering or loitering within 500 feet of a school unless the offender is the parent or guardian of a student or has official permission to be on the property.

The loitering provision was designed to protect children from offenders who may stalk children.

In recent weeks, police allege, Ashetzle had been seen hanging around Kindercare's parking lot, only yards from a play area for the center's young pupils. Initially, Ashetzle, an independent plumber, was assumed to be working in a nearby vacant building, according to Schaumburg Police Detective Peter Dudek.

Eventually, day-care center workers grew suspicious of the man.

On Monday, a parent told police she saw Ashetzle milling around in the parking lot and that he ducked behind a fence after the two exchanged looks.

Ashetzie allegedly sped off in his work van. A short time later, he was taken into custody.

Police said Ashetzie told them he was in the area looking for apartments and visiting relatives.

Ashetzie was paroled in January 1996. He subsequently registered with Chicago police as a convicted sex offender. His parole was scheduled to expire in early 1999.

The new sex offender law, which cleared the General Assembly last year on unanimous votes, was hailed as yet another weapon for state law enforcement to battle a nearly 23 percent recidivism rate for sex offenders.

Ashetzie's arrest was the third under the new law in Cook County.

A BRITON was facing up to 20 years in a Cambodian jail yesterday after he was accused of using street children to star in pornographic videos.

Police claim that John Keller, 55, director of an English language school in the capital Phnom Penh, used sweets to lure girls aged between eight and 10.

He then made them strip and perform obscene acts, police alleged, while he filmed them. Police added that they were investigating whether the children may have been drugged.

Keller was arrested in Takhman, 10 miles from Phnom Penh, by military police who said they found him in a park next to the Mekong river with four young girls. "We confiscated a lot of evidence, including a camera and a pornographic video showing the girls," said a police spokesman.

At a UN conference in Thailand last week, delegates expressed concern that countries in the region are becoming a haven for foreign paedophiles.

VALLEY PARK, Mo. — A 6-year-old girl vanished from a suburban St. Louis home Friday, and police said she was killed by a man who had stayed in the home overnight.

Cassandra Williamson was reported missing Friday morning from her father's home. Police said the suspect, a 24-year-old local transient who had slept on the couch, later told them the girl's body was at an abandoned glass factory a few blocks away.

A body, believed to be Cassandra's, was found at the factory.

St. Louis County Police Chief Ron Battelle said the body had not been identified, "but we feel certain it is her."

Battelle said an autopsy was planned to determine the cause of death.

Battelle said Johnny Johnson was arrested but charges had not been filed. Johnson spent the night at a home shared by Cassandra's father, Ernie Williamson, and a roommate, the father said.



Cassandra

Williamson and Cassandra's mother, Angela Williamson, had separated but still spent some nights together at a neighbor's home, where Cassandra's father had been staying for about a week. Thursday night, the entire family stayed at the home—Ernie and Angela Williamson and their four children.

Police described Johnson as a local transient who sometimes slept in the factory. Williamson said he had only known Johnson a few days.

Authorities said Cassandra disappeared about 7:30 a.m. when Williamson left the room briefly.

He said he noticed that Cassandra and Johnson were gone. About a half-hour later, Williamson said, Johnson returned, wet and muddy, and said he had been swimming in the nearby river. Police began questioning him soon after he returned.

FROM THE top of the bell-tower of St Mary's Church one can identify the landmarks of fear that recently smote the villagers of Dymock, in Gloucestershire. Ninety narrow stone steps

spiral upwards inside the tower. One of the vergers, Pam Warren, an elderly widow, leads the way. Above a dusty bell chamber, a pigeon-smears hatch opens on to the leaded roof.

"Squeezing through, I look down on the village. There, just across the B4216, is the post office where gentle-voiced Pat Pavely processes pensions, and, to the right of it, a sturdy house of white-washed brick where the trouble started.

Until six years ago the house was the Crown pub. But, with business slack, owner Philip Preece converted it into flats for rent.

One of the takers last month was Marlowe Child and Family Services Ltd, a privately-run Gloucestershire agency providing expert care and guidance for 'disturbed' young people. Three male carers arrived with a tall and athletic 17-year-old youth who had a string of convictions — one for an indecent assault on a young woman. His minders worked in shifts.

Through the branches of a dead yew in St Mary's churchyard, the village primary school is also visible. It is at the end of a narrow road that runs alongside the white-washed house and crosses a bridge spanning a defunct railway line. Children from a nearby housing estate play on the grassy depression where trains once ran.

To the east, one views Dymock's remaining pub, the Beauchamps Arms. The landlady, Ann Evans, a pale young widow whose husband died earlier this year, has two children, a girl aged eight and a two-year-old boy.

It is a serene picture from the Norman church's bell-tower. Pam Warren directs my gaze to the distant southern tip of the Malverns, the towns of Ledbury and Newent and, five miles to the west, the village of Much Marcle.

A bell rings. The name Much Marcle produces a frisson of anxiety. It is, as I am reminded more than once in Dymock last week, where the Gloucester serial killer Fred West disposed of some of his young female victims. Hitherto respected for its fine thirteenth century tombs, Much Marcle is now a synonym for twentieth century sexual depravity and murder coldly covered up.

When they first learned of Fred West's association with Much Marcle two years ago, Dymock's 400-odd villagers were shocked, unsettled, watchful. It ill prepared them for the arrival in mid-July of the Marlowe therapists and the sex offender in their charge.

Newspapers are not always reliable instruments for measuring popular repugnance against sexual degradation,

yet it would be hard, this time, to accuse them of exaggerating Dymock's anxieties with such headlines as 'Village hides its children', 'Sex Attacker Roams Free', and 'Village in fear over sex pest youth'. All accurately summarise the Dymock experience.

The 'sex pest' is from Essex, where his crime was committed and where he was convicted last November. An Essex court placed him under supervision for two years. Unable, however, to provide the specialist 'intensive therapy' required, Essex Council paid the Marlowe agency £2,000 a week to undertake the task. Without divulging the fact that the youth was a convicted sex attacker, the Marlowe company — based in Apperley, Gloucestershire — chose Dymock as an ideal place in which to correct his deficiencies, which include a learning disability.

The tranquillity there is sensed immediately. Below the church bell-tower is a 'poets' corner' in memory of the 'Dymock Poets' — Lancelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Robert Frost and Edward Thomas — who lived there before the First World War, attracting visitors such as Rupert Brooke, John Drinkwater and Wilfred Owen. Like

Drinkwater, one 'smells the honeysuckle thrown / Along the hedge', and concludes, like Frost, that among the pine and apple orchards, 'Good fences make good neighbours'. Among the poetic memorabilia is a letter from the Gloucestershire village of Mitcheldean testifying to 'a lovely sense of present day community spirit and friendliness in Dymock'.

Dymock's tranquillity ended when, according to a spokesman of Essex council, a police officer in the area mentioned the convicted youth's crime to a villager. Anne Thomas, of the Marlowe company, also believes this to be the case. But the villagers themselves deny it.

Mrs Evans says: 'The first weekend [the youth] came down with this chap and moved into the Crown. He was a nuisance, but got on with everyone at first. He wanted to be friendly. The following week, we found out...'

Everyone is vague about how the youth's offence became known. In the Beauchamps Arms, Douglas, one of Dymock's many pensioners, who has lived in the village for 26 years, thought he 'looked shifty'. 'I thought there was something wrong when I met him. He had a speech impediment. And he asked for a receipt when he came in to buy a coke. He was a strapping fellow and I thought he was a lorry driver. I said to Mrs Evans I didn't like the look of him. When I heard what he'd done, I said, "Oh God, I feel sorry for the little kids at holiday time".'

Mrs Evans: 'One of his three carers was supposed to be with him all the time. But he escaped a lot of times and there were problems with him looking through windows and pestering a girl at the new estate. She's in her twenties, Fiona, who works for me, put a padlock on her gate.'

Douglas: 'Some woman who didn't know about his background gave him a hammer. He was seen walking about with it. Mind you, as a retired legal executive, I don't like hearsay evidence.'

Mrs Evans: 'On the estate they had the police down there because of him going up there at night and peering through windows and letter-boxes. The police said if we saw him on his own we should call them. They had a chat with the care workers. I suppose I wouldn't have minded so much if he'd been from this county and not from Essex, 200 miles away.'

Like many English villages,

Dymock no longer has the reassuring presence of a policeman. The vicar, Richard Hart, was on holiday when the youth's record became known. When he returned, he appealed to his congregation for tolerance. So too does postmistress Pavey. 'It's a shame,' she says. 'These people have to be helped. We do have an obligation to them. But I was in the bath when he came looking through the windows. You don't know what to do. He had binoculars and was looking at a girl through her window.'

'I understand his record includes breaking into houses and stealing cars. During the time he was here, Dymock was dead. Now he's gone, it's alive again.'

'It was stupid to put him here,' says Jo Mallinder, a retired typist. 'Everyone is very friendly in Dymock, but wouldn't you *kill* to protect your children?'

And so, until the Marlowe carers and their patient fled at the end of July, Dymock was transformed from salubrious somnolence into a community angrily — perhaps even neurotically — at bay.

It has happened before and will happen again, so long as high-minded people applaud efforts to reform perpetrators

of sex crimes, providing these efforts are pursued elsewhere.

Recently in America, the New Jersey community of Englewood, quite close to where I once lived, was given a similar test — though in far more sinister circumstances. There, on middle-class East Forest Avenue, every bit as verdant as Dymock, lives a sex offender who has been identified in the American press only as E.B. He moved there after being paroled from prison, and his home is 25 feet from a bus stop where local children are picked up for school and dropped off again. Everyone knows about his past crimes, because of a 1994 law designed to protect the public by ensuring that local authorities know the whereabouts of sex offenders.

E.B., raised in Virginia, anally raped and murdered two boys in 1969, having lured them into woods near their homes. The police had insufficient evidence against him. Four years later, when he was married and living in New Jersey, he was arrested after sodomising three further boys, and was jailed for 33 years. In jail he received therapy, expressed remorse and confessed to the Virginia murders, for which he received an additional 20-year sentence.

A model prisoner, he was freed after serving 16 years in all. His wife stuck by him as they settled in Englewood. His therapists pronounced him 'recovered'. When the local police prepared to notify his neighbours of his presence, E.B. went to court, arguing that he had already been punished. In January, the Federal district court ruled that the 1994 law to be unconstitutional. A hue-and-cry began.

New York's Guardian Angels arrived in Englewood, spreading E.B.'s name and his list of crimes around the neighbourhood. Police squad cars had to patrol East Forest Avenue to keep the neighbours from E.B.'s throat. His immediate neighbour, Elaine Harvey was torn. 'We're trying to be mature about this,' she said. 'We're not going to burn his house down or throw bricks through his window. But of course we have to know if there's a repeat sex offender living near our children... At the very least, that bus stop has got to be moved.'

Four doors down, another neighbour, Diane Smith asked: 'Doesn't our daughter's right to exist in safety take precedence over this sex offender's right to a secret past?' Her husband, David, said: 'Our children are guinea pigs'

helping him with his therapy to see if he's cured! He's a time bomb. Community notification at least lengthens the fuse.'

For the moment, pending an autumn US Court of Appeals decision on E.B.'s case and the 1994 notification law, things have simmered down in Englewood. But last year in Phillipsburg, 70 miles to the east, an off-duty corrections officer and his father broke into a home and severely beat a man

they thought was a sex offender who had recently been identified. They attacked the wrong man.

On the tower in Dymock, Pam Warren explains that her village epitomises generosity to others. 'We have a very big care group which looks after everyone who needs help,' she says as a pigeon's egg rolls against her foot. 'Once a month we take people out for a ride, for instance. The community has a rather caring ethos.'

Yet she wonders why a person 'of that tendency' should have been placed within it.

It may be argued that there would have been no fuss in Dymock had the youth's sex offence not become known. But it may also be argued that to deny the villagers that knowledge was to place Dymock's children or young women at some risk. A county police officer, Chief Inspector Bill Gaskins, confirms that colleagues had been called in to deal with incidents involving the 17-year-old. 'I have written a detailed letter to the head of Essex social services. It details our concerns.' The

Gloucester Tory MP, Douglas French, believes the 'boy' should 'never be allowed to return'.

The Essex council spokesman says: 'I spoke to the police officer who raised the situation with the people in the village. He said it was a matter of public safety. We would always take into account the concerns of residents.'

Marlowe's Anne Thomas says: 'We do have a degree of sympathy for the people of Dymock. We moved him from there because it wasn't fair. People came knocking on the door of the house to check his whereabouts. He thought they were being friendly.'

Philip Preece, who rescinded the tenancy agreement with the Marlow company immediately he learned of the youth's background, is reported to be 'really upset'.

Leaving the Beauchamps Arms with her two children, Ann Evans says: 'Whatever age sex offenders are, they should be locked up — not wandering around.'

The experience has left Mike Leadbetter, director of Essex social services, scratching his head. 'We've got to do what we've got to do, to discharge our statutory responsibilities to provide therapeutic support,' he says. 'Maybe there needs to be a rethink about government guidance about permissible forms of control for kids who are out of control — though I don't think that applied to our young lad. There is need for a balanced debate about the problem.'

Among the framed poems signed by the Dymock Poets and displayed in the village church is Rupert Brooke's *The Going*. It begins: 'He's gone, / I do not understand.' Dymock's controversial guest has been moved to a secret spot elsewhere in the county. The village is at peace again, its orchards bending to ripening fruit. But full understanding seems as elusive as ever.

SUNRISE, Ariz. — Experts on child exploitation are all too familiar with sex offenders working as scout leaders, coaches and teachers, but this was a new one — a boyish-looking man who posed as a 12-year-old and enrolled in school in what may have been a scheme to find kids to molest.

Now parents in this Phoenix suburb where 29-year-old Neil Havens Rodrick II attended a charter school for four months are asking their children if they had any contact with this "classmate."

And police are interviewing parents, students and teachers, and frantically checking at least two other Arizona schools where Rodreick, a convicted sex offender from Oklahoma, also enrolled.

"We told him that it was a scary man who passed himself off as a kid that went to school for a bit," said Erika Ton Loy, whose 7-year-old son attends the charter school, the Imagine School. "When we heard more about it on the news, we got him up out of bed. My husband wanted to make sure he didn't recognize this guy, and he was like, 'Have you seen this guy?' and he said, 'No, I don't know who the heck he is.'"

Rodreick — who is 5-foot-6 and 120 pounds, shaved his body hair and used makeup in a not-entirely-convincing attempt to cover his stubble — has been charged with forgery and fraud in the school-enrollment con, as well as assault against a girl.

Officials said a search of the home where he was staying yielded a video of Rodreick engaging in sex acts with an unidentified child.

Using the name Casey Price, Rodreick attended the Imagine School from August to November before the seventh-grader was thrown out for poor attendance.

Kenneth Lanning, who helped investigate child sex crimes as an FBI agent, said he has never heard of an adult successfully pretending to be a child so young and enrolling in school.

But he said investigators should not be too quick to assume Rodreick sexually assaulted anyone. Rodreick could have had other reasons for posing, such as fulfilling a sexual need just by being near children, Lanning said.

Rhonda Cagle, a spokeswoman for the Imagine School, said no students have come forward to accuse Rodreick of molesting them.

She said Rodreick was an average student who kept to himself and turned in his homework.

"This individual stood out in our pickup line every day, right with all of our other students. Parents walked by, students walk by, staff walked by," she said.

A former priest charged last week with possessing thousands of child pornography images was ordered held without bond Monday after a prosecutor revealed the defendant had checked himself into a hospital as a suicide risk after confessing to authorities.

Assistant U.S. Atty. T. Markus Funk also disclosed that agents found letters in the home of the ex-priest, Vincent McCaffrey, indicating the Chicago archdiocese agreed to pay him \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year for five years when he resigned as a priest in 1983.

Authorities also said the archdiocese took action against him in the 1980s, welcomed him back after counseling and then removed him in 1991 from a South Side parish as part of a broad crackdown on priests with past child-abuse allegations.

Dianne Dunagan, a spokeswoman for the archdiocese, said several boys made allegations of sexual misconduct against McCaffrey, dating to the early 1980s, but she did not provide details.

Dunagan also said the 1993 settlement with McCaffrey totaled less than \$100,000. She said it isn't unusual to reach such deals with priests accused of sexual misconduct.

Dunagan also said McCaffrey's name was turned over to the Cook County state's attorney's office sometime after Cardinal Joseph Bernardin removed him from Our Lady of Good Counsel in November 1991 because of the past allegations.

At a bond hearing in U.S. District Court, Funk said authorities knew the identity of one of McCaffrey's alleged victims from the 1980s.

"The government believes we have a child abuser on our hands," Funk said. "He lacks impulse control."

Expressing concern for "the safety of young boys," U.S. Magistrate Judge Arlander Keys ordered McCaffrey, 49, held without bond.

During a search of McCaffrey's condominium last week, authorities recovered more than 5,000 images of child pornography, and the ex-priest confessed to an addiction to teenage boys, Funk said.

Soon after his confession, McCaffrey, saying he was a suicide risk, checked himself into the psychiatric unit at Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Medical Center, where he was Friday when he was charged with child pornography, Funk said.

He was taken to U.S. District Court for his bond hearing Monday, Funk said.

In seeking bond for McCaffrey, his lawyer, Catharine O'Daniel, said he has been undergoing mental health treatment since 1987.

She also cited his stable employment, saying he worked at State Farm Insurance for the last 1½ years and before that for a decade as manager of a Winnetka gas station.

A onetime Chicago priest, dogged for years by accusations he molested boys, may finally have to pay a price and face his accusers, now adults, at a sentencing hearing at the end of the year.

Vincent McCaffrey, 50, who resigned from the priesthood in 1993, pleaded guilty Thursday to possessing child pornography, but prosecutors are expected to bring up his history of alleged sexual abuse to ratchet up his sentence, court records show.

Assistant U.S. Attorney T. Markus Funk was on the verge of detailing what investigators have uncovered about McCaffrey's alleged string of abuses when U.S. District Court Judge John Darrah cut him off. The judge told him to save it for McCaffrey's sentencing hearing, set for Dec. 9.

Funk said a few months ago in court that authorities have tracked down at least seven alleged victims of McCaffrey's. It's unclear if prosecutors have discovered any additional victims since then.

McCaffrey was never charged at the time with any of the alleged molestations. Federal prosecutors want to show a pattern of such conduct in their case involving the child pornography in order to increase his sentence in that case.

Prosecutors declined to say how much time McCaffrey could face, but the sentencing hearing alone, which usually takes a matter of hours for most criminals, could stretch into one or two weeks, given the number of witnesses prosecutors apparently expect to call.

McCaffrey showed no emotion Thursday as he entered his guilty pleas.

Earlier this year, investigators discovered more than 4,000 images of kiddie porn at McCaffrey's home on his computer, three CD-ROMs and on printouts in boxes and under his mattress. Some images

showed children being beaten, bound and locked in cages, authorities said. McCaffrey told investigators he used the pornography "as a release" to avoid his urges to molest boys, the feds allege.

He last served as an associate pastor at Our Lady of Good Counsel in the McKinley Park neighborhood from 1989 to 1991, leaving after he was accused of sexual misdeeds.

He resigned from the priesthood in 1993 and received an \$85,000 settlement from the archdiocese. One-third of the money went toward McCaffrey's living expenses, while two-thirds went for job training and counseling for his sexual addiction to young boys.

McCaffrey, ordained in 1978, was a popular priest at many of the parishes where he worked until he was hit with allegations of sex abuse of young boys at virtually every church.

Investigators turned their attention to McCaffrey after police in New Zealand closed down a child-pornography Web sit in Auckland in December. The police there combed through the records of the man who ran the Web site and found on the paid subscriber's list McCaffrey's name, date of birth and his e-mail address.

McCaffrey rejected a plea deal with the government Thursday and decided to plead blind—that is, McCaffrey admitted to what he was charged with, the child pornography charges, and will leave his prison sentence up to the judge rather than agree on a suggested prison sentence with prosecutors.

While the plea document was not made public, prosecutors likely would have insisted that McCaffrey admit to sexually abusing young boys as part of any agreement with the government.

Now, those victims, who are adults, could have to testify in court about what happened to them, as a result of McCaffrey rejecting the plea.

A former priest who was removed in 1991 from a South Side parish over earlier child sexual abuse allegations was charged Friday with possessing hundreds of images of child pornography in his Chicago condominium.

A criminal complaint brought against Vincent McCaffrey said he made admissions to the charge on Tuesday and that U.S. Customs Service agents found at least 1,500 images of child pornography in his computer as well as printouts under his mattress.

McCaffrey, 49, of the 6700 block of North Artesian Avenue, volunteered to the agents that he had resigned as a priest at Our Lady of Good Counsel parish due to "issues" he had with his "attraction" to child pornography and teenage boys, the charges alleged.

Mary McDonough, a spokeswoman for the Chicago archdiocese, said Friday that McCaffrey was removed as an associate pastor from the South Side parish in November 1991 amid allegations of sexual misconduct with minors. He quit the priesthood in 1993, she said.

WASHINGTON—The Wonderland Club's international membership is disturbingly exclusive.

Applicants must be sponsored by a member, be computer literate to communicate with other club members—and must have at least 10,000 photographs of child pornography.

In what was termed the biggest child pornography bust ever, the Customs Service announced Wednesday it was breaking up the Wonderland Club. More than 100 warrants were issued in 12 countries the day before, including 32 in the U.S., and arrests continued through Wednesday.

"They trade in the most vile child pornography imaginable, over the Internet," said Customs Commissioner Raymond Kelly in announcing the raids.

"The people who exploit children in these ways think they can hide in cyberspace. They're wrong," he said.

Cyberspace has become the venue of choice for traffickers in child pornography, customs officials say. The vast majority of child obscenity now flows into the U.S. through modems rather than seaports or airports.

"It makes it more difficult for law enforcement to investigate," Kelly said. "In the '70s and '80s, when [pornography] was in book form or commodity form, it was much easier."

Even in the abnormal world of child pornography, the Wonderland Club stood out. It had members in 14 countries, mostly in Western Europe, and sprawled across 22 states in the U.S., mostly in small towns or rural areas, according to law enforcement officials.

One of the warrants issued Tuesday was in southern Illinois for a resident of Glen Carbon.

"The Internet allows these things to sink deep into the fiber of the United States," said Gene Weinschenk, who heads the CyberSmuggling Center at the Customs Service.

The Wonderland Club's elite membership exchanged photos. Sometimes family members were shown molesting children; occasionally victims were as young as 18 months. Club members even transmitted live photos and videos in real time of sex acts with children.

The ring used a secret, highly restricted Internet chat room. It was set up in an area of cyberspace known as Internet Relay Chat, which allows discussion groups to carry on

in complete anonymity and therefore to have graphic or incriminating discussions.

Secrecy was at a premium within the club, said customs officials. Members used an encryption system invented by the Soviet KGB to scramble its transmissions and make them harder to detect.

"This is a tight-knit group of people," Kelly said. "You had to have someone vouch for you. It was a very difficult process to get into the group."

Those arrested Wednesday were charged with possession of child pornography, which carries a penalty of up to 10 years in prison. Customs officials are still investigating whether they can charge some of the participants with more severe crimes, such as child sexual abuse.

The suspects' computers were seized so experts could seek evidence that they had been used for pornography.

Because some of the suspects might have been using their own children for the pornography, officials hope that in the process of making the arrests they will find some of the

abused children.

Child advocates were enthusiastic about the widespread raid, praising the agents involved.

"They were under time constraints because they had children being exploited, so they had to work quickly and coordinate a worldwide takedown," said Ruben Rodriguez, director of the exploited child unit at the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children. "And you're dealing with the laws of many, many countries, which can be an obstacle."

The raids occurred in Australia, Austria, Belgium, Britain, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Sweden and the United States.

The customs investigation was sparked by a tip from British authorities investigating another child cyberporn ring. The customs initiative was dubbed Operation Cheshire Cat, in response to the ring's "Wonderland" title.

Agents did not go undercover or surreptitiously join the pornography club as part of their investigation. Rather, they used computer sleuthing methods that are rapidly becoming vital.

By watching the Internet activity around the chat room, agents determined the computer identities of the suspects.

Then they traced them through an electronic maze to figure out their actual identities.

"Agents tracked these people through cyberspace as they hid behind Internet providers, servers, and screen names," Kelly said.

Because of the Internet, child pornography trafficking has soared in the 1990s, said Rodriguez. It is impossible to pinpoint its magnitude.

"Can anybody tell you how big the problem is? No one can," Rodriguez said. "You have an anonymous medium."

Federal authorities have recently begun focusing more on child pornography on the Internet. In 1995, customs officials arrested 48 people on child pornography charges. So far in 1998, the number has nearly quadrupled to 183.

"I hope this sends a message," Rodriguez said. "It takes away the anonymity on the Internet. It shows that law enforcement will find you, even if you use encryption."

A LITTLE girl snatched from her bath by a paedophile before being sexually assaulted and dumped naked in an alleyway has given a vivid account of her ordeal.

The six-year-old told her grandmother how the man threatened to hurt her unless she stopped crying.

And police hunting the pervert warned last night he could strike again, describing him as "extremely dangerous".

Recalling her abduction, the girl said: "The nasty man came in and he had black gloves on and a hood."

"He put his hand over my mouth and told me to be quiet and lifted me out of the bath."

"He put me in his car and drove away somewhere. I was crying all the time."

"He told me to shut up or he would hurt me."

"When he put me out of the car, he told me to stand up against the wall and stop crying and screaming and then he drove away."

"Then the nice man came and took me into his house."

The naked girl was found a few hundred yards away from her home in Wallsend, North Tyneside, on Tuesday evening.

She had been having a bath with her 18-month-old brother before she was abducted.

Her mother's female partner had taken the toddler out of the bath and was drying him in another room when the paedophile pounced.

The girl's 29-year-old mother was tidying the living room at the time.

Last night the girl's grandmother said the youngster was examined in hospital, where doctors told them she had been sexually assaulted.

She said: 'I just pray this man has not taken her innocence away.'

'She came into my house on Wednesday night and was her usual chatty self. She said, "Have you seen the news, Nana? That girl on television was me". I don't think what happened to her has started to affect her yet.'

'She went to her cousin's party today and was really excited, making sure I did her hair properly.'

'Last night she took a big teddy to bed with her and she said she slept OK. I just hope she doesn't start having nightmares.'

The girl and her brother have been staying with their grandmother since the attack on Tuesday night.

Their 40-year-old father split with their mother last year.

She left him after a ten-year relationship and moved out of the family home to be with another woman.

The pair moved to Manchester with the two children before returning to the North East to live in Sunderland, then Wallsend.

The grandmother, who lives in County Durham, said: 'The whole family has been devastated by this.'

'It's just unbelievable to think someone can walk in off the street. We are just so thankful that it wasn't much, much worse. She must have been terrified.'

'We are all just still trying to come to terms with it.'

She described her granddaughter as an 'intelligent and vivacious' girl who loves singing and dancing. She is so lively and loving - such a pretty little thing, she added.

'I think that someone has planned this.'

'That person knew what my daughter was doing and they knew that my granddaughter was in the bath. He must have been watching them.'

'I would wring this person's neck if I could get hold of them. She is such a lovely little girl. She is very outgoing - she is bubbly, she is a sweetheart.'

'I could not sleep last night for thoughts of her being left in that street alone in the cold. She will be distraught now. She will never be the same. Police were mounting a huge operation in the Willington Quay area of North Tyneside yesterday.'

The man leading the hunt, Detective Chief Inspector Jim Napier, said of the abductor: 'I consider this individual to be extremely dangerous. It is a concern this man is still at large.'

Known sex offenders were being questioned and police were bombarded with calls from the public with possible leads. Mr Napier added: 'The girl was left naked in an alley in what was a hugely traumatic experience.'

He scotched speculation that the attacker might have been known to the girl.

'I am happy the report given to us is real,' he added. 'It is credible and we are seeking a male who is not known to the girl.'

'We want to catch this individual and put him behind bars where he belongs.'

'The girl suffered injuries and that is why I am assured about the credibility of the report.'

'From her account, someone has been brazen enough to go into the house, take her away against her will, assault her in a sexual way and dump her.'

The man who heard the little girl's terrified cries for help recalled the pitiful scene which

confronted him. The father-of-two was watching television with his family when he heard the screams and saw the girl. After gentle prompting from his wife she told how she had got there.

The man said: 'I heard crying and screaming - it didn't sound right. I found the poor little lass totally naked and very, very distressed.'

'She was saying nothing at that point. Later when we asked her what happened she said, "A man took me out of the bath".'

He added: 'I called the police straight away.'

'It was so distressing. When I picked her up, she clung to me like a limpet.'

'We gave her our daughter's dressing gown to keep her warm and sat her down.'

'She was a poor, defenceless, terrified little lass, screaming for help in a dark alley, frozen and naked.'

'The image will stay with me as long as I live. I will never forget it.'

EVIL paedophile Martin Green lured children into his home by promising they could play on his computer.

But he really had twisted sex games in mind - and the youngsters were forced to strip naked for internet perverts.

The warped audience watched the children live over a video link set up by 32-year-old Green. Participants were even able to give their young victims orders on how to undress.

And when police arrested Green they were amazed to discover up to 15 boys and girls at a time - aged six to 11 - had been crowding into his lounge, not realising they were entertaining paedophiles.

Anthony X, one girl victim's dad, told the News of the World yesterday: 'This monster has torn apart our neighbourhood.'

'What he did to my daughter and other children is too repellent to even think about.'

'My daughter is utterly traumatised about what happened to her. She will never be the same again. He lured children like a modern-day Pied Piper.'

Cops found a number of naked photographs of six local youngsters on Green's computer as well as 500 pornographic images of other kids.

The Tesco warehouse packer has pleaded guilty at Oxford Crown Court to ten charges of allowing, making, showing and distributing indecent photographs of children.

Green would call up paedophiles around the world and, over his hi-tech webcam system, show them his young friends seated around the computer.

Perverts then appeared on the screen and told the children what to do. Anthony X said: 'My daughter told me how the faces of a couple appeared. They were laughing and joking.'

'They ordered the children to strip off in front of the camera. They said if the kids didn't do as they were told they would be murdered and so would their family and friends.'

'This went on for weeks and the children were too terrified to tell anyone. He was transmitting pictures of these children all around the world to satisfy the sick cravings of other paedophiles.'

'His arrogance and pure evil is staggering. Parents in the area knew nothing about what was happening. We all thought the children were all going round there to play on Green's computer. "We all thought it would be safe with so many children together. How wrong could we be?"

'In the end he was found out when one of the parents went round to Green's place and discovered what was happening. "The police were called and discovered all the images on his computer. The whole place was equipped with computer equipment, digital cameras and webcams."

'Then the police downloaded his computer and realised that a lot of his grotesque photographs of naked children were OUR kids from the area.'

A police source said: 'This man is dangerous. He spent his days swapping vile pictures of kids with other paedophiles.'

Detective-sergeant Geoff Webb, in charge of the inquiry, said: 'We hope the children can now start rebuilding their lives.'

Green, who sat smiling in the dock, was freed on bail. He will be sentenced next month.

FREDERICK Stephens spent hours crouched over his home computer, lusting at images of children being raped and tortured.

His victims were kids forced to pose pitifully in handcuffs and manacles as they were sexually assaulted by laughing perverts.

Every parent who forced themselves to read the stomach-churning details was horrified. But one mother's attitude towards a member of the vile Wonderland Club, whose perverse longings destroyed the lives of more than 1,236 youngsters, stands out.

She is Stephens' own wife Beverley - the mother of his two young daughters.

Mrs Stephens vowed to stand by her man after he was jailed for 12 months this week.

That a woman can choose to ignore her husband's vile obsession with child sex, when it was proven in court, is unthinkable. That a mother could consider putting her naive loyalty to him before the moral welfare of her own children, by taking him back into her home, is even harder to understand.

But what is more shocking is that Beverley Stephens does not actually believe her husband is a paedophile.

'He hasn't abused children,' she protested this week. 'He just looked at the pictures.'

Like the courts which dole out pathetic sentences to evil men like Stephens, she has failed to make the connection.

For judges don't think of those who download this filth from the Internet as abusers.

Because victims are often far away from these sadistic voyeurs, the crime is less severe in the eyes of the law.

Even though they tap out obscene requests during live computer link-ups, they are not branded molesters themselves.

The high profile case of Gary Glitter — who was jailed for just four months for downloading 4,000 child porn pictures — has set the wicked precedent.

He was slapped on the wrist for being a naughty boy then released in half the time for good behaviour. He got no therapy or counselling to stop him re-offending.

Because he was never seen as a real threat. Now worried probation officers have warned that more and more Net perverts are being let off with suspended sentences or community service.

The disturbing trend has emerged despite overwhelming evidence that viewing Internet abuse can lead to sick fantasies being acted out.

But as the seven members of the Wonderland Club were given laughable sentences of between 12 and 30 months, the message from the courts remains clear: You can look as long as you don't touch.

The fact is that every creep who downloads a child sex image for pleasure — some of babies just three months old — is feeding the booming worldwide market in child pornography.

Without the voyeuristic cravings of men like Frederick Stephens the whole warped industry would cease to exist.

Make no mistake, they are paedophiles whose lust enslaves thousands of defenceless innocents. They never meet their victims. But the effect on these poor kids is just the same.

That's why deluded Beverley Stephens should think twice about standing by her husband as she tucks her little ones up in bed tonight.

If it were down to me, I'd force her to look at the images her husband — the same man she claims is a "wonderful father" — leered at to get his kicks.

She should witness the pained expressions on the faces of those terrified children.

And hear the screams of youngsters begging for mercy as they were raped and buggered live on line.

She might think differently if she saw with her own eyes how some of these poor kids happily took part in their abuse because they thought it was normal behaviour.

Every one of them was someone's child. Thank God they weren't hers.

Yes Frederick Stephens only looked at these harrowing pictures.

But he's every bit as guilty as if he'd been in the room performing these unforgivable acts of cruelty himself.

A former Willow Springs police officer and his wife face abuse-related charges after children said the man fondled them and an initial review of computers and disks confiscated from the couple's home showed evidence of child pornography.

The Cook County sheriff's police said Tuesday that LaGrange Park resident David M. Wilson, an analyst in information technology

operations, was charged with three counts of aggravated criminal sexual abuse, one count of predatory criminal sexual assault and one count of possession of harmful material. His bond was set at \$100,000 Monday in Fourth District Court in Maywood. Trial date was set for Sept. 3.

Police say they so far have identified three victims in the case, all under age 13, who claim Wilson sexually abused and fondled them.

His wife, 37-year-old Sherry Wilson, was charged with one count of possession of harmful material after she allegedly showed an underage child a pornographic magazine. She posted a bond of \$1,000 and was released with a court date of Aug. 24.

Both were formally charged on Saturday.

The couple were taken into custody Thursday after Cook County sheriff's police, acting on information from the LaGrange Park police, searched their home and confiscated more than 10 computers, photography and video equipment, and numerous VHS tapes. Authorities said they found streaming videos that included images of young children being sexually abused.

Wilson, 41, was fired from the Willow Springs Police Department in August 1996.

"Apparently he was charged with some wrongdoing at that point in time," said Willow Springs police spokesman Sam Pulia.

A LITTLE girl of six is kidnapped, raped and murdered.

It is perhaps the worst crime a man can commit in any country on Earth.

In Kuwait, justice for such an appalling deed is swift, merciless — and very public.

Yesterday the three men who attacked the girl had black hoods placed over their heads then, hands tied behind their backs, they were hanged.

And thousands were allowed to watch their bodies swing from the gallows — the country's rulers believe in the effectiveness of public execution as a deterrent to crime.

In an example of Western technology meeting Eastern justice, two of the girl's women relatives even produced mobile phones with built-in cameras to take pictures of the men.

The murder of Amna al-Khaldi had shocked the tiny Gulf nation.

The trusting youngster had been lured into a car and driven to a desert area where she was sexually assaulted and murdered.

Her body was found two days later near the Kuwaiti-Saudi Arabia border. Defenceless, she had been stabbed five times in her chest and her throat had been slashed.

In the words of one government official: "The crime was a big story in the media; and an ugly one that touched people's hearts."

Unsurprising then that some 3,000 people wanted to see the culprits receive their just desserts yesterday.

They turned out in Kuwait City to see the execution of Saudi brothers Marzouk and Saeed al-Saeed and their Kuwaiti friend Hamad al-Dehani.

The men had appealed against their sentences but their death warrants were signed by the emir, Sheikh Jaber Al Ahmed Al Sabah.

Had the men been convicted two years ago their executions would have been witnessed only by officials and clerics.

But in June 2002, the government started to allow the public to view the bodies of convicts hanging from the gallows.

At 11, he vandalized and stole. At 13 he killed.

Timothy D. Buss' violent, troubled 27 years on earth have comprised 12 years behind bars, a suicide attempt, and now, the alleged kidnapping of 10-year-old Christopher Meyer of Aroma Township.

After he was convicted of murder, he was once described by psychiatrist Marvin Ziporyn this way:

"He hates everything and everybody without prejudice, and is ready, willing and able to vent his spleen on any available object."

But his neighbor of the last three months said this is not the man she knows.

Buss lived quietly in a Joliet apartment next

door to Michelle Cash, who trusted him enough to let her children, ages 7, 9 and 11, accompany him on fishing trips and corner store errands.

And when Buss told the Joliet woman he was convicted of brutally killing a 5-year-old girl when he was 13, Cash didn't flinch. He claimed he was innocent, and she believed him.

"He seemed sad about it," Cash recalled Friday. "But anytime I asked him about it, he'd talk about it."

Like Christopher's disappearance Monday, the May 21, 1981, murder of 5-year-old Tara Sue Huffman sent shock waves through the Kankakee area.

Tara Sue, of Bradley, left her house about 1:30 p.m. that day to visit a friend's house a block away. Six hours later, her partially clad body was found in a grove of trees near her house. She had been brutally beaten to death and sexually assaulted.

Buss joined the search for the girl and pointed out her body to authorities. But he was later charged with her murder after his palm print was found near her body, and a barrel he was seen carting to that area had bloodstains matching the girl's blood type.

Allen Smith, a neighbor of Tara Sue's

who talked to Buss during the search, told a local reporter at the time that Buss "didn't seem shook up or nothing. He seemed just as calm as could be."

Buss was convicted in December, 1981. Three months later Kankakee County Judge Robert Dannehl sentenced Buss to 25 years in prison.

He was sent to the Illinois Youth Center in Joliet, where a year later he tried to escape twice and tried to kill himself by cutting his arm with a piece of glass.

"I want out of this place so bad, I'll do anything to get out," court records quoted him as saying to a mental health worker after his suicide attempt.

According to court records, psychiatrists who evaluated Buss in prison found a deeply troubled teenager who struggled with his parents' divorce didn't make

friends easily and lagged far behind his classmates in schoolwork.

And Buss misbehaved. According to court records, his eighth-grade teacher at St. Paul Lutheran Elementary School once caught him in school with a baby-food jar filled with brandy. On another occasion he brought a bag of flour to school and told fellow students it was cocaine.

His criminal activity dates to 1979, when at age 11 he was convicted as a juvenile of criminal damage to property, theft and trying to elude an officer. He was sentenced to two years probation.

He served 12 years of the 25-year term for Tara Sue's murder and was paroled two years ago. At a court hearing Friday, Buss told Kankakee County Circuit Judge John Michela that after his parole, he had lived in Bradenton and Sarasota, Fla., in Kankakee with his grandmother, and most recently in an apartment on Morgan Street in Joliet.

Cash said Buss lived at that apartment with his younger brother, Keith. She said that for about a month he had been working part time for a telemarketing company, but she didn't know the name of it or its location.

She called the latest charges against Buss "shocking" and "hard to believe."

Cash saw Buss Monday morning, but didn't know where he had been the rest of the day. Christopher was last seen about 5 p.m. Monday near a boat launch along the Kankakee River in Aroma Park.

She said she talked to Buss briefly Tuesday morning. She said she didn't notice anything unusual. "He seemed like Tim."

A PAEDOPHILE who amassed the biggest collection of Internet child pornography ever found in Britain walked free from court yesterday.

To the despair of the judge, John Harrison was released despite admitting downloading at least a million obscene images.

It would have taken at least 25 years for one police officer to examine all the pictures found on computers belonging to the 55-year-old divorcee who had two foster children.

But because he committed his crimes before tougher penalties were introduced, and as a result of the early release rules for prisoners, Harrison was a free man hours after being sentenced.

Judge John Burke QC told him the longest sentence he could impose for the 'filth' he had downloaded was three years.

But he added: 'The maximum sentence now is ten years, a sentence which I would dearly like to pass in this case.'

'If I were able to, I would impose one approaching that figure.'

'It's because people like you derive twisted gratification from these disgusting images that children, even babes in arms, are treated as slaves and routinely defiled sexually by their depraved keepers.'

As a result of his guilty plea, Harrison, a self-employed computer consultant, was jailed for two-and-a-half years.

But because he is automatically released halfway through the sentence, and as the 15 months he

spent on remand was taken into account, he was free the same afternoon.

Pony-tailed Harrison, of Denton, Greater Manchester, was a 'hacker' who became fascinated with websites used by paedophiles to exchange child pornography. Manchester's Minshull Street Crown Court was told.

He became an 'administrator' for a site called 'The Nation', using his expertise to tell other members of the ring where to find more images of abuse and to hack into other websites to view them.

He also downloaded hundreds of thousands of disgusting images of abuse onto computer hard drives at his home to create a massive and illegal private library.

Police became aware of his activities in 2003 following an FBI investigation into another child pornography website called 'The Farmhouse'.

When agents in Colorado arrested the man who ran the site, Earl Cox - who was known as 'Wizard' - they discovered Harrison's details, and in October 2003 his home was raided by the National Hi-Tech Crime Unit.

Officers found a library of indecent images which exceeded the previous record of 600,000 photographs, the court was told.

That was the point at which the officers stopped counting and only about 25 of the 46 hard drives recovered had even been examined, said James Rae, prosecuting.

Harrison had thrown out other hard drives containing a further 400,000 images, bringing the total to more than a million.

In interviews, Harrison admitted involvement in the websites and gaining sexual gratification from the images but said he was subsequently disgusted by them. In

March last year, he pleaded guilty to 32 counts of making indecent images and yesterday admitted a further charge of conspiracy to distribute indecent pictures of children.

He was jailed for a further two years for making and possessing the images, to run concurrently.

Since his arrest, his foster children have been adopted. His ex-wife Anne said last night: 'Prison's the best place for him.'

She added that she had not seen him for three years and had known nothing about his involvement in child pornography.

The images amassed by Harrison contained those classed as the most obscene child pornography and his freedom provoked outrage.

Dr Michele Elliott, director of Kidscape, said: 'This man is a vile, evil person - as many as a million children were sexually abused

because of the disgusting images he wanted to see.'

'If they or their parents could give us their reaction, they would say this isn't justice.'

Norman Brennan, of the Victims of Crime Trust, said: 'Anyone involved in this despicable trade should be punished severely as a deterrent to others and this just isn't good enough.'

Shy Keenan, from Phoenix Survivors, a support group for child abuse victims, said: 'I'm appalled and disgusted that this man has been freed. What is the law coming to if even a judge can't pass the sentence he sees fit?'

'By his actions, this man has helped created another generation of victims of child pornography and ensured that more children suffer rape and exploitation.'

'He should have been jailed for six or seven years - even three years would be too short.'

'But the idea that 15 months on remand is sufficient punishment is offensive.'

The National Hi-Tech Crime Unit welcomed the sentence, but privately officers involved in the case

are furious Harrison is not beginning a lengthy prison term.

After the Colorado raid which led to Harrison's arrest, investigators realised they had uncovered a collection of multi-lingual, global websites known as 'The Shadows Brotherhood'.

They operated in English, French, German, Spanish and Dutch and contained images considered by investigators to be some of the most horrific they had ever seen.

In all, more than 100 people have been arrested in connection with the inquiry. Police said last night that 16 Britons - including Harrison - were caught accessing the websites.

All the users have now been dealt with by the courts.

Two of the men received jail terms of three years each. Other sentences ranged from community service to custodial terms of up to three years.

The probe is separate to operation Ore, the pay-per-view website based in Texas which attracted thousands of credit card subscribers throughout the world.

A Gold Coast man charged with manufacturing child pornography lured boys to his home with promises of drugs and alcohol and then tried to lower their inhibitions by having child pornography strewn throughout the house, prosecutors have alleged.

A recent government filing said one young victim who tried to break ties with Reid Selseth told authorities that Selseth threatened to distribute over the Internet naked photos he had taken of the boy if the boy stopped coming to his home.

Another boy whom Selseth allegedly photographed while the two engaged in sex reported that Selseth's home "had an altar of sorts that contained an urn with ashes, some altar garments and some medieval weapons, including a dagger and a mace," the filing said.

Selseth, an unemployed artist who inherited his Astor Street mansion, is charged with manufacturing five pornographic images of a minor in 1999. But last week, U.S. District Senior Judge Harry Leinenweber ruled that prosecutors can use at trial other photographs of child pornography seized from Selseth's house.

According to the government filing, a search of Selseth's mansion in the summer of 2003 found thousands of images of child pornography, much of it strewn about the floor.

At that time, Selseth was hit with a slew of sex-related charges in Cook County Circuit Court. He was released on \$450,000 bond and barred from contact with children.

Selseth, who turns 47 this week, is in federal custody.

A CONVICTED paedophile has been awarded nearly £6,000 by the European Court of Human Rights because his trial was delayed for too long.

The payout to former barrister Rupert Massey, who was jailed for six years for sexually abusing three schoolboys, has sparked outrage.

Massey, 59, successfully argued that his human rights had been breached by repeated adjournments which delayed his case coming to court. His trial was held four years and nine months after the first complaint to police.

Yesterday one of his victims waived his right to anonymity to condemn the court decision. David Meek, 41, who was eight when he was abused by Massey in the early 1970s, said: 'I want to know how the European Court of Human Rights can justify insulting me in this way. This judgment defies all logic and all justice.'

Judges at the Strasbourg court awarded Massey £2,748 in damages for stress suffered as a result of the delay and £2,748 costs. Police in Dorset launched an investigation into Massey's activities in 1995 and he was charged with 16 counts of indecent assault in December 1997.

The process was further delayed when Massey chose a committal hearing before magistrates to see if there was a case to answer.

The case was sent to crown court where Massey pleaded not guilty. It was then switched to Wolverhampton Crown Court and his trial eventually began in November 1999.

Massey, who claims to have been friends with Andrew Lloyd-Webber when they studied at Oxford University together and while working as an actor appeared in the John Cleese film *Clockwise*, argued that the delay deprived him of the ability to support his wife in bringing up their children.

He also argued that his ability to work as a lawyer was affected.

He brought the case under article six of the European Convention on Human Rights, which states everyone is entitled to a criminal hearing 'within a reasonable time'.

In their ruling the judges said: 'It is reasonable to assume that the applicant suffered some distress and frustration exacerbated by the unreasonable length of proceedings.'

Mr Meek - who received just £6,000 from the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board - added: 'Where was the European Court when I was sat at home fearing my hair out because of yet another adjournment in the case? This payment is beyond what any sensible person would think is reasonable.'

'Most people would not be able to imagine what it is like to be abused in the first place, let alone give evidence in court. As far as I was concerned this was all dealt with and I was getting on with my life. But this

award has brought it all up again.'

Peter Saunders, of the National Association for People Abused in Childhood, said: 'My reaction is one of bewilderment.'

'This man made his victims take the stand at his trial and go through the pain and heartbreak of having to relive the most awful things in front of a court.'

The court heard Massey indecently assaulted his three young victims between 1971 and 1985. He befriended them on a beach in Poole, Dorset, and took them home after gaining their trust. The trial judge said the victims suffered 'moral corruption and emotional damage'.

Massey has been released from jail and is thought to be living in London.

A man was held without bail Sunday in connection with the sexual assault of two girls, officials said.

Gregory Alexander, 39, did not appear in Bond Court because he was being treated in Provident Hospital in Chicago for self-inflicted wounds, police said. Alexander is charged with predatory criminal sexual assault of two girls, Cook County Assistant State's Atty. Lorna Amado-Chevin said.

Alexander is accused of sexually assaulting a 10-year-old girl in July, Amado-Chevin said. He also allegedly assaulted a 7-year-old girl Jan. 14 on the South Side, she said.

Alexander knew both girls and admitted the assaults in a handwritten confession, Amado-Chevin said.

COLUMBUS, Ohio—A state appeals court on Thursday dismissed the guilty plea of a man imprisoned for writing fictitious stories of child torture and molestation.

Lawyers specializing in the First Amendment believe Brian Dalton, 24, of Columbus, was the first person in the United States successfully prosecuted for child pornography that involved fictional writings, not images.

The 10th Ohio District Court of Appeals in Columbus ruled that Dalton received ineffective legal assistance. Dalton had argued that his former lawyer didn't inform him of the legal implications of a guilty plea or ask for an immediate dismissal on First Amendment grounds.

The 3-0 ruling sends the case back to Franklin County Common Pleas Court. Dalton could still be tried but prosecutors have not said whether they would seek to do so.

Ray Vasvari, the American Civil Liberties Union's state legal director in Cleveland, called the decision an 'important recognition for not only freedom of speech but freedom of thought.'

Dalton was charged under Ohio's 1989 child porn law, which bans possession of obscene material involving children. He was not charged under Ohio's obscenity law, which requires dissemination and not just possession.

He pleaded guilty in July 2001.

The appeals court found that Dalton's defense attorney, Isabella Dixon, misunderstood the two charges against her client.

THE people of Nottinghamshire are more likely to react with weary resignation than anger to the disclosure that they have the highest density of sex offenders in the country.

First, a young offenders' institution called Whatton in the south of the county was converted to become one of only two dedicated prisons for sex offenders in the country.

Then in 1999 Nottingham residents were told that their city was to become home to the two notorious paedophiles Robert Oliver and Lennie Smith, suspected of raping and murdering Jason Swift, 14, in 1985.

Now not only are there plans for Whatton to expand but experts believe that the prison may also be responsible for the higher proportion of sex offenders in the county.

Not a reassuring thought, especially for those trying to bring up children in the shadow of Whatton's razor-wire fences. 'We only moved here a few months ago before we knew about plans to expand the prison,' said Sharon Hamilton, 26, who has two children aged 2 and 4. 'What does concern me is the idea of former prisoners being attracted back.'

But Nottinghamshire's probation service believes that the high proportion of registered sex offenders may in part be good news. Probation officers deny any link between Whatton and the high number of sex offenders, saying that it is partly due to better child protection procedures.

'I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of prisoners at Whatton who are not from the county who have been allowed to settle here after they finished their sentence,' Jo Thompson, the service's public protection manager, said. 'It is our policy to ensure they return to their communities and are dealt with by their own probation services. It is not to settle them in Nottinghamshire.'

Ms Thompson was surprised by the high rate of registered sex offenders but said: 'In the 1980s Nottinghamshire was involved in several high-profile child abuse cases which led to a review of all child protection services. We now have one of the best services in the country and we communicate and share information, which has had a big impact on convictions. Obviously if we convict more offenders then there will be more on the register.'

However, on a rundown estate in Nottingham, fear of paedophiles is strong. One local man who was recently arrested for downloading child pornography from the internet had to move to Derby after threats.

'We don't bother with the police round here,' said one man with a young child. 'We just petrol bomb the place.'

Albany Prison on the Isle of Wight put more prisoners through the sex offender treatment programme than anywhere else last year. Plans to open 80 new beds at Albany, some of which will be for sex

offenders, have divided opinion on the island.

Some welcome new employment opportunities. Others fear that the new places will add to what they say is the steadily growing number of paedophiles who are staying after their release from prison.

Lynne Hammond, who runs the Isle of Wight Parents' Action Group, believes that there are already more than 300 sex offenders living on the island. 'It's appalling. It's like the island has become the dumping ground for convicted paedophiles in Britain,' she said.

Mrs Hammond, who has four children, believes that it is inappropriate for sex offenders to be housed on a holiday island, filled with children's attractions and bordered by beaches, bridleways and coastal paths. 'We feel that our children may be at greater risk than in any other concentrated area in the whole country,' she said. 'We are told by the probation service that when sex offenders come out of prison they are released under licence and are not allowed to live here. But when their licences expire, they come back.'

'They are a very quiet group. They are all very close and they all know each other. Some of them run an unofficial church that has a Sunday school.'

There are fears that the 5,070 sex offenders in custody in England and Wales may find their behaviour reinforced and validated when they go behind bars. In most prisons, sex offenders are offered segregation for their own protection, which means they end up mixing with other sex offenders.

Three large prisons mix sex offenders openly with other prisoners: Wakefield in West Yorkshire and Albany and Little Hey in Cambridgeshire. Two prisons take sex offenders only: Whatton, and Usk in Gwent.

Only 839 men completed the sex offender treatment programme last year because of a shortage of staff. The Government's target was 1,160.

Albany treated 73, Whetton 60, Acklington in Northumberland 60, Frankland in Durham 58, Usk 57, Wayland in Norfolk 53, Wakefield 46, Leyhill 43 and Full Sutton in North Yorkshire 40.

A year ago, when the Streamwood Park District considered requiring coaches in youth athletic leagues to undergo criminal



Hughes

Rick Pyle. "So instead of filling out the form, he dropped out of the program."

On Tuesday, authorities charged Hughes with sexually abusing seven of his young football players over at least six years. They also revealed that Hughes had an earlier conviction for taking indecent liberties with a child.

Hughes, 31, of 7505 Truman St., Hanover Park, was charged Tuesday with four counts of criminal sexual assault and seven counts of aggravated criminal sexual abuse, according to Assistant Cook County State's Atty. Michael Gerber.

Judge Nicholas Pomaro set bond for Hughes at \$2.5 million, the amount requested by Gerber. Pomaro said he set the high bond because Hughes posed "a danger to the community and because he is a convicted sex offender."

Hughes is accused of sexually assaulting or abusing seven 13- and 14-year-old players from teams he coached over at least six years. He coached in the Streamwood Football Association, a private organization that sponsors teams that play in the Streamwood parks.

Hanover Park Police Chief Philip Bue said there may be more victims.

background checks, coach Michael Hughes was the most vocal opponent, organizers recalled.

"He vehemently fought the proposal," said Park District Director

The investigation started May 1, after a parent complained that Hughes had abused a child. Detectives then heard about other allegations of assault, according to Bue. So far, they have questioned more than a dozen football players.

Hughes gave the boys alcohol and marijuana and showed them pornographic movies before the alleged assaults, Gerber said.

The coach then fondled the youths or had sex with them, usually at his house or in his car, according to Bue.

Hughes was arrested in August 1983 by Hoffman Estates police and charged with three counts of taking indecent liberties with a child. The following May, he was arrested again, that time on a battery charge, according to Hoffman Estates Lt. Robert Syre.

THE brother of a paedophile snooker promoter, jailed for just four years for abusing an eight-year-old boy, has lifted the lid on the pervert's lack of remorse and warped view of his sick crimes.

Tom Gillingham, alias Gilligan, from Ranelagh, Dublin, was sentenced to four years last month after pleading guilty to one count of abuse on the boy.

However, his brother Patrick has revealed how the former friend of snooker's top stars still feels he's done nothing wrong.

Letters written from Arbour Hill, and a diary recorded by the paedophile six years ago, give a chilling insight into his twisted logic.

"Four years is nothing after what he's done. He'll be out in 20 months, and he knows it," Patrick said.

"He will abuse again. The child involved has been given a life sentence. He told the boy he'd kill him if anyone found it. If it was my own child and his nephew that he'd abused, he wouldn't be in Arbour Hill. He'd be rotting in a bog somewhere with a lump of lead at the back of his ear.

"It is such a stigma for the families of paedophiles as well as for the victims. You feel that you're tarred with the same brush. I want to apologise from the bottom of my heart for the crimes of my brother because he won't ever. We are so deeply ashamed of what he has done. Sometimes it is so overwhelming I don't know if I can go on," he added.

Tom Gilligan (52) grew up in Navan and joined the army at 15. He worked as a DJ, a private investigator and a driving instructor before setting up his 'Fame to Fame' snooker promotions company as a hobby.

It gave him the front he needed to access little boys and to meet stars like Jimmy White, Ken Doherty and Alex Higgins — who were completely unaware of his sick ulterior motives.

Gilligan even duped RTE and appeared on Kenny Live — despite having received an eight year sentence after the *Sunday World* exposed him for blackmailing a paedophile 18 years ago.

Now his brother Pat says there is only one way to make sure the paedophile never gets out and is appealing to other victims to come forward.

"There is no way Tom only abused one child once in his life. He was always a loner who only befriended children, now we know why.

"I've had two letters from him in which he asks me him to send him what he needs. He tells me not to believe what's written in the papers because they make paedophiles look like animals. And he writes that the mother of the victim has forgiven him.

"I spoke to that child's mother. That woman thinks Tom is a monster and will never forgive him for what he's done. But in his mind she's forgiven him. As far as I am concerned, I have buried my brother, he's dead. I am the one who told gardai where he was when he went on the run. I want people to know the way he thinks."

Tom has released his brother's personal papers — to show the carbon copy of the modus operandi of abuse revealed in court.

In the entries, Tom Gilligan gushes enthusiastically about his friendship with another 12-year-old boy who, like the courtroom victim, he also coached in snooker.

"I first met him when I was coaching another of my young lads. We played a few games and so our partnership began. The young lad asked me to manage him. Maybe its coincidence; maybe its fate.

"He possesses some very special qualities. He has a fantastic personality. He's bubbly, friendly, good natured — and yet he's very sensitive. He's very special. He's a manager's dream, he has so many strengths. Its hard to know where to begin. He's a marvellous personality. It's like a magnet. He's all smiles. He is, for me, the golden egg. There's just something so special about him — he oozes with life. You value life all the more when you're around that young kid."

Gilligan also had a three-piece black dress suit made for the boy about whom he also writes: "Sometimes he gets a bit stubborn, and I can see the start of his interest in girls, which often brings its own problems."

Despicably, Gilligan also "quotes" the 12-year-old's feelings for him: "Tom changed a lot of things for me. We're very close. I don't know what I'd do without him if he left. Tom and me often go for walks in Wicklow on Sunday afternoons. We go to places like Greystones which I really love. I want to be world champion. You have to be hungry to be world champion. I'm coming from a poor place and moving up to a high place. I'm hungry to win. I'm not like Stephen Hendry. He was well off. I really want to win for my family. Snooker can make a big difference to all of the family."

Patrick says two people have come forward with similar stories of abuse but are not yet ready to press charges.

CLIVE FEATHER, a 35-year-old school governor and family man, and Johan Helmingius, a Helsinki-based computer 'remailer', are key links in the international paedophile chain. One is a director of a company that provides access to thousands of illegal photographs of young children being sexually assaulted, the other provides a service which allows those who abuse children for the pornography trade to supply the Internet without fear of detection.

They may not know each other, and both claim they cannot beat the paedophiles. But police forces in Britain and around the world are pressing both to do more. They are increasingly aware that the Internet is being used by paedophiles to fuel their fantasies and even supply victims. Four men in the San Francisco area used a computer-mounted camera to transmit a brutal session of child abuse.

Many think outrages like these happen in 'cyberspace', a different dimension, miles away from our daily lives. But the trail begins much closer to home. Feather, a software engineer, is an associate director and spokesman for Demon Internet, the oldest and largest Internet service provider in Britain. It provides access to virtually all of more than 150 high-risk 'newsgroups' identified by police, including ones clearly titled to attract paedophile interest.

For £14 and a further £11 a month, subscribers are given access to photographs of children as young as eight being subjected to harrowing abuse.

Scotland Yard detectives asked Feather and representatives of 39 other Internet service providers to block access to these photographs. Almost all agreed except Feather who told officers that their request amounted to 'unacceptable censorship'.

Feather, whose company has an estimated 65,000 subscribers, told the *Observer* yesterday that he did not believe blocking access would prevent children being abused. Indeed, he believed it could lead to further abuse by those who had previously only fantasised. 'If blocking access to these groups would stop one child being abused then it is possibly worth it. I am not convinced it will. Some people claim if they [paedophiles] can get hold of pictures like these then it will be enough to sat-

isfy their urges. If they cannot get the material at all they will go out and attack real children,' he said.

His company's service carried more than two million items per day and would be impossible to monitor. 'If we could block this stuff without doing more harm to ourselves we would.'

The photographs made available to Demon's subscribers through the Internet are supplied anonymously by remailing companies which repack images to ensure it is impossible to trace the material's origins.

The largest anonymous remailer in the world is owned by Johan Helmingius and has 500,000 users. It handles about 10,000 messages a day. Toby Tyler, an FBI adviser on child abuse and pornography, says 'somewhere between 75 and 90 per cent of all the child pornography I see' is supplied through this remailer. 'There is no way of telling where it originated,' he said.

Helmingius claims that he is prevented by Finnish privacy laws from knowing what passes through his system.

Finnish police have seized information from the remailer on half-a-dozen occasions, acting on requests from police forces but no child pornography has been found.

'There are a million different ways onto the internet,' Tyler said. 'There will always be some way of doing it.' Material fed across the Net is being used not just to satisfy private perversions, but as a 'lure' to entice new victims into an ever-widening circle of child abuse. Many convicted paedophiles are known to have shown their victims pornographic videos before assaulting them.

Metropolitan Police officers were alarmed to find one paedophile photograph on the Internet was from a magazine which had been first found in the possession of two men convicted of attempting to kidnap an eight-year-old boy. The image showed pre-pubescent children having intercourse with each other.

The men intended to video themselves having sex with the child but were arrested beforehand.

Scotland Yard has warned British service providers that unless they withdraw access to illegal material they will be prosecuted under the Protection of Children and Obscene Publications Acts.

Detectives are currently negotiating with the Internet Service Providers Association, which represents more than 60 of the UK's 140 providers, to establish a code of practice.

Shez Hamill, the association's chairman, said responsible providers were being undermined by companies like Demon. 'We are being portrayed as a bunch of porn merchants. This is an image we need to change. Many of our members have already acted to take away the worst of the Internet. But Demon have taken every opportunity to stand alone in this regard. They do not like the concept of our organisation.'

Detective Chief Inspector Stephen French said: 'The service providers claim they are just the carriers and are not concerned about the content. But this is a fruitless, redundant argument which we do not accept. Morally you cannot adopt this position.'

However, police sources said enforcement of the Child Protection Act would not

begin until the industry had been given a chance to put its house in order.

The Department of Trade and Industry, which is responsible for monitoring the Internet, also believes self-regulation is the way forward.

But children's charities warn that this is not enough. Nigel Williams, director of Childnet International, a charity set up to protect children using the Internet, said: 'Recent events in Belgium and elsewhere have highlighted the international nature of paedophile networks and the increasing use of the Internet for the exchange of the paedophilia. The Government has shown it is concerned. But actions speak louder than words. They need to act internationally and fund essential research and enforcement activities.'

The internet has created a vile perpetual motion: no longer do paedophiles have to make expensive trips to countries where laws are lax: they can upload and download their sick fantasies from the comfort and safety of their homes, fuelling a demand for more abuse, and a need for more child victims. Quite simply, said Toby Tyler of the FBI, 'the Net is like heaven for the paedophile.'

● Anti-paedophile campaigners gathering in Stockholm tomorrow for the first World Congress Against the Commercial Sexual Exploitation of Children will work on an international strategy to police the Internet and to curb the number of Western men travelling to developing countries in search of under-age prostitutes.

Yesterday two British organisations said they would use the congress to 'float' proposals to add names of 'suspected paedophiles' to Home Secretary Michael Howard's planned register of those with convictions.

Deryk Mead, chief executive of NCH Action for Children, called for the introduction of the Scottish 'not proven' verdict in English courts hearing child abuse cases.

IF THERE had been, at this point, any lingering hope of redemption from the path he seemed set for, Black's borstal sentence finally destroyed it. While serving 13 months at Polmont - an extra remand month was added to his original sentence - Black came into contact with other sexual offenders, and formed a friendship with one of them: a rapist.

On his release, he went with him to Glasgow, where they stayed at a hostel in Maxwell Drive, near Bellahouston, for about 12 months, doing casual work. Black and his friend occasionally got into trouble for petty offences. This culminated in their being held in a police station over a weekend on suspicion of shoplifting. Because the cells were full after an incident of football violence they were not charged within the three days set down by law. On their release, they decided to take the bus to London. Black was 22.

They found a bedsit in Bergholt Crescent, Stamford Hill, and stayed there for two months doing odd jobs. Then they moved to another flat at 47 Albion Road, Stoke Newington, where they stayed for two years, still doing casual work.

Black worked for one spell as a wood machinist, but he found employment more congenial to his sexual proclivities at the Clissold swimming baths in Stoke Newington, now attached to a leisure centre with a new pool. The location would certainly have suited Black as the pool stands opposite Clissold Park Youth Centre and Stoke Newington School. The street is alive with children in the daylight hours.

Then, in 1971, Black was befriended by the Raysons, a Scottish family living in London. They had seven children, five of them boys. Edward Rayson recalls being in a bar with Black when he was asked if there was any chance of a room at his house. 'I said I didn't think so, but Katherine [his wife] said with him being a young Scots lad we should give him a room.' He was to live with them for nearly 20 years.

Black moved into a room of the Raysons' home at 7 West Bank, Stamford Hill, on a full-board basis. As their children

gradually left home, Black graduated to the large front room at the top of Raysons' house. He got on well with the Raysons' children. Their son, Paul, now 26, sometimes accompanied Black on delivery runs.

John Rayson, who was the same age as Black, moved out of the flat and went to live in Donisthorpe in the Midlands. There he was frequently visited by Black. That connection was to prove vital in convicting Black, as the bodies of Susan, Caroline and Sarah were all found within miles of John Rayson's home.

Only Raymond Rayson, now 33, ever had serious cause for concern about Black. As a teenager he opened a suitcase in Black's room and found scrapbooks of pornographic pictures of children and women's and children's clothing. But he did not tell his family.

Black worked at the baths at Hornsey for almost three years, but lost the job when a young swimmer complained he had touched her improperly. The police were called in but there was little to support a charge. Black told no-one about the incident. He continued to lodge with the Raysons, obtained posts at various swimming baths and topped up his money with bar work.

He spent much of his time alone in his room, but he did have a social life. He had been fortunate enough in about 1970 to befriend Tony and Betty Boyle, an Irish couple who ran two pubs in Stoke Newington - the Clarence and the Horse and Groom - and later the Duke of Clarence in Rotherfield Street, Islington, where Black spent his last Christmas as a free man.

He was the first barman the Boyles em-

ployed and became a firm family friend, spending most Christmases with them. Betty Boyle thought of him almost as another son and said her husband would have entrusted his life to Black. The Boyles had six children, three boys and three girls, and when the parents arranged a night out Black was often on hand to look after them. The young Boyles were fond of him.

At the same time Black was acquiring a reputation both for his physical strength and his skill at darts. Short and powerful, he lifted weights for hours in his room, often joined by one of Mr Rayson's sons. His party piece, the Boyles recall, was to lift an 11-gallon barrel of beer overhead.

But he was by no means an athlete. He developed a distinct punch, and, since his appearance was often dishevelled, he was

hardly an attractive-looking companion. Despite this, he did have occasional relationships with women. Mrs Boyle remembers one woman called Pat who used to accompany Black to darts matches. He also had a relationship with a woman who had a number of children.

Black drank regularly but not heavily. He occupied his spare time swimming - always on his own - and what holidays he had he took alone, apart from the occasional darts weekend away. He was a gifted player and his social life revolved around the pub darts scene. He played with the sport's most famous figure, Eric Bristow, when the man who would become world champion was learning the trade in pubs like

the Red Lion, now the Slug and Lettuce, and the Robin Hood in Stoke Newington.

Bristow said of Black that he was a good pub player, "a quiet unassuming chap ... it just goes to show. You never can tell."

Black, who writes neatly with his left hand, threw darts with his right and was adept in mental arithmetic after years of calculating scores.

For some years, Black played for a team called King's Cross in the London Superleague. For part of that time his team-mates were his

workmate from 1976 and later his employer, Ray Baker, and Ted Cooper, a fellow Scot from Dunfermline who works as a bar steward at the railway club.

In summer 1976, Black acquired a skill which was to become crucial to his secret life - he became licensed to drive heavy vehicles. His first driving job with a plant hire firm lasted only a month. After a few months on the dole, he got a job in November 1976 with Poster Despatch and Storage driving all over the country delivering advertising posters. PDS was bought in 1987 by Ray Baker and Alan Hetherington, another employee of the original company.

Black became fascinated by driving routes and was always telling work-mates about ways he had discovered to avoid the motorways. He had a reputation as a terrible driver, and in 1989, with liquidation looming, the firm refused to insure him, and he

had to become a self-employed subcontractor. He secured a £5,000 loan and purchased his own blue transit van for £8,800.

WHAT friends and work-mates never guessed at was the other side of Black's double life - the world of sexual deviancy. The top room of the Raysons' large Victorian terraced house concealed a huge store of imported pornography, much of it sickening paedophile material, as well as women's and children's clothing. At night, he would watch blue films on video or on a cine projector. Neighbours recall one occasion when Black was caught showing a blue movie to a 13-year-old girl.

Mike Collier, who ran the Baring Arms in North London, remembers that Black's driving job could earn him up to £2,000 a month, though he never seemed to have money. "He was a total ponce. Never bought anyone a drink. We just suffered him 'cause he was a decent darts player."

Meanwhile Black's work as a long-distance van driver was providing the perfect cover for his more deadly activities. Being single, he could take on the longer trips that involved being away for a few days. He parked overnight in the yards of premises where he was making a delivery, or close to them.

There is no doubt that Black chose certain sites because they were convenient spots from which to watch children. He has admitted that he liked to go to beaches to watch little girls, and often returned from runs to Scotland via Blackpool to spend a few hours there. But just as the job provided cover for his secret life, it was also the key to his conviction. PDS records provided evidence that Black had been in the right place at the right time on all three occasions to abduct and murder.

THERE are many people in London who remember Black. Betty Boyle, who has returned to Ireland following the death of her husband Tony, was devastated following Black's arrest in July 1990. "It makes my blood run cold to think about the times I left him with the kids," she said. "He seemed a lovely fellow, always pleased to do us a favour. When we went off, he was happy to look after all the kids. When we got back, the pub would be tidy and he would be playing darts on his own. I've gone over and over it in my mind and there were never any problems. I've asked the kids whether he ever tried anything, but they all say no."

"He came to see us for the last time a couple of weeks before the arrest. He seemed the same as always except he'd lost a lot of hair quite quickly."

One of her sons, Keith, who is 33 and a builder, remembers Black coming into the family's circle when he was eight or nine. "When we found out, mum and dad were gutted. He visited us every Christmas or New Year. Mum really looked on him as one of us."

"When I was a boy, I thought he was a decent guy. He took us swimming, he looked after us sometimes. We could have a laugh with him. I had no idea what it was, but as I got older I began to think he was a bit out of the ordinary. I was always eying women up and he just didn't seem interested in them. I never had

an inkling he might be a pervert, but something clicked when I heard about the guy getting picked up in the Borders with a girl in his van. I knew he worked up in Scotland a fair bit. He wasn't named but it just came to me and I was sure that it was him."

Mr Boyle was sure Black had never behaved improperly with his sisters. "I've asked them lots of times and they say he never laid a finger on them." But he is in no doubt about the fate his former friend deserves: "If it was up to me, I'd string the bastard up."

The view is echoed by many of those who knew him. Paul Rayson is the only member of the family who still lives in the same house at Stamford Hill. He was reluctant to talk about his memories of Black,

but he did say: "They should hang the bastard and get it over with."

His father Edward, an ornamental tiler originally from Leith and now living in France, was shattered when Black's guilty secret was revealed. It is believed that he is the only one of Black's former friends to have made an attempt to visit him in prison.

One woman who knew Black when she was a seven-year-old schoolgirl had no idea of his true nature. She began accepting lifts from him to the tube station in the morning. She looked on him as a "kindly uncle".

Ray Baker concedes that he probably knew him as well as anyone, but never guessed at his true char-

acter. One former colleague remembered that when Black passed comment on a female it tended to be a girl in her early teens. "I used to say 'maybe in a few years', but I didn't know whether he was being serious."

Another ex-colleague recalled Black's obsession with driving routes. "He was always going on about routes he'd discovered that meant you could avoid the motorway. The rest of us could never see the sense in it because it slows you down. He said he liked seeing towns. He liked Yorkshire and talked about driving through Leeds. It's only after he got caught we understood - you don't get kids playing at the side of the motorway."

A LONER; unloved; abused; isolated. Does Robert Black's cheerless life provide the archetypal background of a sexual offender? Or were there other elements, some unguessed at, some which reside deep in the body's sexual chemistry, which hold the last dark secrets? Black himself, who talked through many hours in his prison cell with the sexual crime expert Ray Wyre, asked the telling question: "Am I mad or am I evil?"

Both words are too vague, too emotive, too imprecise to help us understand completely the savage instinct that turned this pathetic figure into a ceaseless predator and a driven killer. But at the very least it should be possible to learn something from Robert Black's story, to help identify those who may be going down the same savage road as he did. By piecing together the clues thrown up by his childhood background and by recognising the signals he was sending out about his true nature from his very earliest years, one can detect a pattern. And from this pattern it may be possible, on other occasions, and in other circumstances, to conclude that here is a child-killer in the making.

THE wife of Wonderland ring member Frederick Stephens last night pledged to stand by her man. Beverley Stephens, 40, denied her husband was a paedophile and said he was a wonderful dad to their two girls, aged 12 and 10.

Beverley said: "He is the only person I trust. I keep telling him he is innocent in my eyes. He hasn't abused children, he just looked at pictures."

She said her husband thought the pornographic images were of girls of 16, not as young as 10, and tried to send them back after receiving them. But he had to plead guilty once police found them on his computer.

Beverley, from Hayes, Middlesex, added: "Neighbours have been shouting outside my house he could have abused our daughters but I know he has never touched them. He is a wonderful father."

"My daughter hasn't slept in her own room since it happened," said Louise. "She's scared of men walking past her in the street."

The family's nightmare, heightened when the phone calls and sick letters began arriving.

In them Flintham protested his innocence and said he wanted to remain "friends" with his victim. In one he wrote to the youngster: "I miss your visits and your happy smile. You cheered up my days more than you will ever know."

Of Martin, the father says: "I thought he was a decent man fetching up two girls. I admired him for that. I certainly didn't see him as a threat."

Martin, he recalled, was often throwing parties for his daughters and their friends.

"I remember one occasion, when my daughter was about eight. She asked if she could go to a birthday party at one of her friend's houses."

"There were four or five other girls there. Martin asked if our daughter could stay overnight but I said no,

because we thought a few hours was enough."

"We picked her up three or four hours later and she was in a happier mood than when I dropped her off but I didn't think anything about it."

In fact, police now know the man's daughter was drugged, and lurid photographs taken.

It is an experience echoed by the many other families whose daughters have been affected.

As one police source said: "There was no reason to think he was anything other than a loving father. Parents don't suspect a thing."

"One mother told us her daughter told her she had been given vitamin pills by Martin because they would be good for her. The mother thought Martin was trying to look after her daughter."

In fact, as we now know, those 'vitamins' were strong sedatives to render the girls unconscious. Then Martin would strip them naked and photograph them in a series of repulsive poses, writing obscene messages on their skin and often positioning them with poket crossbows and samurai swords pointing at their genitals. Detectives believe scores of young girls were abused in this way.

This was only one of Martin's predatory activities. He had set himself up on the beachfront at Bridlington, offering to paint colourful images on the faces and torsos of the local youngsters.

In fact, unbeknown to the children, Martin was, on occasion, writing obscene messages on their faces and taking photos before painting over his scrawlings.

At the same time, using a hidden camera, he was carefully photographing scores of young girls on beaches, at majorette galas and at local shopping centres.

The children, thankfully, appear oblivious to Martin's activities and, during the course of their investigations, police found letters Martin had written to camera companies asking for information about the quietest shutters and infra-red triggers for trap photography.

Wedge behind a drawer in the living room was a piece of A4 paper on which, in careful handwriting, Martin had recorded an index of photographs he had taken of

young girls, and detailed 'photo opportunities' he believed he had missed.

The Joiner alerted the landlord, who in turn contacted the police. Tracing him to the council property, the police found the place packed to the ceiling with storage boxes, in which were hundreds of rolls of film and developed images.

Further investigation led them to a lock-up with a number of large storage containers, again containing boxes of film, as well as obscene messages, graphic notes describing child murder and mutilation fantasies and relevant newspaper cuttings, including more than 150 about Soham killer Ian Huntley.

Police, who believe there may be other, undiscovered lock-ups, also found a cache of weapons, including swords and crossbows, as well as plaits of children's hair.

It was a devastating find, particularly because many victims have had to be traced who, until then, had been unaware of their role in Martin's perverted crimes.

While many chose not to see the photographic evidence, others felt they should confront it but have been left 'traumatised', in the words of one senior officer.

The father of one victim, now 17, explains: "We didn't know anything about what had happened until we got a telephone call from police."

"My daughter didn't remember anything, but decided to see the photographs and was extremely distressed."

JUST OVER 10 years ago social worker Deryk Mead convened Britain's first conference on child sexual abuse. Last Thursday he recalled the shocked public reaction: "We talked about children abused by fathers, stepfathers or mum's boyfriend - people could not, would not, believe it."

We believe it now. Tomorrow the first World Congress on the sexual exploitation of children opens in Stockholm. The terrible events in Belgium have provided a grim curtain raiser to an area of life we prefer to block out.

Unicef, the convenor of the congress, calculates that trafficking in children is the third most lucrative illegal trade in the world, trailing only drugs and weapons. In practically every country, including the UK, there are men, and some women, dealing in boys and girls. It is not the preserve of a small group of sick individuals, a handful of paedophiles but a multi-billion dollar business involving at least a million children. In Britain an estimated 5,000 children 'work' in the sex trade.

The Congress is concentrating on the 'commercial exploitation' of children, but if we take into account abuse within families or residential homes, then we are looking at exploitation on a scale hard to comprehend.

Deryk Mead, now chief executive of the charity NCH Action for Children, points to five areas of concern - family abuse; 'career' paedophiles; child prostitution; sex tourism; and child pornography. There have always been a small number of incest cases but, as Mead points out, it was only recently that Britain, and Western Europe, took family abuse seriously.

In the United States in the 1970s there was a renewal of interest in Freudian and Jungian analysis. Many psychiatrists argued that adults repressed memories of childhood abuse - abuse that was unveiled through analysis. At the same time an influential group of feminists argued that all men were potential abusers.

Where America led, Britain followed. The new thinking coincided with the exposure of widespread abuse in children's homes. Children reported abuse by staff or by other children and many recalled incidents from the time they had lived with their

parents. According to unofficial estimates, as many as 80 per cent of those in care had suffered sexual abuse at some time in their lives. It is impossible to know whether that figure is accurate - there are no authoritative statistics.

NCH has estimated that, in Britain, at least one in eight women and one in 12 men has been the victim of abuse. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children conducted a survey of more than 1,000 adults last year and found one in six had been 'interfered with' as a child. It currently receives about 15,000 calls a year reporting suspected abuse.

David Niven, a former president of the British Association of Social Workers and one of the founders of the anti-paedophile group Action on Child Exploitation, believes that for every five abusers prosecuted, 95 are not.

This is because it is extremely difficult to obtain a conviction. It is invariably the word of a child against an adult without any evidence. And many social workers and police officers feel it is unfair to subject children to a courtroom ordeal. Many children will not talk, either through fear or shame.

There is, however, a body of

thought that says social workers have exaggerated the problem, confusing abuse with innocent parental/child relationships. And there are many child care workers who suspect that some children make false accusations.

Marion Bennathan, chair of the Association of Workers for Children with Emotional and Behavioural Difficulties, says: 'If you are a residential worker, it is no longer a matter of whether an allegation will be made against you, it is a question of when.'

There is, however, consensus on the danger from 'career' paedophiles. This term refers to men who over a long period indulge in sex with children, often pre-pubescent ones. Contrary to popular opinion there is no reason

to believe most paedophiles are homosexuals.

Bjorn Eriksson of Interpol estimates there are around 30,000 paedophiles organised in groups throughout Europe. The degree of organisation varies: many are linked through the Internet, others are on the mailing-lists of pornographic magazines. And some are undoubtedly involved in the kidnap, trade and murder of children.

Scotland Yard's National Criminal Intelligence Service has a database of between 3,000 and 4,000 convicted or suspected paedophiles, many of whom will be part of the wider European network.

Research in the US has shown that 70 per cent of 'career' paedophiles reoffend, often again and again. What

little British research exists indicates a similar pattern. It is the conviction that little can be done to rehabilitate offenders that has led to tough new laws in Britain and the US.

Police stations in the US now publicly display lists of convicted paedophiles and, when an offender is released or changes address, local police have an obligation to inform his prospective neighbours. Similar measures have been adopted in Canada.

The theory is that parents, forewarned, can take action to protect their children. They can and usually do. Vigilantes and petrol bombers have made it clear to the abusers that they had better move on.

A number of American states are considering legislation allowing the indefinite internment of sex offenders in mental institutions. The expression 'lock 'em up and throw away the key' never had more resonance.

In Britain there are plans to introduce a national register of convicted paedophiles which could be checked by organisations employing people to work with children. It is hoped this will help to counter the infiltration of residential homes, playgroups, scouts and other voluntary groups by abusers.

This move has been welcomed by anti-paedophile campaigners, but some are now demanding tougher action. They want a national register not only of convicted offenders but also of suspects. Niven explains: 'In Britain we have a register of children considered at risk, but no list of the people from whom they are at risk. What do you put first, the civil liberties of potential abusers, or those of children?'

Tomorrow's World Congress will concentrate on sexual tourism and child prostitution because this is the area in which there is scope for co-ordinated international action. Child prostitution has always been with us and is growing at an alarming rate. Unicef has no doubt why this is so — rich westerners can afford to fly to poor countries where poverty guarantees a constant flow of children to be abused. Poverty in the Far East, Africa and parts of Eastern Europe has resulted in girls and boys being made available to paedophiles for small change.

Norway, Sweden, Finland, Germany, France, Australia, the US, Belgium, Taiwan, New Zealand and Sri Lanka have laws which allow the prosecution in their home countries of

sex tourists charged with abusing children abroad. Ireland, Canada, Switzerland, Denmark, Japan, Spain and Iceland plan to follow suit.

For some time Britain has refused to introduce legislation but, after a concerted campaign by children's charities, is set to fall into line. Timothy Kirkhope, the Home Office Minister representing the UK at the congress, will make the official announcement in Stockholm.

The dominant theme of the congress will be the need to redefine the problem. Throughout the world, those in authority have tended to view abused boys and girls as offenders. This is as true of Britain as it is of India.

The Children's Society has protested that in the UK, young girls are 'punished and labelled prostitutes rather than protected as victims of sexual abuse'. Latest figures from the Home Office show an increase of 35 per cent in girls under 18 being cautioned for soliciting, although they were not old enough to consent to sex and were therefore the subject of criminal abuse.

Or, expressed slightly differently by Save the Children: 'Without demand from customers there would be no commercial exploitation.'

An outraged judge attacked the inadequacy of the law protecting vulnerable young people yesterday after a trainee teacher was jailed for just 18 months for using the Internet to try to buy a girl of nine for sex.

Judge Gerald Gordon said Luke Sadowski — who took a replica gun and a teddy bear to what he thought was a rendezvous with his young victim — posed a 'serious danger to women'.

Police who caught the 19-year-old in an undercover sting just two weeks before he started a primary school attachment found a cache of terrifying weapons at his digs.

Chillingly, they also discovered evidence that he was obsessed with the murders of young children, including eight-year-old Sarah Payne.

But he will be free in eight months because of the time he has already spent in custody on remand.

Under the current law, he will not even have to sign the sex offenders register.

Sadowski pleaded guilty to attempting to incite another to procure a girl under 21 for sexual intercourse, which carries a maximum sentence of two years in jail.

Judge Gordon said at Southwark Crown Court: 'It is to be hoped

that urgent consideration will be given to whether that provides remotely adequate powers to protect the young and vulnerable.'

Scotland Yard said it would be next spring before the Sexual Offences Bill toughens up the law, when a similar offence will attract a jail term of 14 years and offenders will have to sign the register.

The judge also mounted a fierce attack on the Internet, saying it was a 'feeding ground for fantasy' which could lead to 'serious criminal offences'.

For Sadowski, from Bishop's Cleeve, Staffordshire, the Internet seemed to provide a way of exploring his paedophile fantasies.

In fact, the court heard, he fell into a trap set up by customs agents in the U.S. who invented a fake website to lure chairman perverts.

The site offered 'tailor-made vacations to fulfil unique desires' and was placed on web pages known to be popular with paedophiles.

Sadowski made contact under the pseudonym Ben Smith in May last year in an e-mail, he said he

wanted to 'purchase a girl, roughly ten years old, of white race, for three nights'.

An undercover agent gave a price of £250 a night. In subsequent e-mails, Sadowski hinted he would like to 'go all the way' but would not 'damage' the girl.

U.S. officials tipped off Scotland Yard's paedophile unit and Sadowski started contacting an undercover detective known only as 'Ed' last September.

The court heard that Sadowski agreed to pay £250, with £125 in cash up front, to spend a Friday night and Saturday morning with a nine-year-old girl from Lithuania.

'Ed' arranged to meet Sadowski at London's Victoria Station on October 4 last year and they went on to a hotel. Police arrested him on arrival and found a replica Glock pistol loaded with blank cartridges in his waistband.

At the same time, officers raided his student address in Canterbury, Kent, where they found the cache of weapons including shackles, three sets of handcuffs, a police baton and a knife hidden in a safe.

Examination of Sadowski's computer at his mother's home revealed websites dedicated to murdered Surrey teenager Amanda Dowler, Sarah Payne and Boham victims Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman.

He also kept a collection of newspaper clippings about the child killings along with articles on

paedophile raids.

Detective Chief Inspector Matthew Bart, of Scotland Yard's paedophile unit, called Sadowski a 'real and significant danger to children'.

He added that even though Sadowski does not have to sign the sex offenders' register on his release, he will be monitored.

Sadowski, whose mother was in court yesterday, was also jailed for 18 months after pleading guilty to possession of an imitation firearm. The two sentences will run consecutively.

Sadowski, a virgin, remained impassive as he was sentenced. He will serve half of the three-

year total, less the ten months he had already spent on

remand, so will be released on licence in eight months.

Had he not been convicted of the firearms offence, he would have walked free yesterday.

Last night, NSPCC policy adviser Christine Atkinson said: 'It is a priority the proposed legislation is implemented as soon as possible to protect children.'

Michele Elliott, of children's charity Kidscape, said the UK was 'behind the times' when it came to sentencing paedophiles.

She said: 'This man sounds highly dangerous and should be in prison for several years.'

A SERIAL paedophile who posed as a child protection expert for more than a decade was jailed for seven years yesterday after he admitted a series of sickening sex attacks on three girls.

Stephen King, 54, lectured lawyers, police officers and social workers on how to deal with child pervers.

Inquiries by the Daily Mail last night revealed that he was being consulted as an expert by defence lawyers as recently as this week - despite his appearance in court.

Documents show he was given privileged access to a witness statement and even offered the opportunity to examine a computer on which pornographic images had been stored.

In previous years, despite a conviction for gross indecency in 1989, he had contributed to a Court of Appeal sentencing panel on how to deal with appeals against conviction by child pervers.

Last night, as King began a jail term for offences against children as young as nine, police described him as a 'predatory paedophile' who had been operating for at least 20 years.

Officers also issued a series of photographs stretching back decades in the hope that 'scores' of other potential victims will come forward.

King, of Herne Hill, South-East London, is believed to have found acceptance in legal circles by changing his appearance several times. He has also changed his name from Stephen Gosling, after the conviction for indecency in 1989.

Detective Inspector Neil Thompson, of the Metropolitan Police, said: 'He is devious, intelligent, articulate and very convincing.'

Police believe King met his victims through friends. He offered lessons in maths, English and music and abused youngsters at his grubby tower block flat. Two of the three girls were forced into sex acts at the same time - while King filmed them and took photos.

The court heard how his persistent abuse has devastated lives.

One of his victims has attempted suicide by slashing her wrists with broken glass and the youngest of the three had suffered from learning difficulties.

Sentencing him at Middlessex Guildhall Crown Court, Judge Fabian Evans said: 'You have pleaded guilty to a catalogue of grave offences which displayed depraved, corrupt and consistent behaviour on vulnerably young girls, one of whom had learning difficulties.'

'You professed to be an expert on child abuse and were well aware of the damage you were doing.'

King admitted 21 counts. They included sex with a girl under 13, ten indecent assaults, six charges of indecency with a child and four counts of taking indecent photographs of a child.

Last night there was widespread shock that King had managed to gain so much influence. He has never held down a proper job but is said to have worked for a private company called Arena.

It helped organise one-day seminars for police officers, probation workers and social workers. His regular contributions to national newspapers gave him a 'veneer of respectability' and enabled him to appear credible and be quoted as a 'legal campaigner'.

After the conviction of pervers Howard Hughes for the rape and murder of seven-year-old Sophie Hook, King had argued in newspaper articles that calls for a sex offenders' register were over the top.

It would be pointless, he said, to include all sex offenders on the list.

Instead, he claimed: 'A far more sensible approach would be to include on such a register the names of those who have reoffended against children.'

In other words, a second chance for paedophiles. Luckily his argument was swept aside and the register became reality.

Yesterday the real Stephen Gosling emerged. The court heard that he would lure children to his 12th tower block flat by posing as a tutor. He even claimed to be an athletics guru.

Most chillingly of all, he set up a photographic studio in his bedroom where he blacked out windows to help him abuse the girls who trusted him. He tied them up and took dozens of photos. Afterwards, he used bribes of cash and alcohol to buy their silence.

Described as 'plausible' and 'a character from the shadows' by those who knew him, he gave off the air of a knowledgeable

man obsessed with the Child Protection Act.

But at the same time he had firm links with a group known as the Paedophile Information Exchange and one of his friends was once convicted of abusing two children.

Little is known of his childhood. Adopted as a baby, he was brought up by a vicar in the Midlands as Stephen Gosling but later traced his natural parents and changed his name to King.

A father-of-one, his extraordinary double life finally came to a halt in July last year. Officials from the Benefits Agency launched a probe into his limitless welfare claims - King has never held down a proper job - and

raided his flat with uniformed yard officers.

Inside, police recovered hundreds of indecent photographs along with videos of the sickening sex acts he had carried out.

The most appalling discovery of all was a diary kept by King stretching back almost a decade.

In it, he catalogued the abuse of his young victims who were aged between nine and 13. He bragged how he 'got away with it' when officers decided not to press charges after an earlier inquiry.

Last night, as he began a seven-year jail term, a large number of lawyers, academics and sentencing experts would be asking themselves just how he had managed to take them all in.

COLUMBUS, Ohio—The stories Brian Dalton wrote in his journal about torturing and molesting children were so disturbing that grand jurors asked a detective to stop read-

ing after about two pages.

The stories also were fictitious.

Nonetheless, Dalton was sentenced to 10 years in prison, which has alarmed lawyers specializing in 1st Amendment and obscenity law.

Civil liberties lawyers believe Dalton is the first person in the United States successfully prosecuted for child pornography that involved writings, not images. They also are disturbed that the case involved porn intended for his private use and that was not disseminated.

"His thoughts may be disturbing and repugnant, but he has got a right to have them and write them down for his own use," said Raymond Vavari, legal director for the Ohio chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Dalton, who was on probation from a 1998 conviction involving pornographic photos of children, was charged after his probation officer found the journal during a routine search of his home.

Dalton, 22, pleaded guilty last week to pandering obscenity involving a minor. As part of the plea bargain, a second count was dropped for five fewer years in prison.

Since then, the case has raised so many questions that he may try to withdraw his guilty plea, defense attorney Isabella Dixon said Thursday.

Ron O'Brien, the Franklin County prosecutor who has hailed the case as a breakthrough in child-pornography prosecution, declined comment.

The 14-page journal contained stories about three children between the ages of 10 and 11 being caged in a basement, molested and tortured. Prosecutors said the stories are pure fiction.

Dalton was charged under Ohio's 1989 child porn law which bans possession of obscene material involving children. He was not charged under the state's obscenity law which requires dissemination and not just possession.

Ohio's law is broad in describing child pornography as "material," not simply "images," as in most other states, said Bruce Taylor, president of the National Law Center for Children and Families, which helps prosecutors in child porn cases.

Dalton's lawyer said her client "felt it was in his best interest" to plead guilty. She would not say what she advised him to do.

He cannot challenge the constitutionality of the law unless he petitions the court to let him change his plea.

Some lawyers specializing in 1st Amendment cases said they think he would win in court.

Robert O'Neill, director of the Thomas Jefferson Center for the Protection of Free Expression at the University of Virginia, called the case "astounding" because it goes against U.S. Supreme Court rulings.

The high court has held that child pornography is limited to images. The court is set to hear arguments in a California case this fall about whether purely computer-generated images of children engaged in sex—no images of actual children—constitute child pornography.

The Supreme Court also has ruled that obscene material is illegal only if it is disseminated, not just possessed, but that the mere possession of child porn can be prosecuted if there is an overriding societal interest in protecting children.

"Here, that whole rationale doesn't apply," said David Goldberger, an Ohio State University law professor who specializes in 1st Amendment issues.

"There's no indication that any children were harmed in its production or that children would be harmed," he said.

Janet LaRue, senior director of legal studies at the Washington-based Family Research Council, which fights child pornography, said Dalton's tales could be extremely dangerous because they could entice him to seduce children. "It's like an arsonist with matches," she said.

Gary Daniels, spokesman of the New York-based National Coalition Against Censorship, said: "It's one thing to get an obscenity prosecution when there's visual images. To suggest that something could be obscene in a written form points out the contradiction in obscenity law."

"If you're going to use this kind of logic in prosecuting people," he said, "that means that any person who writes something in a fictional manner about breaking the law could be breaking the law."

France's biggest and most controversial paedophile trial ended yesterday when a court in Macon sentenced a supplier of child sex videos to three years in prison and handed down suspended jail terms to more than 50 others.

Bernard Alapetite, the chief executive of Platypus, a Paris publishing company, was found guilty of copying foreign child porn videos—some featuring rapes of boys under 15 and young children having sex with animals—and selling them for between £80 and £100 each.

Fifty-one other men who were found with child sex videos in their homes received suspended sentences ranging from two to six months.

The case followed an unprecedented police crackdown in 1997 which prompted widespread alarm at the extent of paedophilia in France. More than 2,500 police searched 800 homes, questioned 700 men and detained 300 suspects, finally bringing charges against 61.

Elsewhere in France, more than 100 unrelated paedophile cases were opened following the two-day operation, code-named Ado 71. Several hundred more men were arrested for "receiving objects obtained by means of the corruption of minors". Six were also charged with child rape.

But the operation also led to public concern at a "name them and shame them" policy that saw five suspects commit suicide immediately after being released from custody.

The Human Rights League said the mass arrests were "scandalous round-ups, an anti-paedophile witch-hunt", while the justice minister, Elisabeth Guigou, asked whether such a "spectacular series of coups" was necessary or appropriate.

Those on trial included priests, doctors, lawyers, a managing director, a tax inspector, a banker, a pharmacist, a bus driver, a scriptwriter and an advertising executive.

Aged between 30 and 92, all had bought child porn videos from a mail order company in Macon in the Burgundy region.

The youth and sports minister, Marie-George Buffet, was subsequently forced to promise tougher controls in schools, youth clubs and summer camps after several teachers were among those in the dock.

But while Mr Alapetite had numerous previous convictions for similar offences, his clients either strongly protested their innocence or broke down during the court case as they tried to express their remorse.

The case raised questions about definitions of paedophilia in French law: half the suspects were in court for being in possession of one video. One was a retired schools inspector who had bought his sole cassette 25 years ago "because morals were degenerating and I wanted to find out how and why".

Several others produced medical evidence showing that they had long recognised

their "deviant tastes" and "attraction for young boys", but had never molested anyone and had been undergoing psychiatric treatment.

Almost half the suspects claimed they were not guilty of any crime. Some pointed out that their tapes had been seized during a previous operation, and returned to them as perfectly legal.

Others said the tapes had been advertised and sold to them through legitimate channels. Two expert witnesses brought by the public prosecutor, Jean-Louis Casta, sowed further confusion by disagreeing in court on the likely ages of the boys involved.

But despite public doubts, Marie-Thérèse Hermange, a member of the European parliament and French expert on child abuse, said it was essential that the trial took place.

"We have to stop hiding our heads in the sand," she said. "This is a global problem which we in France have only recently begun to wake up to."

A South Haven, Ind., volunteer firefighter faces additional charges after two more girls stepped forward to say they, too, were sexually abused by him, officials said Thursday.

It brings the number of alleged victims to three, after police learned of the first accuser last Friday. The three girls were friends, police said.

Five more charges, two of them felonies, were filed against Michael T. Parsons, 37, after the two girls told police he fondled them sometime between May 1 and Aug. 31.

Parsons was arrested Friday and is accused of raping and molesting the first victim.

dating back to when she was 10. Police, who described the alleged crimes as some of the most heinous they have encountered, said they confiscated bondage devices from Parsons' home in South Haven, a small community between Portage and Valparaiso.

Parsons now faces 15 charges, 10 of them felonies. He was arraigned by video Thursday in Judge Roger Bradford's courtroom, where bond was raised by \$25,000 to

\$225,000, in light of the new charges.

A status hearing has been set for Jan. 2, with a pretrial date of Feb. 5 and a trial date of March 5. Parsons, who was assigned a public defender, entered the standard plea of not guilty.

Officials gave limited details involving the latest charges, only to say the girls were friends of the



Michael Parsons

first girl to come forward and that Parsons had fondled the latest victims.

The new charges also included accusations that Parsons gave all three girls alcohol, marijuana and pills sometime between May 1 and Aug. 31.

"This is certainly horrible," Porter County Deputy Chief David Lain said.

These victims had their childhood stolen from them."

Chief Deputy Prosecutor Brian Gensel wouldn't speculate on whether additional charges would be leveled against Parsons or if there are additional victims.

Lain asked the public to contact the sheriff's department with any additional information and urged parents to talk with their children about these types of matters.

A volunteer firefighter accused of torturing a teenage girl covered his victim's face in a firefighter's breathing mask while sexually abusing her, authorities in northwest Indiana said Wednesday.

Details of the alleged crimes—spanning four years—were outlined in graphic charging documents against 37-year-old Michael T. Parsons. Police are expected to reveal more information on the case today, including whether other victims have come forward.

Parsons, of South Haven in Porter County, faces eight felony charges, including child molesting, rape and sexual misconduct with a minor. If convicted, Parsons could face up to 184 years in prison.

While a sullen group of firefighters gathered at the South Haven firehouse before a Wednesday evening meeting, Parsons sat in Porter County Jail with bond set at \$200,000 and awaiting a court date.

"You name the emotion, and I'm feeling it," said South Haven Fire Chief Doug Patton, a friend of Parsons for nearly 16 years, "except I don't care about him anymore."

Meanwhile, Porter County authorities continued their investigation. They would not say if any other potential victims have stepped forward since Parsons was taken into custody Friday.

In what investigators called one of the most heinous cases they've worked, Parsons is accused of raping, confining and forcing the girl to perform sexual acts dating back to when she was 10.

Among other items, police confiscated handcuffs and a wooden restraint device Parsons is believed to have built.

Parsons admitted to police his involvement in the sexual acts but told investigators he thought the girl had consented.

Police learned of the abuse Friday and arrested Parsons later that day after surrounding his house. Patton was on the scene as police urged Parsons to surrender.

Patton suspended Parsons, and Parsons was expected to be terminated at the Wednesday meeting.

Parsons, who is divorced, is a steel worker at U.S. Steel Gary Works and a former firefighter at U.S. Steel and Bethlehem. He was a volunteer with South Haven for six years before leaving. He returned in March 2005 and was promoted to captain earlier this year.

Robert Russell Koppa, the paroled child killer charged with kidnapping a teenager outside Woodfield Mall, faces new charges that he attempted a similar attack six months ago in Chicago, authorities said Tuesday.

Koppa, 47, of Palatine appeared Tuesday in a Chicago courtroom, where a judge set a \$1 million bond on a charge of attempted kidnapping.

During a lineup late Monday, a 12-year-old girl identified Koppa as the man who grabbed her on her way home from school Feb. 15. He also was identified by a witness, a prosecutor said.

The girl told police she was walking in the 6500 block of North Avondale Avenue about 4 p.m. when a man threatened her with a knife, taped her eyes, then started walking her down the street, said Chicago police spokesman Patrick Camden.

The girl told police she escaped when her abductor became distracted by other children.

Koppa became a suspect in the case after his arrest in the July 13 abduction in Schaumburg.

In that case, authorities said, a 17-year-old girl was grabbed outside Woodfield Mall, threatened with a knife and forced into a car. Her attacker bound her hands and taped her eyes before driving her to a remote spot near Wauconda,

authorities said. He forced her to dress in an evening gown and sexually abused her before returning to Schaumburg and releasing her, according to authorities.

Officials said Koppa also is considered a suspect in at least three other cases: a second one in Chicago, an attempted abduction in Deerfield and one in Niles.

The Niles case involves a 12-year-old girl who was abducted and sexually abused in a way that bore striking similarities to the Woodfield case, police said.

Authorities said the girl was grabbed while waiting for a bus near the Golf Mill shopping center on Feb. 20, 1995, 27 days after Koppa was released from prison.

Koppa served about 13 years of a 30-year sentence for the 1980 murder of Julie Angel, a 15-year-old Steinmetz High School student from Chicago's Northwest Side.

Koppa's next court appearance is Sept. 6.

When child killer Robert Koppa left prison last year, state officials told parole agents to keep a close eye on him because he was a sex offender.

But state officials were unable to say how closely they had monitored Koppa, who was denied bond Wednesday for allegedly abducting a 17-year-old girl as she left her job at the Woodfield Shopping Center Saturday and sexually abusing her.



Robert Koppa

At his bond hearing, Koppa was charged with aggravated kidnapping, aggravated criminal sexual abuse and armed violence.

The victim was driven to a wooded area near Wauconda, where she was sexually assaulted, police said.

In 1980, Koppa had been out of prison for only seven weeks when he killed 15-year-old Julie Angel as she walked home from a Northwest Side store. He was released in February, 1995, after serving 14 years of a 30-year sentence.

Robert Koppa was on parole last Saturday when he allegedly abducted and sexually abused a 17-year-old girl in Schaumburg.

And he was on parole in 1980 when he murdered 15-year-old Julie Angel as she walked home from a Northwest Side store.

Angel's stepfather, Frank Tardio, 52, said: "I think it was unbelievable [Koppa] was on the street. He was sentenced to 30 years in prison and was released way before that."

"In my opinion, sex offenders should not be on the street. I don't think they can be rehabilitated."

Koppa, 47, was denied bond Wednesday on charges of aggravated kidnapping, aggravated criminal sexual abuse and armed violence.

He allegedly kidnapped the girl as she left her job at a Schaumburg shopping center. After blindfolding her and tying her hands, police said, Koppa drove her to a wooded area near Wauconda. She was sexually assaulted and forced to put on two dresses and a jacket.

Koppa had been out of prison for only seven weeks when he killed Julie Angel. He was released in February, 1995, after serving 14 years and nine months of a 30-year sentence.

James Williams, chairman of the Illinois Prisoner Review Board, said he had no idea whether the Corrections Department gave special attention to Koppa.

Corrections spokesman Nic Howell did not return telephone calls to discuss what kind of supervision Koppa had gotten.

Besides the standard parole conditions, such as obeying all laws, Koppa, 47, of Palatine, was prohibited from having any contact with the Angel family, Williams said. And the board told Koppa he had to allow a parole agent unlimited access for three years.

"That's a signal to the department [of Corrections] that we think the guy needs extra supervision," Williams said. "He's a sex offender, and sex offenders are people who get a special cognizance from this board."

Since Jan. 1, Koppa was breaking a new state law because he had failed to contact police under an expanded sex offender registration program, said Kim Donahue, spokeswoman for the Illinois State Police.

Koppa should have been registered with the Cook County sheriff because he lived in unincorporated Palatine, but he never registered with any police department, state and county police said.

Failure to register is a felony, punishable by up to three years in prison.

Ex-convicts rarely are sent back to prison for violating parole, which in Illinois is called mandatory supervised release.

If Koppe violated his parole, it would be the second time he has violated terms of his release.

He was sentenced to four years in prison for unlawful restraint and deviate sexual assault in 1977, Williams said, and was on parole when he killed Julie Angel.

Koppe was returning home from work Tuesday when he was arrested in connection with the Schaumburg abduction. He later was identified by the teenager, police said.

Federal authorities have shut down an exclusive Internet chat room that traded in graphic child pornography, including "on demand" videos of children as young as infants being molested, U.S. Atty. Gen. Alberto Gonzales announced Wednesday.

An international investigation into the chat room "Kiddy pics & Kiddyvids" led to charges against 27 people in the U.S., Australia, Britain and Canada.

Thirteen U.S. residents, including three men from the Chicago suburbs, are charged as members of the chat room, Gonzales said at a news conference in the Dirksen U.S. Courthouse.

The investigation also uncovered seven sexually abused children and four molesters, au-

thorities said.

Gonzales said chat room members could access "thousands and thousands" of pictures and videos that he described as "the worst imaginable forms of child pornography."

The three suspects from the Chicago area are Brian A. Annoreno, 29, of Bartlett; Gregory J. Sweezer, 48, of Aurora; and David B. Holst, 27, of North Aurora.

All three have admitted to federal agents that they possessed child pornography, according to court documents.

Annoreno is charged with molesting an infant girl for a live video "streamed" over the Internet to another chat room member, known as "Big Daddy819."

That individual, a resident of Alberta, Canada, is accused of molesting four children for streaming videos but was not identified by name in court documents.

A computer seized at Holst's home contained images of an exposed 18-month-old girl and a video of a girl between the ages of 9 and 12 engaged in sex acts with a man, a complaint states.

Holst told investigators he was "burned out" with adult pornography, the complaint states.

Julie Myers, the Homeland Security Department's assistant secretary for Immigration and Customs Enforcement, said the chat room represents a disturbing evolution in online child pornography.

Where commercial Web sites frequently reproduce the same images over and over, "peer-to-peer" chat rooms are manufacturing new, "homegrown" child pornography, Myers said.

"Tragically and frighteningly, the kids in these images are getting younger, and the images are getting more and more violent and graphic," she said.

A criminal complaint charges that on Jan. 1, Annoreno e-mailed a photograph of a baby girl with her genitals exposed. The following day, he received an e-mail of a girl removing her underwear and exposing herself, the complaint states.

Sweezer admitted to possessing thousands of images, according to a complaint.

Annoreno's attorney, Michael Falconer, said Wednesday that he does not believe investigators have a video showing his client molesting a child.

Falconer described Annoreno as a "computer wizard" but said he otherwise has a very low IQ.

"He might admit to anything," Falconer said, adding he believes Annoreno lives with his parents.

Calls to attorneys for Holst and Sweezer were not returned Wednesday. Attempts to reach all three men at their homes were unsuccessful.

Annoreno, who authorities said used the screen-name "Acidburn," was arrested Jan. 8 and is in custody in Kankakee.

Holst was arrested Jan. 11 and is free on \$25,000 bond.

Sweezer, arrested March 9, is also free after his wife posted their home for bond.

Prosecutors charge that Royal Raymond Weller of Clarksville, Tenn., ran the chat room under the screen-name "G.O.D."

When Weller was arrested March 6, Lisa A. Winebrenner of Osceola, Iowa, took over as the chat room's host, authorities al-

Winebrenner, who was arrested Tuesday, is accused of trying to destroy evidence of child pornography and advising other members on March 10 to do the same.

Known by the screen-name "HumbleDuchess," Winebrenner even discussed a contingency plan to keep the chat room running in the event of her arrest, authorities charge.

Winebrenner's sister, Hope, said the family is numb after her arrest and doesn't know what to make of the charges.

"As far as the downloading... they're saying she did it, so we're guessing she did it," Hope Winebrenner said.

She said she does not know if Winebrenner has an attorney.

Assistant Secretary Myers said that, increasingly, similar chat rooms are using sophisticated methods to hide their activity from law enforcement and to destroy evidence when they are detected.

And unlike commercial Web sites that charge fees law enforcement can track, "Kiddy pics & Kiddyvids" was free and exclusive to its members, Myers said.

Members tipped each other off to suspected law enforcement attempts to access the site, and hosts kicked off anyone they thought compromised security, authorities charged.

The chat room was discovered after police in Edmonton, Canada, arrested a member, said Tony Warr, deputy police chief in Toronto.

The investigation was ongoing and police in Canada used tracking software to locate other members of the chat room and alerted authorities in the U.S., Australia and Britain, Warr said.

Gonzales did not detail how long the chat room was in operation before it was shut down.

He declined to say whether the sexually abused children identified in the investigation have been placed in protective custody but offered assurances they are safe.

A Gurnee man has been charged with child pornography, unlawful videotaping and eavesdropping after he recorded a 13-year-old neighbor with a video camera hidden in a lava lamp in her bedroom, Lake County prosecutors said Wednesday.

day. Robert M. Faber, 33, had been discussing sexual acts online with a 13-year-old female neighbor who didn't know how old he was, said Pat Fix, a prosecutor with the Lake County state's attorney's Office. Faber, who pretended to be a teenage boy, gave the girl a lava lamp with a video camera hidden inside and secretly recorded her exposed "in some naked positions," Fix said. A neighbor picked up a wireless video feed of the girl on his baby monitor and asked the girl's father if he had a video surveillance camera in her room, prosecutors said. The neighbor and the girl's father then discovered the signal was coming from the lava lamp in her room and reported it to Gurnee police, prosecutors said. Faber was arrested and charged Friday with six counts of child pornography, two counts of unlawful videotaping and one count of eavesdropping.

In an unprecedented scene for federal court in Chicago, the young victim of an alleged sexual assault testified on closed-circuit television Tuesday so he wouldn't have to face the accused.

The 12-year-old boy was questioned by lawyers in another room while jurors and the defendant, James W. Snyder, 35, of La Grange, watched TV monitors in the courtroom. The monitors were set up so the public couldn't see the boy's face but could hear his testimony. He was identified by his first name only.

The boy's testimony was largely unemotional, though he initially hesitated talking about the first sexual encounter, saying, "It's too hard for me to talk about."

The prosecutor then led him through a series of questions that required the boy to respond only "yes" or "no."

Later, Snyder's lawyer asked the boy how long one sexual encounter lasted. A long silence ensued, and the attorneys asked for a break from testimony.

According to FBI spokesman Bob Long, this marked the first time in Chicago—and only the third time nationally—that a witness was allowed to testify on closed-circuit television in federal court.

Citing the opinions of two mental-health experts, the government contended the boy wouldn't be able to testify in open court out of fear of the defendant.

The boy testified that last October during a sleepover at a neighbor's home in Starke County, Ind., an acquaintance named John Lock made him drink beer and smoke marijuana.

During the night, Lock molested him, he said.

The next day, Lock took the boy across state lines to Snyder's home, where the boy was again given alcohol, marijuana and "poppers," a narcotic, in Snyder's presence, he said. As Lock slept, Snyder engaged in sex with him, the boy said. Later, Lock awoke and had sex with the boy as Snyder took pictures with a camcorder hooked up to his computer, the boy testified.

The boy said that he saw rifles and pistols at Snyder's home and that Snyder warned him at one point that "if I told anybody what was going on, he would kill me."

Assistant U.S. Atty. Philip Benson showed a photograph of Snyder to the boy and asked him, "Is that the person who did this stuff to you?"

"Yes," the boy replied.

Snyder is charged with enticing the boy, at the time 11, to engage in sex in order to produce computer photographic images of the encounter. He is also accused of receiving and distributing child pornography.

Lock, who pleaded guilty to federal charges in Indiana stemming from the kidnapping and sexual assault, is scheduled to testify Wednesday for the government.

What began as a routine arrest of a bike thief wound up solving a more than year-long series of sexual attacks on young girls on the Northwest Side, police said Wednesday.

Jose Rivas, 23, of the 4700 block of West Race, was charged in attacks on eight girls between May 28, 2002, and June 10, 2003. Prosecutors will ask a judge Friday to deny bail to Rivas.

Rivas molested girls from 5 to 8 years old, police said. Most of the attacks happened in three different Village Thrift stores, police said, but one of them was in an alley in the 3400 block of West McLean when he rode a bike up to three girls. He molested one girl, tried to grab a second girl and masturbated in front of all three, police said.

Police obtained a still photo from a surveillance camera in the May 2002 attack in a Village Thrift Store and issued a community alert.

On Saturday, Chicago police tactical officers Mike Hamideh and Herminio Flores responded to a citizen's call that someone stole her bike. The officers arrested Rivas and realized he looked like the man in the community alert.

"I never forgot the incident," Flores said of the details in the community alert issued in May 2002. "It stayed with me. I have kids too."

Detectives interrogated Rivas and he was charged with three counts of predatory criminal sexual assault, three counts of aggravated sexual abuse, one count of attempted aggravated sexual assault and one count of aggravated burglary.

Prosecutors are considering more charges in cases involving five other victims, said Lt. Robert

Hargesheimer of the Special Investigations Unit.

Witnesses have been asked to identify Rivas in lineups and police have obtained a DNA sample from him that they will compare with a computer database containing DNA profiles from unsolved crimes, Hargesheimer said.

Rivas, who is single and unemployed, has a record that includes arrests for theft, assault and public indecency, court records show.

Asked why victims were attacked at Village Thrift stores, Hargesheimer said there is nothing to indicate Rivas ever worked in one, made deliveries to them or had any other business with the stores.

"There wasn't really any rhyme or reason," he said. "He frequented those areas. You can tell by his address that he lived in the area. He would frequently shop in these stores. That's all we know."

A TEENAGE rape victim told a court yesterday how her attacker promised he only wanted to touch her.

But five minutes later he said 'I've changed my mind' and subjected her to a terrifying 20-minute rape ordeal, in which he threatened to kill her.

The 14-year-old girl said she was pulled into woods where the man used a penknife to cut off her bra and slash the top of her jeans.

"I was scared and shaking," she said. "It was hurting me and when I said it was hurting me he didn't really care."

"I thought I was going to die. I thought he was going to kill me and leave me there."

She told how she was suddenly grabbed from behind by a man brandishing a silver and red penknife.

Speaking in a soft voice, the girl said: "I did what I was told, otherwise I wouldn't be here today."

"I was fighting him, but he said 'keep still and don't scream otherwise I will kill you. I have got a knife and I am not afraid to use it'."

A videotape of the girl's account, in an interview with police, was played at Maidstone Crown Court, where railway worker Antoni Imiela, 49, is accused of raping five women and three girls under 16.

The prosecution says the 14-year-old became his eighth rape victim when she was attacked as she walked home along a path in Stevenage, Hertfordshire, in October 2002.

The girl said she was pulled off the path and into some woods where the man began making a clearing in the vegetation.

She said: "I just did what he said as I knew he had a knife. I just followed his instructions because I didn't want to die."

The girl said that during the rape the man asked her if she had ever had sex with her father or her mother's boyfriend. She vehemently denied it.

She said, "He said I should be good at this because I've done it before and I said I hadn't."

Once the rapist had finished, she said, he lit a cigarette rolled from tobacco in a Golden Virginia packet - the court has already heard from a former workmate that Imiela smoked that brand.

The girl said the rapist warned her that he would kill her if she moved

or made a noise after he left. "I was so scared," she said. "I heard there was no more movement in the trees. I quickly got my trousers on. I pegged it."

She ran home where she saw her mother's boyfriend and told him: "I've been raped."

The boyfriend, who cannot be identified for legal reasons, told the court he and two friends immediately drove to the scene of the rape, with the girl, in a bid to find her attacker.

"I just went crazy," he told the jury. "We just went mad, shouting and screaming. I shouted out

"Let's go and find him" and we jumped in the car."

The court has heard that the girl had a blue Primark carrier bag obtained during a shopping trip the previous day.

She said the rapist told her, "Let me have a look at it" and emptied the contents out. Then he put it under her head like a pillow as he raped her.

Police later recovered the bag and found Imiela had left his fingerprint on it, the court was told. Imiela, from Appleton, Kent, denies nine counts of rape against three girls under 16 and five women. One of the women was allegedly raped twice.

The charges relate to attacks in Kent, Surrey, South-west London and Hertfordshire between November 2001 and October 2002.

Imiela is said to have carefully chosen areas he knew through his work as a railway maintenance man, or places near the M25 so he could make a quick getaway.

He also denies the kidnap, indecent assault and attempted rape of a 10-year-old girl in Birmingham in November 2002.

The trial continues.

A former Lombard Sunday school teacher was sentenced to nearly 3 years in prison Friday for possessing child pornography, though his sentence was reduced because of a U.S. Supreme Court decision this week.

George T. Kelly, 63, pleaded guilty in February to being a member of an international ring that shared pictures and videos of children being severely spanked.

The government also had charged Kelly with distributing pornographic material based on a video he made of himself beating a child-sized mannequin that he sent to another member of the ring.

After Monday's Supreme Court ruling, in which the court

struck down part of a federal law banning computer-generated pornographic images of children, the government decided to drop the charge. Prosecutors interpreted the ruling to mean that the distribution of pornography charge wouldn't stand.

Before that decision, Kelly was eligible for more than 7 years in prison.

Appearing before U.S. District Judge Suzanne Conlon on Friday in Chicago, Kelly's attorney, Stephen M. Komie, described his client as a good man who took a wrong turn on the Internet.

"George Kelly is your typical retired gentleman who all of a sudden found himself with too much time on his hands and who foolishly went down a wrong path on the Internet," Komie said.

But Assistant U.S. Atty. T. Markus Funk described Kelly's interest in child pornography as a habit that harmed children.

"He had an obsessive collection of pictures, videos and fantasy stories about the brutal abuse of children," Funk said.

Kelly admitted that he had sought psychiatric help about 20 years ago, but his psychiatrist ended the treatment on the grounds Kelly could function normally.

"I realize now that probably wasn't the case. I'm very ashamed of what I did," he said.

Before he was arrested, Kelly was a volunteer catechism teacher at Christ the King Church in Lombard.

His guilty plea prompted church officials to ask parents to come forward if they thought their child might have been victimized.

Prosecutors would not comment on whether an investigation is ongoing.

Komie said Kelly has not decided whether he will appeal.

Kelly is required to surrender to authorities May 31. He also must pay a \$10,000 fine and undergo counseling.

Cook County State's Attorney Richard Devine and Chicago Police Supt. Terry Hillard vowed Thursday to press charges against vigilantes who allegedly chased and beat a man who they believed sexually abused a 6-year-old girl.

"It's a horrendous thing, but we still have laws in this city, this state and this country. That's what the police, the prosecution and the judges are for," Hillard said.

A 41-year-old man, who has not yet been charged, was in fair condition at Cook County Hospital on Thursday night.

He allegedly exposed himself and fondled the girl as she was leaving a building in the Chicago Housing Authority's ABLA Homes housing complex in the 1100 block of South Lytle. But the girl was able to run away and scream.

The mother then chased the man, who allegedly picked up a board. She allegedly picked up her own board and was joined by neighbors, and when they caught up with the man, they severely beat him.

"He was beaten with the board, but we don't know for sure by whom," police spokeswoman Cythia Lance said.

Detectives were waiting to question the man before pressing charges against him. No other charges have been placed.

Devine said, "We all have examples throughout history of people who may have been outraged and, sometimes, they got the wrong person."

Two Gary girls, who are shown in some of the 300 photos of nude children seized in the home of a 68-year-old grandfather, have told police he molested them when he took their pictures. Lake County, Ind., authorities said yesterday.

The girls, ages 10 and 12, told authorities they were molested last year by retired steelworker Steven Toth while he was living in Gary's Glen Park neighborhood, but they had never told their parents, said Lake Station Police Chief Thomas Pearson.

Toth, who moved to a rented house in Lake Station adjacent to Gary a month ago, was arrested in his new home Tuesday on charges he raped a 16-year-old girl there at gunpoint.

"So far, we've identified about 20 of 160 different children we've spotted in the 300 photos," said Pearson. His detectives returned to the Glen Park neighborhood again yesterday to try to identify more children in the photos. Pearson said he expected to file additional charges against Toth after obtaining statements from more children. Toth is shown engaging in sex acts with children, mostly girls, in the photos.

Lake County Prosecutor Jack P. Crawford said Toth was "the Pied Piper of the neighborhood" in Gary.

A COB scout leader was usually abused nine boys in his pack was jailed for nine years at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The 32-year-old computer software engineer abused his position to prey on the boys who ranged in age from six to 11, over a nine-year period.

He even took home video films of himself committing some of the assaults, including two on boys who were asleep at the time and did not realise what he was doing.

Some of the offences, which included buggery and indecent assaults, took place in the man's flat in Middlesex and others when he was allowed to take boys on camping holidays to Wales. In some cases, parents trusted him so much they allowed their sons to go camping with him alone.

The man, who cannot be named in order to protect the identity of the boys, would promise youngsters they could play with his computers if they performed sex acts for him and, in several cases, he forced them to drink beer.

One boy abused from the age of six said so much had happened to him he had difficulty remembering it all. Another, abused at eight, said he was molested on at least 50 occasions. The boys and their families are still receiving counselling.

A 32-year-old Streamwood man who admitted he traveled to Wisconsin to engage in sex with a minor was sentenced Wednesday to 21 months in prison—even though, as it turns out, the minor did not exist.

Instead, the "girl" with whom William Meadows thought he was communicating was actually his roommate, who grew suspicious of Meadows after finding child pornography on Meadows' computer, prosecutors said.

Meadows, arrested in November after a tipster called police, was initially charged with possessing child pornography under a federal law that took effect last September. The law bans possession of child pornography transmitted via computer.

In March, Meadows was further charged with crossing state lines to engage in sex with a minor. He pleaded guilty to both charges.

According to prosecutors, Meadows' roommate uncovered the child pornography on Meadows' computer before police became involved in the case. Concerned, the roommate started communicating with Meadows, posing as a young girl.

Meadows also was sentenced to three years of supervised release. Although the girl didn't exist, the charge reflected his intent, prosecutors said.

THE devastated family of a young girl raped in her own home spoke for the first time yesterday.

The aunt of the victim, who is aged between five and ten, described how the ordeal had left the family shocked and traumatised.

She said the young girl's older sister, who was in the same bedroom at the time of the attack, has told her family: "It should have been me."

Her sister - whose precise age cannot be revealed for legal reasons - was raped in her bed by an intruder who sneaked into the house between 9.30pm on Wednesday and 8am Thursday.

Two friends were also in the house at the time for a sleep-over.

Last night the victim's aunt said of her older niece: "She is devastated. She was in the same room when it happened. I don't know whether she was awake or asleep at the time but she keeps saying, 'It should have been me.'"

She was very lucky, as it could have been her. We have told her not to blame herself because there is nothing she could have done.

The aunt said the young victim had been left so shocked that she had almost stopped speaking.

She added: "It's taken away her innocence. You can see the effect it has had on her. I was with her after the attack and she has shut down."

Officers have been carrying out inquiries since Thursday near the victim's home on the Craylands Estate in Basildon, Essex. Detectives believe the attacker was a stranger.

He is described as black, skinny, aged 18 to 20, with black hair and was wearing a grey top, loose-fitting, ripped trousers and a gold or silver ring bearing the word 'boys' or 'boyz'.

A RAPIST who attacked a young girl in her bed may have stalked out her home for several days, it emerged last night.

Detectives are examining the theory that he selected his victim some time before he crept into her house and attacked her.

But they hope he could be trapped by a distinctive gold ring he was wearing, engraved with the word 'Boys' or 'Boyz'.

The little girl, who officers will only say is aged between five and ten to help protect her identity, has already given them a brief description of her attacker's general appearance. Now they hope the ring will quickly identify him. They say he possibly has local knowl-

edge, and may have been spying on his victim for some time before the attack at the house in Basildon, Essex, last Wednesday night.

He struck while everyone inside was asleep and left without waking the girl's mother, three siblings and two friends who had been invited to a 'sleepover' party.

There were no signs of forced entry and it is not thought anything was stolen. Detectives say it is highly likely that he knew the neighbourhood and was able to

pinpoint the house. They also think he have checked out the family's nightly routine in advance of the assault.

But they have not ruled out that he could be an opportunist burglar who simply struck when he found the girl.

The victim and her family are now staying with relatives because their home has been sealed off. Her aunt said last night: "She is so shocked by it all that she has simply clammed up. It's awful to see. It's just so sad. We have still no idea how this man got into the house. It is such a tragedy."

Officers believe that the ring could prove vital. "It is very distinctive and would be memorable to anyone who had seen it," said an Essex Police spokesman.

Detectives are trying to find out if it is a type worn by members of any particular gang.

The spokesman added: "It's not an obvious brand or make known to us and we are making inquiries

to see if the word Boys has any significance." Officers hope that by tomorrow or Wednesday at the latest they will have the man's DNA profile.

He is described as a thin black man, about 18 years old, with Afro hair and he was wearing a grey top with dark writing on it. He also wore a pair of ripped, baggy trousers with a metal chain belt.

The description has been circulated to all police forces in the country. Detectives are checking if the rape is linked to other unsolved sex attacks.

They are still examining hours of CCTV footage from shops in Basildon and the local rail station.

The public response has been 'overwhelming' but officers hope for more help when families return from Easter holidays.

A GIRL under ten was raped as she slept in her bed at home, police revealed last night.

The youngster was attacked by an intruder who entered the house without alerting her family or two friends on a sleepover there.

Senior police officers described the assault as 'every parent's nightmare' and launched a major hunt for the attacker.

Despite the trauma, the little girl has been able to give police a full description of the man.

Police have given her age only as between five and ten to avoid her being publicly identified.

The attack happened on the Craylands estate in Basildon, Essex, between 9.30pm on Wednesday and 8am on Thursday, when the girl told her mother what had happened.

Five other children and the girl's mother were in the house at the time. Detectives found no obvious signs of a break-in, but forensic teams were still at the scene yesterday. Nearby houses, gardens and alleyways were being searched.

The attacker was described as

Black, aged 18 to 20 with hair possibly in an Afro style.

He had dirty teeth with the exception of one very clean one. He was 'skinny' and was wearing a grey top with darker writing all over it and loose-fitting, ripped trousers. On the trousers, the girl recalls a belt with a metal loop of chain.

Detectives believe that although the youngster did not know her attacker, he is likely to have known who he was looking for.

They strongly suspect a local man is responsible and extra officers have been drafted into the estate.

Chief Inspector Graham Carey, of Essex Police, said: 'It is a horrendous incident for the family and for the victim and every parent's nightmare.'

'We are dealing with a very young child who has gone through a nightmare ordeal and the process of gaining information will be slow.'

'We will be using the support of officers specially trained to deal with young witnesses.'

'We are also looking for anyone who knows of someone who has been acting suspiciously since that night or has revealed information suggesting they may have some involvement in the attack.'

'This is such a serious incident that Essex Police would happily deal with hundreds of wrong answers that can be eliminated as long as the one right answer comes in.'

Neighbours said the estate, which has a history of hooliganism, was a dangerous place at night.

Russell Sharp, of the local residents' association, said there had long been concern about door locks fitted to council houses there.

Most homes did not have Yale-type locks which lock automatically when the door is shut.

'We really feel doors should lock as soon as you shut them rather than you consciously having to turn a key,' said Mr Sharp.

'If you leave the door open in this area people will walk into your home, there's no doubt about it. About four years ago an old man was robbed at knifepoint in his own home after two

lads just walked in off the street.'

'You do tend to get a lot of youths hanging around drinking in the area around where the girl's family lives.'

Two years ago Prime Minister Tony Blair visited a community centre on the estate to examine new anti-social behaviour initiatives launched by the local authority and police.

Last year there were rooftop protests by residents unhappy at what they viewed as headline methods being used by police.

A Florida man has been charged with felony possession of child pornography after he was arrested at an Oak Brook shopping center for allegedly pointing a video camera up the skirt of a sales clerk. DuPage County authorities said Tuesday. Jeffrey A. Carter, 44, was arrested at Nordstrom in Oakbrook Center and charged with unlawful videotaping, a misdemeanor. But during a search of his nearby hotel room, police found a computer that contained images of child pornography, authorities said. Carter, a resident of Skaneateles,

N.Y., was on a business trip to the Chicago area when he was arrested. He was released from custody after posting 10 percent of his \$100,000 bail.

A 47-year-old Gold Coast resident was sentenced to two years probation Nov. 2 after being arrested in September during an investigation into mail-order child pornography being conducted by the United States Postal Inspection Service, said Assistant U.S. Atty. Randall Samborn.

William W. Healy, of 40 E. Cedar St., was caught when he responded to an ad and ordered two videotape catalogs which he knew contained 7- to 15-year-old males in graphic exhibition of genitalia and various sex acts.

Healy's attorneys signed a pretrial diversion agreement, stipulating that the charges against him will be dropped if he successfully completes all requirements of his probation, Samborn said.

Samborn said that few cases result in pretrial diversion. 'When we investigate a case, we can either prosecute the matter, decline to prosecute or go to pretrial diversion, [which] essentially places the person on probation. If they do not complete the probation successfully, then they can be prosecuted at any time for the offense,' he said.

The agreement states Healy must allow the FBI to maintain a permanent record of his fingerprints and his pretrial diversion. He must enter a program of psychiatric evaluation and treatment concerning his sexual interest in minors at his expense at a health care facility selected by the court. Healy also must allow treatment personnel access to his files and give them permission to share information about his progress with his probation officer.

He is prohibited from buying, selling or transmitting any child pornography in any form. He must forfeit any child pornography in his possession, in addition to a .38-caliber handgun seized during the search of his residence. He is also not permitted to possess any other firearms.

Samborn said Healy is further prohibited from any activity, employment or volunteer position involving contact with children, unless another adult is present.

Healy will not have a conviction or criminal record and is not required to make any further court appearances, Samborn said.

If Healy violates any of the conditions of his probation at any time during the two-year period, he will then be prosecuted for the charge. If convicted, he faces a maximum of 10 years in prison.

A judge on Tuesday found probable cause to detain a former South Side man in prison for a hearing to determine if he is still sexually dangerous.

Assistant State's Atty. Laura Morask said George Timmons, 39, who is serving 25 years for sexual assault, did not participate in voluntary treatment programs for inmates. She said a prison psychologist found that Timmons exhibits sexual sadism and has an antisocial personality disorder.

In 1980, Timmons was sentenced to 8 years in prison after he pleaded guilty to the rape, at knifepoint, and the robbery of a neighbor woman, Morask said.

In 1986, while on parole for that crime, Timmons cut the screen in a window of a home across the street from him. He entered the home, got a knife and forced a pillowcase over the head of the female resident, Morask said. He tied the victim's hands behind her and sexually assaulted her multiple times at knifepoint while threatening to kill her and her two children, Morask said. Timmons was sentenced to 25 years for that attack, she said.

The Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act allows authorities to indefinitely detain inmates past their prison-release dates, until they are no longer considered sexually dangerous.

Until now, to the world she's been the "17-year-old Bloomington resident" abducted and assaulted by repeat sex offender Robert Koppa in 1996.

But now, with her attacker facing a sentencing hearing today, Angela Bartucci wants to go public. She wants people to know her name and to know that she's not afraid to talk about what happened to her.

By doing so, she hopes to encourage other victims of sexual assault to come forward, help convict their attackers and come to realize that there is life after being a victim of a sex crime.

'If anything, it has made me stronger,' Bartucci, now 21 and a marketing student at a Big Ten university, said of the adversity she has faced. 'I'm proud to have overcome something and bring some good out of the situation.'

Koppa was convicted last month of armed violence, aggravated kidnapping and aggravated criminal sexual abuse in a bench trial.

Today, at a hearing before Judge Joseph Urso at the Rolling Meadows

ows branch of the Cook County Circuit Court, prosecutors plan to argue that Koppa is a habitual criminal who should be sent to prison for life. Koppa will ask the judge to reconsider the verdict.

Bartucci hopes to read a 1½-page "victim impact" statement in court before the judge pronounces sentence.

Koppa was convicted of abducting Bartucci at knifepoint from a parking lot near Woodfield Shopping Center, driving her to a nearby location and sexually assaulting her, then letting her go.

"I tortured myself for 1½ years for not being more careful," Bartucci said.

The crime also influenced her decision not to go away to college right away. Instead, for a year and a half, she stayed home, managed a clothing store and attended classes at the College of DuPage.

But she also started lobbying for harsher penalties for repeat sex offenders such as Koppa, who abducted Bartucci while on parole for a 1980 murder conviction in the slaying of a 16-year-old Chicago girl. That killing occurred while Koppa was on parole for sexually assaulting another woman.

Bartucci and her family collected 5,000 signatures, and the General Assembly passed a law allowing sex offenders who are deemed still dangerous to be kept in prison even after their sentences have ended.

Bartucci once hoped to go into criminal justice. Now, she plans to get an MBA and go into marketing. She "loves photography," manages a staff of 20 at a photo studio and is active in a Brazilian martial art that involves dancing and singing.

More and more, she finds herself counseling other victims of sex crimes, many of whom had never spoken about what happened to them. She plans to speak at college campuses around the country.

"Women our age feel invincible," she said. "They think this will never happen to me. And it does."

She didn't want to talk about Koppa's sentencing. But her mother, Susan, has said it's the family's hope that Koppa will be put away for life.

Angela Bartucci did say she was ecstatic about the verdict.

"Four years was a long time to wait," she said. "But it was great sitting on the stand and pointing to him and saying, 'This is what you did to me.'"

Texas is considering a drastic measure—voluntary castration—as it scrambles to prevent a self-proclaimed "child-molesting demon" from striking again. But before resorting to an irreversible medical procedure, prison officials must pursue another option that could buy them some time.

Larry Don McQuay, 32, was about to be sent to a halfway house Tuesday when parole officials wisely delayed his release after protests from victims' rights advocates. McQuay was sentenced to eight years for molesting a 6-year-old boy, but was being released after six years because of credit for "good time."

Officials now are trying to determine if McQuay's credits can be revoked because of letters he wrote to a victims' rights group warning he will molest—and even kill—more children if he is freed.

If they succeed, they can keep McQuay behind bars—and kids safe. And they'll have more time to consider what to do next. Prison officials denied his earlier requests for castration because it is considered elective surgery. They'd be wise to reconsider.

Texas officials face an unenviable dilemma. At some point, McQuay will have to be released from a prison system that has been unable to rehabilitate him. Yet he obviously is a disturbed man, who claims he molested more than 200 children before he was caught, and who has cried for help by requesting castration.

Parents are understandably frustrated and angry. A 1995 Texas law requiring local law enforcement to be notified if a convicted child molester moves into their community does not apply to McQuay; he was convicted before that law went into effect.

If they do nothing else, authorities must find a way to warn the public of McQuay's past when he is released.

A DISTRAUGHT teenager last night relived the horrifying moment she discovered she was a victim of paedophile face painter Glyn Martin—10 years AFTER the sickening crime.

For vile Martin, left, had drugged her into a deep sleep before stripping her naked, indecently assaulting her and daubing her face crimson to simulate blood as he acted out a sordid murder scene for the camera.

But when his stash of sick photos was finally uncovered cops traced the girl—one of over 2,000 victims lured from family friends and the seaside booths he used as a kids' entertainer.

And yesterday as ex-school governor Martin began an 18-year jail sentence the girl, now 18, told us: "When I saw those pictures I was so shocked. I felt dirty and violated."

"I'm naked in most of them. So is Martin and he'd covered my face in red paint, streaked down my neck like blood. With my head tilted back and my eyes rolled back I actually

looked dead. That's when I realised—he was fantasising about killing me.

"There were about 200 photos of me but I only saw six. I felt so ill I couldn't look at any more and had to walk out."

"The police told me the images got worse—I dread to think what they were like. I was so upset I couldn't sleep or eat."

Hull Crown Court this week heard how evil Martin, 53, preyed on innocent children

from 1988 to 2003—despite TWO earlier police investigations that produced damning evidence but no prosecution.

As a face painter on the Yorkshire seafarers of Bridlington and Scarborough he found a ready supply of victims.

And using two unsuspecting foster daughters as cover, he enticed their friends into sleepovers at his home. The young guests would be KNOCKED out with a powerful sedative and ASSAULTED as they slept.

Martin PAINTED them up, ADORNED them with obscene placards describing how he wanted to kill them, HELD daggers to their throats and PHOTOGRAPHED them.

The fiend admitted 57 charges of indecent assault, taking indecent photos, drugging and abduction.

Judge Michael Mettys told him: "You sought to commit unspeakable crimes against young children including abduction, rape, torture and murder."

Our 18-year-old recalled how she first fell into his clutches.

At her Bridlington home she told us: "We always thought the daughters were his own and their mum had died, but that was a lie. I started sleep-

ing over in early 1988 and Martin gave us what he said were 'vitamins'. If you didn't take them he'd get really mad."

"Then he'd sit us in front of the TV with a hot drink and we'd just go to sleep on the settee. Now I know that's when he abused me—but at the time I'd no idea."

"I practically lived at his house for three or four months. If my mum ever tried to stop me staying over he'd say things to make her feel guilty—like he'd bought some videos or cooked something special, so it looked as if she

was being mean. And every time I stayed he'd give us the 'vitamins'. I can't remember anything that happened after taking them. They must have been really powerful drugs."

"When my mum found out he'd made me take tablets she went really mad. And eventually I stopped going."

Today the teenager and her family are relieved Martin is finally caged but furious he was not halted earlier.

Now police are trawling files of unsolved murders and abductions—fearful that the beast may have secretly fulfilled his ultimate vile fantasy.

A former priest charged with possessing child pornography allegedly abused boys at virtually every parish where he worked over a 13-year period, the Chicago archdiocese said Wednesday after Vincent McCaffrey's bond hearing.

Prosecutors have identified four new possible victims, bringing to five the number of identified people who have accused McCaffrey of abuse. Authorities believe there may be two others as well.

"Every parish received allegations related to it," said Mary McDonough, a spokeswoman for the archdiocese. "Most or all parishes he served in."

McCaffrey is charged with having thousands of pages of child pornography on his computer, on three CD-ROMs and on papers stuffed under his mattress.

Meanwhile, in a speech to the City Club Wednesday, Cardinal Francis George said he is turning his attention to the fates of three retired priests who were recently identified as past sexual abusers.

This comes after George removed eight active priests Tuesday.

McCaffrey was removed from his last parish in 1991 after allegations of sexual misconduct surfaced. He resigned from the church in 1993 and received an \$85,000 settlement for counseling and to help him transition out of church life.

"[Based on] additional victims that we have uncovered of Mr. McCaffrey at the time, he can only be described as a predator of little children," Assistant U.S. Attorney T. Markus Funk said at McCaffrey's bond hearing.

The new disclosures conflict with a statement McCaffrey made to authorities that he hasn't had contact with minors for 15 years.

McCaffrey worked as an associate pastor at St. Victor in Calumet City from 1978 to 1982; at St. Joseph the Worker in Wheeling from 1982 to 1987; St. Josaphat at 2311 N. Southport from 1987 to 1989; and Our Lady of Good Counsel, 3328 S. Hermitage, from 1989 to 1991. He worked as a deacon at Our Lady Help of Christians, 832 N. Leclaire.

The Rev. Len Mahon, McCaffrey's superior at St. Victor, said he asked McCaffrey to leave after McCaffrey admitted to abusing two boys. Mahon said he was surprised to find McCaffrey reassigned almost immediately.

U.S. Magistrate Judge Arlander Keys ordered McCaffrey held without bail but left open the possibility that his lawyer could get him out if certain, strict conditions were met. Prosecutors are pushing to keep McCaffrey in jail.

At the City Club, George said he wanted to make sure three retired priests aren't presenting themselves as priests in any way, a move mandated by the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops policy passed in Dallas earlier this month.

The national policy says no priest who abuses a child may call himself a priest or wear priestly garb. This means he can't celebrate the mass in public or serve the church in any capacity, however minor.

The three retired priests, who are not serving in public ministries, were removed in recent months after allegations—some dating back 45 years—were substantiated against them. George said he wants to meet with them, sort out their new responsibilities—and do it all with great care. "Those are older men and you want to spend some time talking to them," George said.

The three priests are the Rev. Marion Snieg, a retired priest who was working as a part-time chaplain at a Wheeling nursing home until earlier this month; the Rev. Peter Bowman, a retired priest in residence at St. Teresa of Avila in Lincoln Park in May; and the Rev. Richard Fassbinder, who retired from a Lake Villa parish in 1997.

In the speech, George also said allegations of sexual misconduct against one priest, the Rev. Clarence Beckley, could not be substantiated.

Prosecutors on Tuesday dropped their case to keep convicted pedophile Thomas Harrington, 39, in custody under the state's new Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act.

State Department of Corrections psychologists who reviewed Harrington's files said they could not say for certain that he would commit more crimes, "so the only fair thing to do was drop the case," said Cook County prosecutor Mark Cavins.

Prosecutors must prove sex offenders are likely to commit new crimes in order to commit them to mental institutions under the new law.

Harrington was convicted to 10 years in prison in 1987 for molesting two girls, and to five years in 1995 for molesting a girlfriend's son.

His case was the second in Cook County under the new act.

A 29-year-old Burbank man has been charged with seven counts of child abduction, accused of luring young girls to his condominium and then videotaping them. Police said Robert W. Woodrum Jr., of the 5800 block of West 77th Street, lured five girls, ages 8 and 9, over two days in early November and taped them doing somersaults, wrestling and "cat fights." The girls told their parents about the incidents, and Woodrum was arrested last week. Woodrum told police he taped the children so he could watch the tapes later for purposes of sexual arousal. He was being held at the Cook County Jail Monday in lieu of \$700,000 bail.

MATTAWAN—A convicted sex offender sought for questioning in the death of a 13-year-old girl apparently committed suicide through carbon monoxide poisoning Wednesday at his parents' home in Erie, Pa., state police said.

Michael D. Martin's lawyer telephoned authorities Wednesday after hearing about the suicide to say Martin, 32, had called him earlier in the day to confess killing Lindsay Cross.

But investigators said the case is not closed. "We still do not have any physical evidence [incriminating Martin]," said State Police Lt. Darlene Wilson.

Investigators plan to travel to Erie, police said.

A road worker found the girl's body in a ditch near her Mecosta County home Monday.

SAN FRANCISCO—A federal judge Monday ruled against a child molester who argued that "Megan's Law" and the leaflets publicizing his convictions have kept him from rebuilding his life.

Judge Thelton Henderson conceded that alerting residents to the crimes could injure Russell Markvardson's reputation and keep him from getting a job and settling into a new home.

But he said Markvardson, 47, convicted twice of molesting children, had received all the protection to which he is entitled and rejected a request for a restraining order against sheriff's deputies.

Megan's Law, named for a New Jersey 7-year-old raped and murdered by a sex-offender neighbor, requires sexual predators to register with authorities and notify them of any changes of address.

Chicago police are investigating the rape of a 12-year-old girl attacked as she waited for a bus Thursday morning on the Northwest Side, as well as a pair of sexual assaults in the Rogers Park community that have been linked to one attacker.

Police said the girl was waiting in the 4400 block of West Deming Place at 6:30 a.m. for a bus to school when she was approached by an unknown man who began talking with her. As they spoke, the man grabbed the girl, punched her in the face with his fists, dragged her to the rear stairwell of a building and sexually assaulted her, police said.

Police had no suspects in the attack but said the attacker was Hispanic, about 30 years old, 5-feet, 7-inches tall, and wore a red flannel shirt, jeans and white and red Nike tennis shoes.

Meanwhile Thursday, in an unrelated case, Belmont Area Detective Division Cmdr. William Hayes announced that two of three similar rapes and robberies that have occurred on Tuesdays in Rogers Park have been linked by DNA to the same attacker—who remains unidentified and at large. Authorities are awaiting tests from the third attack to see if it also is linked.

"You have to be aware of your surroundings," Hayes cautioned. "If you're parking, look around before you get out of your car."

Hayes said the first victim, a 20-year-old woman, was attacked at 1 p.m. on July 6 when the offender grabbed her by the throat as she sat in her parked car in the 2500 block of West

Birchwood Avenue. The attacker, who told the victim his name was "Rick," drove her to an ATM machine, where he forced her to withdraw money, Hayes said. He then made her drive into an alley where he sexually assaulted her, Hayes said.

The second victim, a 35-year-old woman, had gone for a walk along the lakefront near Pratt Avenue after quarreling with her boyfriend at 2:30 a.m. on July 13 when the attacker, who also identified himself as "Rick," tried to talk to her, Hayes said. The attacker left, returned and grabbed her by the neck from behind, Hayes said. He sexually assaulted her and took money from her purse before he fled, Hayes said.

DNA has linked those two attacks to the same person, Hayes said. At 6 a.m. on Aug. 17, a 22-year-old woman was attacked as she walked to her car in the 1300 block of West North Shore Avenue by a man who grabbed her around the neck from behind, placed a hard object against her back and told her it was a knife, Hayes said. She was forced into the backyard of an abandoned building and sexually assaulted, Hayes said.

"In the third attack, [the assailant] becomes a lot more violent," Hayes said. "He choked her with his arm and put a belt around her neck. If the [rapist from the first two attacks] is involved in the third, he is getting more violent."

Police launched an inquiry in the summer of last year when two boys complained to their mothers. Others, who had previously been too embarrassed or frightened to say anything, came forward. The man, an unmarried science graduate with no previous convictions, admitted 21 specimen counts of assault, buggery and attempted buggery on eight boys and asked for an indecent assault on a ninth to be taken into account.

"The sentence has to express public distaste for what you did. You are a real danger to the public and I have to guard against the danger you represent to small children."

There were cheers and applause from families of the victims in the public gallery as sentence was passed.

Outside the court Det. Chief Insp. Bob Locke said: "Any man who could perpetrate that sort of crime on young children has got to be evil."

"God knows how many there are but I want to set up a support group for the families of other people afflicted in this way. I just want other people out there who know what we are going through to get in touch so we can help each other.

"And I want to tell my brother that I'm finished with him. I accepted a call from him in Arbour Hill on Christmas Eve because the chaplain asked me to. All he wanted to talk about was how great life was. Drink drivers get four years if they've never harmed a hair on anyone's head."

A 39-year-old registered child sex offender, who in the last five years has taught private music lessons to as many as 200 children and teens in west and southwest suburbs, has been charged with molesting a Naperville boy who was his student.

Authorities in DuPage and Kendall Counties say Steven G. Casper, of the 1200 block of Light Road near Oswego in unincorporated Kendall County, assaulted the teen three times in the last year. The incidents took place during the boy's music lessons, which were held at the teen's home and at Casper's apartment, police said.

Casper was a public school music teacher in Decatur, Ill., until he was found guilty in 1991 of fondling four teenage boys. Since being released from prison in 1993, he has been privately teaching voice, piano and saxophone to area children and teens.

Casper didn't need to be licensed to offer the music classes because he was a self-employed teacher, so there were no regulations forbidding him from holding the job, police and prosecutors said.

On Monday, Kendall and DuPage County investigators said they were combing through Casper's files to track down as many of his current and former students as possible.

"We're not saying every child he's taught has been abused," Kendall County sheriff's Cmdr. Rich Herron said. "We just want to talk to as many of them as we can."

"We think he taught students from a wide variety of places, from Naperville and Aurora to Yorkville and Oswego and even Plainfield to Joliet."

Students came to Casper through recommendations from parents in Will, DuPage, Kane and Kendall Counties, Herron said. Because Casper could no longer be a certified teacher, all the lessons took place at either his apartment or at the student's home.

In charging Casper, Kendall and DuPage County prosecutors allege the music teacher molested the student three times in a six-month period, from September to March.

In September, Herron said, Casper performed a sex act on the teen at Casper's apartment. Two months later, he committed the same act at the boy's home, according to the DuPage County state's attorney's office. In March, he allegedly fondled the boy at Casper's apartment, Herron said.

Kendall County police learned of the allegations July 25 after getting a tip from a resident. After talking to the teen, police arrested Casper and passed along information the boy told them to DuPage authorities.

Casper is charged with two counts of criminal sexual assault and one count of aggravated criminal sexual abuse.

After he posted \$175,000 bond in Kendall County last week and was released from jail, authorities in DuPage County again arrested Casper just hours later at his apartment. He is being held at the DuPage County Jail on \$300,000 bond.

Casper's attorney, David E. Camic, has filed a court motion to have Casper's bond reduced.

"According to the statutory guidelines, it's excessive," Camic said. "We're taking a hard look at the charges and trying to properly pursue this case."

IT seemed like the safest place in the world - a Sainsbury's store full of shoppers.

Yet it was there that a girl of 11 was raped while her mother bought groceries a few yards away.

The terrified youngster was attacked by a hooded youth who followed her into the lavatories.

Her ordeal lasted ten minutes, during which a woman used the neighbouring cubicle but, because the victim was too terrified to cry for help, failed to realise what was happening. Yesterday the girl's mother wept as she told how her previously 'bubbly and outgoing' daughter had been 'scarred for life' by the attack at the store in Shires Retail Park, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

Still shaking with shock and anger the 44-year-old hospital worker said: "I really feel guilty because I should have taken her to the toilet."

When she came back she was white and shaking from head to toe. She kept repeating the same thing, "A

nasty man has done horrible things to me in the toilet". Now she won't talk about it. She won't go to the toilet on her own. She won't go into a room on her own. She can't even sleep on her own. She has to sleep with me. She is never going to forget it.

'Sainsbury's is a very busy place. The toilets are used on a regular basis. I just thought that she would be safe, but she wasn't.'

The well-spoken mother, who cannot be named to protect her daughter's identity, added: "I think it is

absolutely disgusting. I think the monster who did this is sick in the head. This man needs to be caught."

The incident happened on Thursday evening after the mother had left her daughter at an after-school class. It is one of ten paid-for private learning centres at Sainsbury's stores nationwide where children can brush up on National Curriculum subjects while their parents shop.

The girl does not suffer from learning difficulties and joined the Ofsted-approved group to improve her maths.

When the hour-long supervised class finished, she was met at the security gate by her mother and began to help her with the shopping. It was then that she

went to the lavatory. The victim has told police that the youth - wearing a black anorak with the hood up - was loitering near the toilets and gave her a 'filthy look' as she walked in.

He followed her and went in to the next cubicle to hers. When she emerged, he walked out and grabbed her from behind. He then forced her back into the cubicle and raped her.

During the attack another woman entered the toilets and used a neighbouring cubicle. The attacker told his victim he would leave once this woman had locked herself in the cubicle. When she did so, he calmly walked out.

CCTV footage has been examined but he managed to slip away without being caught on camera. The girl then rushed

out to her mother, who raised the alarm. A 16-year-old boy was arrested hours after the attack but was released after being eliminated from inquiries.

Detective Chief Inspector Adrian Pearson appealed last night for the woman from the next cubicle to come forward.

Officers also want to speak to another female shopper who was leaving the toilets as the girl went in. They believe she could have seen the rapist.

Mr Pearson said: "The attacker acted in such a brazen and determined way and saw the opportunity to attack this little girl in such a short time frame. He threatened her not to tell the police and not to tell her mum."

"It is an obvious possibility that if this man is not caught he may strike again. It is

absolutely appalling that someone can do this to a little girl in a busy supermarket." The attacker, who was not known to the victim, was described as in his teens or early twenties, wearing a black jacket with distinctive silver vertical stripes. He had long hair under his hood and severe acne.

Police have spent several hours with the girl coaxing details about her ordeal from her. She returned to school yesterday for the first time since the attack and Mr Pearson said she was being 'very brave'.

A spokesman for Sainsbury's said: "This is a very distressing and shocking incident and our thoughts are with the young girl and her family. We are doing everything possible to assist the police with their investigations."

HOW can I ever forget the day I saw a young boy robbed of his childhood innocence! It will haunt me for ever.

I witnessed his degradation on a horrifying video screened in a police incident room at Addington, Surrey.

It shows in merciless detail, the rape of a boy aged nine or ten by a man identified to me as Clive Barton. The victim is clearly terrified. He obviously does not choose to be there.

Callously Barton stuffs the boy's underpants into his victim's mouth to stifle his cries of pain and bewilderment.

The whole shameful episode is too much for me. I think of the small children in my own family.

It's beyond my comprehension that anyone should wish to so brutalise a child.

I am not alone in my disgust. Hardened detectives, some the fathers of young children, have been physically sick looking at Barton's disgusting videos.

Then there are the photographs. Hundreds of them.

Seemingly innocuous shots of young boys smiling into the camera dressed in their football strips. Flick over the pages and the same young boys are lying on a bed with their legs spread.

There are letters, too — Barton's letters to adult lovers recording in horrifying detail what he has done to one young lad, then another, then another still.

I left the incident room — ashamed for mankind. Heartbroken for the young boys robbed of their childhood. Filled with loathing for the monster who corrupted them.

He was clever and discreet about his secret vice.

The tapes I have watched show boys as young as seven gagged to stop their screams alerting neighbours in Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Barton, 38, lived hate in the ground-floor flat of a cheerless Victorian mansion.

His rooms look ordinary enough. But a secret trapdoor concealed under a rug leads to a chamber of horrors where terrified youngsters were brutalised beyond belief.

This is the squalid setting for the videotaped scenes which sickened hard-bitten policemen who thought they had seen it all.

The atmosphere is cold and dank. The walls are bare brick. The gloomy cell contains only a cheap bed—and expensive video equipment.

Police were led to his hideaway of horror by a lad who had been sexually abused since he was only eleven.

But by the time they raided the flat, Barton had vanished.

They fear he may have fled the country on a false passport. He is known to be a frequent visitor to Morocco, a notorious haven for child-sex perverts.

Barton, a keep-fit enthusiast, is now being hunted by an eight-strong team headed by detective-sergeant Simon Newlands of Addington, Surrey.

The investigation, codenamed Operation Trapdoor, has already uncovered damning evidence of the method Barton used to stalk his unsuspecting victims.

He combed contact magazines for the names of lonely widows and divorcees left to cope on their own with young families.

Then he set about wooing the women. But it was the children he was really after.

Barton had no problems getting women with his suntanned, beach-boy, good looks.

And once he had won their hearts he coolly set about his real objective — luring the children into bed.

His charm was so potent that some of the women still refuse to believe he is responsible for crimes against children — even when shown the damning evidence.

Other parents were more cynical. They actually took money for the use of their terrified children's bodies.

Sergeant Newlands found that his inquiries led to a vice ring extending far beyond Barton's local contacts.

He said: "The more we delve, the more we find how serious these crimes against children are. Other police forces are now following up our leads."

"Operation Trapdoor could go on for a good many months if the resources are there."

"It's an evil with tentacles that spread into the very heartlands of so-called respectability."

Police are eager to enlist the help of People's readers to trap Barton. Sergeant Newlands said: "He has damned himself with his own evidence."

He appears in his own videos committing grossly indecent acts on terrified young boys whose screams can be heard by everyone.

"We cannot stress too highly to the public how anxious we are to catch this man."

"He has played an evil role in this vice ring and he must be stopped. There is no question he will be arrested and charged on sight."

Ball was set at \$75,000 Tuesday for a South Side educator charged with videotaping a 12-year-old girl in the bathroom and other images in his Beverly-area tutoring center and storing the child pornography on his computer.

Judge Matthew Coghlan ordered James Bradshaw, 62, of the 10200 block of South St. Lawrence Avenue held after prosecutor charged him with unauthorized videotaping and possession and manufacturing of child pornography in Beverly Instructional Center, in the 2300 block of West 95th Street.

The manufacturing charge — the most serious of the three — carries a penalty of up to 15 years in prison, said Assistant State's Atty. Bryan Hofeld. The hearing was held to set bail.

The investigation began May 29 when a parent noticed what looked like a pinhole video camera in the ceiling of the bathroom, said Chicago police spokesman Lt. Dave O'Callaghan.

The parent reported the matter to the police, and two officers asked to use the restroom and confirmed the parent's suspicions, officials said.

Police seized many videotapes said to have been filmed at the school, Hofeld told the court.

Officers also recovered a laptop containing 72 pornographic images of boys and girls, O'Callaghan said.

"They do not appear to be images that were taken in that location but rather images that came off the Internet," he said.



Bradshaw

Some of the children were as young as 2 or 3 and were "engaged in acts of sexual penetration, fondling, masturbation and the lewd exhibition of unclothed genitals, public areas, buttocks and breasts," Hofeld said in court.

Officers also found \$38,000 in the storage area of the center, said Police Sgt. Ronald Forgue. Officers are investigating the cash.

On the Beverly center's Web site—www.Mindfixers.com—Bradshaw wrote of past struggles with anger and a learning disorder.

"I have spent my entire life... struggling with difficult problems, which I now know are caused by Attention Deficit Disorder, or ADD," he wrote. "I am also obsessive-compulsive. And I have a problem with anger and rage."

Bradshaw described himself as "a gratefully recovering batterer," adding that six years ago he entered a 12-step program after he "beat my significant other twice in a 10-day period."

The center offers individual and small-group tutoring for children from kindergarten through the 12th grade, according to the site. As of last summer, tuition cost \$15 to \$40 per hour. Bradshaw said he had been tutoring students for more than 30 years.

Bradshaw founded the center in 1989 after spending a year tutoring inmates in Cook County Jail, according to a 1988 article in the Tribune. He taught there through the now-defunct Programmed Activities for Correctional Education, a federally funded program.

"The individualized instruction really helped these people," Bradshaw told the paper. "But it's senseless to wait until a person falls off a cliff to help him."

Bradshaw was scheduled to appear for a preliminary hearing at noon Tuesday.

Federal prosecutors intend to return to federal court Thursday in another bid to incarcerate Kenneth B. PeBenito, a registered nurse who pleaded guilty this week to child pornography and admitted he sexually assaulted hospital patients.

On Wednesday, Lombard police said they responded to a call to PeBenito's house in the 100 block of East Majestic Drive and said he was taken to Advocate Good Samaritan Hospital. The police said PeBenito was conscious but offered no other details. A hospital spokeswoman declined comment.

Law enforcement sources said Wednesday PeBenito had attempted suicide.

According to court records, PeBenito had recently attempted suicide. After PeBenito's guilty plea Tuesday, prosecutors sought to have him incarcerated, in part citing the previous suicide attempt as evidence he was a danger to himself as well as others. But U.S. District Judge Robert Gettleman declined, saying he didn't want to interfere with PeBenito's therapy.

In addition to pleading guilty to possessing child pornography, PeBenito, 29, admitted he sexually assaulted or abused 18 girls and women, including one comatose 9-year-old who were under his care in the intensive care units at Good Samaritan and several other area hospitals between 1995 and 2000.

A male registered nurse confessed to molesting a 9-year-old comatose girl, a 15-year-old car accident victim and 16 other defenseless women and children in his care at suburban Chicago hospitals, federal prosecutors said Tuesday.

The confession came to light as Kenneth B. PeBenito, a former nurse at Advocate Good Samaritan Hospital in Downers Grove, pleaded guilty in federal court Tuesday to having a collection of child pornography at his Lombard home.

PeBenito, 29, could face more than five years in prison when he is sentenced only on the child pornography charges Oct. 2.

Federal authorities didn't charge him with the molestations, saying those are more properly handled in state court. Still, prosecutors used his admissions to the attacks to increase his prison time on the federal child pornography charges.

From 1995 to 2000, PeBenito allegedly molested 18 girls and women while they were in critical intensive care units at Good Samaritan and three or four other suburban hospitals that authorities declined to name. A temporary nursing agency placed him at the other suburban hospitals.

The victims were often in comas, unconscious or so sedated they couldn't defend themselves or even know what was happening to them, authorities said.

Federal prosecutors learned of the attacks after PeBenito failed a lie detector test in April as part of his therapy. His therapist had asked him whether he ever had sexual relations with minors and reported him to authorities when the test indicated he had.

It's unclear if PeBenito will ever be prosecuted for the molestations. For now, he's free man, out on a signature bond.

Federal prosecutors, calling him a danger to the community, urged U.S. District Judge Robert Gettleman to lock PeBenito up until he's sentenced, but Gettleman declined.

In DuPage County, State's Attorney Joseph Birkett vowed to investigate the attacks.

"The victims and their families deserve nothing less," Birkett said Tuesday. "It sounds like he was taking advantage of people who didn't know they were being abused."

But investigators won't have much information to go on. PeBenito didn't know the names of the people he molested and could only give general details on the patients and when and where the attacks happened, authorities said. Some victims might not even know they were ever attacked. And at least one of them, the 9-year-old girl, later died.

The plea agreement PeBenito cut with federal officials doesn't prevent him from being prosecuted for the molestations. But it's unclear how much of the details from his federal statements can be given to local prosecutors in DuPage and Cook counties, given PeBenito's legal rights when he spoke to them, authorities said. Federal prosecutors are researching the issue.

"We will do whatever we can," said Randall Samborn, a spokesman for the U.S. Attorney's Office.

PeBenito, who is married and has a 14-month-old daughter, was suspended from Good Samaritan after his December arrest and was fired Tuesday. State regulators are looking at his nursing license. Earlier this year, he tried to kill himself by overdosing on pills, according to authorities.

He was arrested for buying child pornography after making contact with a U.S. postal inspector posing undercover on the Internet as a collector of sex videos of preteen girls.

PeBenito e-mailed that he was "interested in [expletive], sucking, orgies, etc..." according to court records.

"(A)ges you described are fine."

While pleading guilty Tuesday to federal child-pornography charges, a nurse admitted he sexually assaulted as many as 18 girls and women, includ-

ing one comatose 9-year-old who were under his care in the intensive care units of several Chicago-area hospitals between 1995 and 2000.

Prosecutors believe Kenneth B. PeBenito may have administered sedatives to some of his victims to ensure they would be unconscious when he sexually assaulted them, according to court records.

Most of the assault victims were undergoing intensive care at Advocate Good Samaritan Hospital in Downers Grove, where PeBenito worked as a critical-care nurse for five years, officials said.

But he also worked as a temp at several other west and southwest suburban hospitals that authorities declined to identify.

PeBenito's plea agreement provided some detail about only two of his alleged 18 victims, including the assault in early 2000 of the 9-year-old girl, who had suffered a brain aneurysm and was in a coma. She later died.

In the other case, PeBenito admitted assaulting a 15-year-old girl who had been brought to the emergency room for injuries she suffered in a car crash in late 1999, according to the plea agreement.

Prosecutors first learned of the new allegations in April on the day PeBenito was scheduled to plead guilty to possessing child pornography.

As part of his mental health therapy, PeBenito had been given a polygraph exam and questioned about any sexual contacts with minors, according to court records and sources.

When he flunked the lie detector test on key points, he was confronted and admitted to the sexual assaults, though there were conflicts between what he told the polygraph examiner and his therapist.

After authorities were notified by the therapist, U.S. District Judge Robert Gettleman placed PeBenito, 29, of Lombard, on an electronic monitoring program, confined him to his home and forbade him from

any direct care with patients or unsupervised visits with his own young child, court records show.

By the next month, PeBenito had been admitted to Good Samaritan's intensive care unit, where many of the assaults took place, after a suicide attempt, authorities said.

A statement issued Tuesday by Good Samaritan said PeBenito had been suspended without pay when the hospital learned of his December arrest on the child-pornography charges. He was fired Tuesday when the new allegations surfaced.

"These are unfortunate and isolated circumstances, which we feel do not reflect the professionalism of the quality of nurses at Good Samaritan or nurses in general," the hospital statement said.

A Good Samaritan spokeswoman, Laurie Stevens, said she didn't know how many women or girls had been victimized at the hospital by PeBenito or what the hospital intended to do for the victims.

Federal officials said there are no restrictions on state attorneys in DuPage or Cook Counties investigating the sexual assaults of the critically injured patients and possibly bringing charges against PeBenito.

But corroborating his account could be difficult because many if not all of the victims may not have realized they were assaulted, authorities said.

A spokesman for the Illinois Department of Professional Regulation said it would also look into the allegations and possibly revoke PeBenito's registered nurse license, which he obtained in 1997.

PeBenito was ensnared on the child-pornography charges as part of a sting operation in which undercover postal inspectors offered in an Internet ad videotapes of minors engaged in sex.

He faces up to about 5 years in prison for the child-pornography offense.

Three teenage boys were charged Thursday in the armed robbery and sexual assault of a man and a boy in Humboldt Park in an attack that is being investigated as a possible hate crime.

Jose Rodriguez and Adrian Gabriel, both 15 and of Chicago, were charged as adults and ordered held on \$300,000 bond. A

14-year-old Chicago boy was charged as a juvenile and is being held in a detention center, prosecutors said.

Chicago police spokesman Matthew Jackson said a 17-year-old man was still in custody late Thursday.

During a bond hearing Thursday, Assistant State's Atty. Gen. Kelly said the victims, a 25-year-old man and a 15-year-old boy, were walking in the 3500 block of West Beach Street when they were attacked about 9 p.m. Tuesday.

Kelly said one of the teens questioned the man about his sex and called him "faggot," Kelly said.

The man and boy were forced at gunpoint into a nearby two-car garage, where the man was forced to perform sex acts on all four suspects, Kelly said.

The teens then ordered the man and boy to strip and they took \$7 from the man's pants pockets.

Two of the suspects then took the boy to his home to try to get more money while two other suspects allegedly sodomized the man with a broomstick, Kelly said, before pouring paint on his head.

"It appears that was done to humiliate" the victim, Kelly said.

The boy escaped when he refused to come out of his home.

The man escaped when another person entered the garage, distracting the attackers, Kelly said.

The man was taken to Norwegian American Hospital, where he was treated and released, police said.

Police are investigating the killing of a man in an adult bookstore in downtown Chicago. The man was found shot dead at Hubbard's Street Books, 109 W. Hubbard, early Tuesday after police responded to a burglar alarm call, said Chicago Police Sgt. Edward Alonzo. When police arrived about 4 a.m. they found the door at the bookstore open and the victim lying on his back in the hallway, Alonzo said. The man was identified by the Cook County medical examiner's office as Dexter Hargrett, 23. Area 3 detectives said no one was in custody Tuesday evening.

A grandfather charged with sex offences against young girls was driven to kill himself after a vigilante mob attacked his home, his solicitor claimed yesterday.

James White, 64, took an overdose on Saturday after he and his wife had been driven from their house in Oldham, Greater Manchester, and spent almost a week on the run.

After staying with members of his family and then in bed-and-breakfast houses, he drove to a service station on the M61 in Lancashire and swallowed 100 pills prescribed to him after a stroke.

He rang his wife to say: "I cannot put you through any more of this." He died in hospital the following day.

"He had been literally scared to death," said his solicitor, Milton Firman, who had represented him at court hearings over the past month. "He has been punished beyond all reason — and not just Mr White but his wife and five children too."

Mr Firman accused the News of the World, which had not named Mr White, of creating a climate of hysteria in which vigilantes took the law into their own hands.

Mr White, married for 34 years and with no previous convictions, first appeared before Oldham magistrates last month and admitted three charges of indecent assault on two girls in 1988, 1991 and June this year. He denied four other charges dating from 1982 and 1988. The case was not reported by the local media at that time.

"He was very badly shaken when he appeared in court," said Mr Firman. "He saw the court case as a blessing. You could say he wanted to purge his guilt. I took the view that he was in desperate need of help. By the time of his second court appearance, the News of the World's name-and-shame campaign had begun."

This time there was a short report in the Oldham Chronicle saying that Mr White had been remanded on bail. A group of neighbours then surrounded Mr White's home and threatened to firebomb it. They threw missiles and shouted abuse and Mr White and his wife, Jean, had to be rescued by police, leaving their possessions behind.

"They went bananas and wrecked the house," added Mr Firman. "It's now boarded up. The council later told him that he had abandoned the tenancy and could not return."

Mr and Mrs White stayed with members of their family but left after relatives received death threats. "The couple went into hiding in bed-and-breakfast houses in the Saddleworth area," said Mr Firman.

"He was due in court on Monday. I was ready to ask for a police escort. He could not have gone through the front door because he was so terrified."

On Saturday morning, Mr White left his secret address and said he was going to buy a paper. He drove to the motorway services on the M61 near Chorley, Lancashire, and took the fatal overdose.

Yesterday his family placed an in memoriam notice in the Oldham Chronicle describing him as a "beloved husband and the best dad in the world".

"Before the attacks, Mr White was coping and wanting to receive treatment," said Mr Firman. "He was full of remorse, which is very unusual in these cases, and was adamant that he was not guilty of four of the charges. Now as a result of the hysteria that has been whipped up, he and his family have been punished beyond all reason. His widow and children are now grieving and will eventually consider what rights they wish to exercise."

Of the role of the News of the World, he added: "To place concerns for our moral welfare in the hands of such papers sets a very dangerous precedent." The News of the World said last night: "This case has quite clearly nothing whatsoever to do with the News of the World. The man concerned had not been named in the News of the World 'For Sarah' campaign."

WASHINGTON — After a two-year probe into the sexual exploitation of kids over a computer network, the FBI yesterday arrested 12 and searched 125 locations nationwide — including several in New York.

Dubbed Innocent Images, the operation is the first time federal agents have investigated the illegal use of a national online service to distribute child porn and lure kids into sex.

"We are not going to permit exciting new technology to be misused to exploit and injure children," Attorney General Janet Reno said.

More arrests are expected stemming from yesterday's raids of homes and offices in New York, Newark, Dallas and Miami, the Justice Department said. But authorities declined to reveal more details until the sweep was done.

FBI sources said agents from the Brooklyn-Queens office executed search warrants at seven locations in the New York City area — seizing "computer-related" evidence believed to include such items as computer discs and materials from personal computers.

But a New York FBI spokesman reported last night that no arrests were made. The FBI probe concentrated on America Online, based in Vienna, Va. — the nation's largest computer network, with 3.1 million subscribers.

Investigators said they discovered that online services have become the method of choice for pedophiles, who can communicate with one another and trade porn cloaked in anonymity. The probe turned up evidence of computer pornography involving children from 2 to 13 pictured in the nude or taking part in actual or simulated sex.

Pedophiles are blatant on America Online, setting up so-called member rooms with such titles as "Young and Bound" and "Naked Kid Pix" to trade digitized photos. Such rooms typically stay open only a few hours — until network officials discover them — but day or night, they are always full.

America Online President Steve Case told subscribers yesterday that the service contacted authorities with evidence, spotted by members, containing "graphic files which appear to be child pornography."

"Although it is disheartening, the fact is that any community with more than 3.5 million citizens will have its share of illegal activity," he wrote.

But Case wrote that the company is not monitoring private communications among its users.

The investigation was launched in May 1993 after a 10-year-old boy, George Stanley Burdyski, disappeared from his Maryland home. The two suspects in the case allegedly were involved in sexually using young males in the mid-Atlantic region contacted over computer online services.

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The Baltimore FBI office took part in an undercover operation with the aid of the Florida Department of Law Enforcement to make cases against American Online users seeking to recruit kids for sex or disseminate child pornography.

Besides yesterday's 12 arrests, four suspects have been arrested for allegedly traveling over state lines to have sex with agents posing as minors.

Federal child protection laws make it illegal to create, possess or distribute pornography involving minors.

SHERMAN, Texas, (UPI) — Police say a North Texas man suspected in an Internet child-pornography ring committed suicide the day after federal agents raided his home earlier this month.

The Dallas Morning News says today two other targets of the U.S. Customs Service pornography raids on Sept. 1 have killed themselves, one in Colorado and a second in Connecticut.

Officials tell The News the others were microbiologist Heinz J. Schaeffers, of New Britain, Conn., and Richard B. Thomas, of Fort Collins, Colo.

Sherman police spokesman David Woods would not identify the Allen, Texas, man who killed himself in that city Sept. 2. He had not been formally charged.

Woods says the man was found in his car with a hose running from the exhaust pipe to the interior of the car.

Woods says a suicide note was found but he would not disclose the contents.

U.S. Customs spokeswoman Judy Turner says the investigation is continuing and she would not release the identity of the Allen man.

Turner says 40 people were arrested when federal agents staged raids against members of the so-called Wonderland Club, a group that allegedly swapped thousands of pornographic images of children via computer.

U.S. Customs says the ring involves more than 100 people around the world.

THIRTY-TWO of the men arrested in Britain's biggest child-porn inquiry have since committed suicide.

They faced public shame, losing their jobs and the breakdown of their marriages if convicted of paedophile offences.

The men were detained in Operation Ore, the nationwide investigation which led to the arrest of rock star Pete Townshend in January last year.

Judges, businessmen, civil servants, lawyers, teachers, surgeons and prominent media figures have also been arrested and charged.

The staggering number of suicides was revealed by the Association of Chief Police Officers.

Assistant Chief Constable Stuart Hyde, the association's spokesman on combating child abuse on the Internet, said the statistic would not deter officers from enforcing the law. "Our primary concern is the welfare of children and preventing risk to other people," he said.

These are very, very emotive, difficult cases to investigate and for those caught up in it the embarrassment and shame can be very high.

"But we can't turn a blind eye to these sort of offences."

"We do ensure that, wherever possible, we treat suspects with dignity and sensitivity."

This, he explained, includes providing advice to those arrested.

Risk assessments are carried out on suspects and their homes are searched in a low-key way so as not to raise suspicions among neighbours.

Mr Hyde, an Assistant Chief Constable at West Midlands Police, said that although suspects may suffer extreme distress following their arrest, there may be other factors in their life which might prompt them to take their lives.

Their decision to download child-porn images from the Internet in the first place may have been the result of deep-seated relationship or lifestyle problems.

Mr Hyde said officers referred Operation Ore suspects to websites and helplines, including the Samaritans.

Operation Ore is the British end of a U.S. investigation into a pay-per-view child-porn website based in Texas. The investigation was launched in 2002 after the FBI uncovered credit card details of 250,000 suspected pervers.

So far, 7,200 Britons have been identified, of whom 3,728 have been arrested. Around 1,600 have been charged and 1,200 convicted. Following his arrest last year, The Who guitarist Townshend insisted he was merely carrying out research into child porn. He was cautioned and had his name put on the sex offenders' register.

"If I had had a gun, I would have shot myself," he said. "And if I had shot myself, it would have been awful because it would have confirmed what everybody thought."

In October, it emerged that the youngest son of former Porridge star Ronnie Barker is on the run after being arrested over child-porn offences.

Actor Adam Barker, 31, was first detained as part of Operation Ore last year. Around 1,200 images of child porn were allegedly discovered on his computer after a raid on his home in Ealing, West London.

Shortly before he was due to answer police bail in June this year and be charged, he fled the country. The maximum sentence for possession of child porn is five years.

WASHINGTON — Thomas and Janice Reedy, a couple from Ft. Worth, used the Internet in a particularly disturbing way, authorities say. They charged thousands of online subscribers for access to child pornography Web sites with names like Child Rape and Cyber Lolita Pre-teen Underground.

In one of the first major convictions of an online child pornography operation, the Reedys were sentenced this week to long prison terms. Police also have arrested about a hundred of their customers as part of a large-scale undercover operation, with more arrests to come.

In announcing the bust Wednesday, Atty. Gen. John Ashcroft said the online enterprise boasted 250,000 subscribers around the world and raked in as much as \$1.4 million a month, making it the biggest child pornography business in U.S. history.

"There are back alleys and dark corners of the Internet," Ashcroft said. "Large numbers of young people are encountering sexual solicitations they did not want, sexual material they did not seek, and in the most serious cases, are targeted by offenders seeking children for sex."

The dismantling of Landslide Inc., as the Reedys' operation was called, highlights how the Internet, with its anonymity and long reach, is facilitating child pornography. Many of the explicit photos on the Web sites originated overseas; by setting themselves up as electronic gatekeepers to those sites, and splitting the proceeds with the foreign webmasters, the Texas-based Reedys earned enough to buy a \$425,000 home and two Mercedes-Benz cars.

A significant percentage of those who buy child pornography are child molesters themselves, investigators say, so the large number of people willing to pay Landslide its user fees of up to \$29.95 a month reflect a disturbing reality.

Operating since 1997, Landslide developed a business plan that could be the envy of many online retailers. It began by charging customers a fee to view apparently legal adult pornography sites, but as it grew, child pornography Web sites were added to its repertoire.

Landslide also offered a classified-ad service, allowing customers to place personals asking for child pornography.

The 250,000 customers that Landslide attracted compared favorably with major Web sites peddling more legitimate products. The Wall Street Journal online, for example, attracts more than 500,000 subscribers but its fees are far lower, from \$29 to \$59 a year.

After receiving many complaints about Landslide, authorities raided the firm and shut it down in 1999. Thomas Reedy, 38, was sentenced Monday to life in prison, while his wife, Janice, got a 14-year term.

The Justice Department, along with the Postal Inspection Service and Dallas police, followed up their assault on Landslide by putting together a crusade called Operation Avalanche to go after its subscribers. Those who bought the product, investigators said, are as dangerous as those who sold it.

"The consumer, or user, of child pornography is no less responsible for the sexual exploitation of children than is the producer or distributor," said Kenneth Weaver, the Postal Service's chief inspector. "And it has been our experience that many of the consumers are also child molesters."

Investigators contacted Landslide's subscribers and offered to sell them pornographic products. If they accepted, investigators mailed them the material and then arrested them.

It is a crime to possess or knowingly obtain child pornography, and authorities have made about 100 arrests across the country so far in the Landslide cases. "We expect many more arrests in the near future," Weaver said.

In Illinois, Timothy Kruthaupt, who heads the Postal Inspection Service in Chicago, told reporters that the undercover probe has led to charges against a suburban Libertyville man and three others.

In taking down Landslide, investigators found e-mail addresses of about 3,000 Illinois residents who had paid the monthly fee, he added.

When undercover investigators sent out e-mails to the 3,000 to see if they were still interested in the child-porn Web sites, about 300 responded affirmatively. Of these, four took delivery of videotapes depicting young children engaged in sex and have been charged.

involved in the same operation were Gerdon MacArthur, 45, a convicted molester from Libertyville who was sentenced last month to 6 years in prison; David Thorpe, 46, of Downstate, Riverton, who pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 2 years probation; Shane Miles, 41, of Rockford, who was charged in April; and Scott L. Johnson, 50, of Peoria, who is scheduled to go on trial later this month.

Police agencies have struggled to keep up with the boom in Internet child pornography, as they respond to other cybercrime, from money laundering to the illegal marketing of Viagra and other drugs.

"In their efforts to stop the electronic proliferation of these obscene materials, our law-enforcement officers are often out-gunned and out-teched by the profit-driven purveyors of child pornography," Ashcroft said.

Despite the disturbing nature of Wednesday's revelations, Ashcroft emphasized that parents do not need to prevent their children from using the Internet but rather should take intelligent precautions.

"I want to caution those with children who use the Internet not to immediately yank the cord from the family computer," Ashcroft said. "The Department of Justice is not saying that you should deprive your children of the educational and recreational opportunities of the Internet."

It began Saturday, when a man picking up his 12-year-old daughter from a Beverly tutoring center noticed a peculiar flashing red light inside the center's only bathroom.

The man looked closer and saw what appeared to be a surveillance camera hidden within an exhaust fan, the man later told Chicago Police.

Now, Beverly Instructional Center's director, a 62-year-old man who has tutored Chicago kids of all ages for 30-plus years, has been charged with manufacturing and possessing child pornography.

On Monday, as worried parents called police to try to find out more details about the arrest, Cook County Judge Matthew Coghlan set James H. Bradshaw's bail at \$25,000. Police had arrested

Bradshaw on Saturday.

Police and prosecutors say Bradshaw operated a sophisticated video surveillance system in the center's bathroom, and they have recovered numerous videotapes, some of which include youths masturbating. Investigators have identified the daughter of the man who discovered the surveillance apparatus as one of those caught on tape.

Some of the titles of the videotapes included: "Bathroom," "Rear room," and "Bad kids," according to court documents. Among the 11 computers police seized from the center, located in the 2200 block of West 95th Street, is Bradshaw's laptop computer. It allegedly contained numerous child pornographic images, some with children as young as 2 years old, prosecutors said.

And in an Internet autobiography, Bradshaw candidly details his struggles with rage, and the fact that he is "obsessive compulsive" and a "recovering batterer."

"Hi I'm Jim: I'm a co-dependent, toxic shame-based, adult child of an alcoholic, and as such, I'm powerless over my emotions, my actions and my reactions," writes Bradshaw on a site that is linked to his Beverly tutoring school Web site.

To date, investigators have nothing linking the computer images to the bathroom videos, nor do they have evidence that Bradshaw molested any children — but they haven't ruled it out.

"The whole thrust of the investigation is whether [Bradshaw] physically had acts with any of the

children," Chicago Police Lt. David O'Callaghan said Monday.

And police don't yet know how long the video camera operated, although they suspect at least several months, or how many students' activities were recorded.

One police source said, "It's going to be a major, major case."

Bradshaw has spoken briefly to investigators, but not about the cameras or the computer images, police said.

A woman police say lives with Bradshaw told reporters Monday that the cameras were used only to catch people scrawling graffiti in the bathroom.

Shauna Boliker, who heads the Cook County state's attorney's sex crimes division, said Monday the investigation could be lengthy and delicate. Investigators plan to talk to the 12-year-old girl today.

"We want to do it in the most sensitive way we can," Boliker said.

Meanwhile, in Beverly, the tutoring center was closed Monday. Peering inside a passageway could

see racks of children's books, ceiling tiles torn down, and wires dangling from the ceiling. Papers were strewn all over the floor.

A sign on one inside wall near the bathroom reads: "Smile. You are on candid camera."

On his Web site, Bradshaw said he founded the school in 1986. Police said the school has been at its current location since 1999.

A woman who lives in Bradshaw's neighborhood in the 10200 block of S. St. Lawrence said her niece briefly attended the center but left because she wasn't learning anything.

Still, Doris Russell said the center was a popular resource in a rather underserved community. She also said she'd seen Bradshaw interact with the kids at the center.

And despite her niece's experience, Russell said:

"It was a nice place to go. It was conducive to learning."

A McHenry County judge Friday revoked the bond of an alleged peeping tom charged with sexually assaulting two suburban teenagers, meaning 32-year-old Dominick Rode of Chicago will remain jailed until at least next month. Rode was charged last week in DuPage County with attacking two Naperville teenagers after first peeping in their windows late at night. Rode allegedly committed those attacks while he was free on bail after being charged last October in McHenry County with trying to lure a 13-year-old boy into his car.

VALLEY PARK, Mo.—A 6-year-old girl vanished from a suburban St. Louis home Friday and was killed by a man who had stayed there overnight, police said.

Cassandra Williamson was reported missing Friday morning from the house where her family was staying. Police said the suspect, a 24-year-old local transient who had slept on the couch, later told them the girl's body was at an abandoned glass factory a few blocks away.

A group of search volunteers who had been going door-to-door arrived about the same time as investigators at the factory, where the girl's body was found.

Friday night, Cassandra's parents went to the crime scene and identified the body, said James McCrady, a St. Louis County medical examiner's office investigator. The parents later were driven away behind the coroner's van carrying their daughter's body.

St. Louis County Police Chief Ron Battelle said the transient was

arrested but charges had not yet been filed.

Ernie Williamson and Cassandra's mother, Angela Williamson, had separated but still spent some nights together at a neighbor's home, where Ernie Williamson had been staying for about a week Thursday night, the entire family — Ernie and Angela Williamson and their four children — stayed at the home, along with the suspect.

Police described the suspect as a local transient who sometimes slept in the factory. Ernie Williamson said he had only known him a few days and that his

roommate and the transient were up late drinking the night before. He said the transient was sleeping on the couch Friday morning.

Authorities said Cassandra was in the kitchen around 7:30 a.m. with her father. Williamson said he was about to pour his daughter a bowl of cereal and left the room briefly to go to the bathroom. When he returned, the girl, barefoot and dressed in a white nightgown, had disappeared.

The father said he also noticed the transient was gone. About a half-hour later, Williamson said, the man returned to the house, wet and muddy, and said he had been swimming in a nearby river. Police began questioning him soon after he returned.

Before the body was found, Cassandra's mother, Angela, said: "She never walks off without telling me she's going somewhere. She doesn't even go to her friend's house without telling me she was going. I just want my baby."

As word of the disappearance spread, volunteers began joining in the search, which also included helicopters and bloodhounds. Many were looking around an area along the Meramec River, which runs through Valley Park in southwest St. Louis County.

A Gurnee man was charged with child pornography after he gave a neighbor's 13-year-old daughter a lava lamp with a video camera hidden inside, authorities said Tuesday.

Robert M. Faber, 33, of the 7200 block of Presidential Drive was arrested Thursday and is free on bail, Gurnee police said. He also is charged with unauthorized videotaping and eavesdropping, authorities said.

Faber is accused of taping the girl while she was in her bedroom sometime after March 15, according to court records. The taping was discovered when a neighbor saw a video image of the girl on a video baby monitor and recognized her, according to authorities.

Police also found a pinhole camera with a live feed set up in Faber's family room, which he allegedly used to tape the girl when she baby-sat for his children, officials said.

If found guilty, Faber could be sentenced to 15 years in prison. He is scheduled to appear in court Sept. 9.

SAN JOSE—The 3-year-old girl abducted from home helped win her release by telling her kidnapper she was sick, and then helped authorities make a quick arrest by memorizing his cell phone number, police said.

New details of the girl's two-day captivity emerged as prosecutors pressed their case against the alleged abductor, Enrique Sosa Alvarez, 23. He was arraigned Wednesday on sexual assault and burglary counts. When first arrested, he was identified as David Cruz.

Authorities marveled at moves the girl made to save herself after being kidnapped as she returned home from school Friday. They said the girl's efforts and intense media coverage of her abduction combined to rattle Alvarez on Sunday night. He drove the girl to a convenience store several cities away and "basically told her to get out of the car," prosecutor Matt Braker said.

WASHINGTON—The FBI on Wednesday placed an accused child pornographer on its 10 Most Wanted Fugitives list, for the first time in the list's 50-year history.

Atty. Gen. Janet Reno and Deputy FBI Director Ruben Garcia identified him as 49-year-old Eric Franklin Rosser, a keyboardist who once played with rock star John Mellencamp.

A \$50,000 reward is being offered for any information leading to the arrest of the former resident of Bloomington, Ind.



Rosser

FBI officials warned that Rosser, a self-confessed pedophile, should be considered dangerous, especially to children. Rosser has been charged with numerous offenses in Thailand and Indiana, including production of a videotape that shows him engaging in sexual activity with an 11-year-old Thai girl. "We all agree our children are our most valuable asset," said Garcia.

"They are also the most vulnerable members of our society. Protecting our children from becoming victims of ... predators like Eric Rosser is a top priority."

Garcia emphasized the FBI's expanded role in cracking down on predators who use the Internet and other online services to transmit child pornography and lure minors into illicit sexual activity.

The FBI briefly halted one of the capital's favorite rituals, the popular tour of its headquarters, for the announcement, which was made near a collection of old movie posters promoting the agency with such titles as "G-Men Never Forget."

The announcement was hailed by the Cincinnati-based National Coalition for the Protection of Children and Families.

"Due to the dramatic increase in online child pornography cases, we believe it is imperative that these offenders be placed on the 10 Most Wanted list," said coalition president Rick Schatz, "and that aggressive efforts be taken to keep more children from victimization."

Since 1995 the FBI has conducted the Innocent Images National Initiative in cooperation with local, state and international officials to investigate and prosecute sexual predators who prey on children.

Under this initiative, FBI agents go online undercover, using fictitious names and engaging in real-time chat or e-mail conversations to obtain evidence of criminal activity.

The FBI said Wednesday that Rosser, who ran a music school for children in Thailand, distributed the videotape of himself and the Thai girl to a resident of Bloomington.

He also allegedly conspired, according to the FBI, to transport, distribute and receive videotapes, photographs and magazines containing child pornography involving girls between the ages of 9 and 11.

Some of the photos and visual depictions wound up on the Internet after being smuggled, allegedly by Rosser, from the U.S. to Thailand.

A native of Syracuse, N.Y., Rosser operated a music school and played with the symphony in Bangkok, where he had a wife and 2-year-old child. He studied at Oberlin College and Indiana University.

In March, Thai police raided his apartment and arrested him on charges of child molestation and possession of photographs and videos of girls who appeared to be under 15 years old.

His father, Richard Rosser, who is a former president of DePauw University in Greencastle, Ind., posted the \$25,000 bail but he failed to show up for a hearing.

After his arrest, Rosser wrote a letter to a Bangkok newspaper in which he admitted being a pedophile.

In April, a federal grand jury in Indianapolis indicted him on six counts of producing, distributing, shipping, transporting and receiving child pornography.

According to the indictment, he exchanged videos with friends in Bloomington, who then put the materials on the Internet.

An early Mellencamp album credited "Doc" Rosser with playing piano.

In a *People* magazine interview in 1987, Rosser said he left the band to travel the country and give concerts in what he dubbed his Mustang cruiser, a school bus converted to hold a Steinway grand piano.

A 68-year-old Lake Station, Ind., man suspected of being involved in molesting more than 160 children was charged yesterday on 28 counts of child molesting and exploitation.

Five counts allege that Steven Toth, called a "neighborhood Pied Piper," threatened children with a tear gas or Mace pistol.

Toth, a retired steelworker, was arrested Sept. 17 on a charge of raping a 16-year-old Gary girl at gunpoint.

Arresting officers said they found more than 300 sexually explicit photographs of Toth with more than 160 children, some believed to be as young as 4.

Toth's bond, first set at \$5 million, was raised \$2.5 million yesterday. He was being held in the Lake County jail in Crown Point.

District Attorney Jack Crawford said yesterday's charges stem from alleged sexual acts with seven girls under 16 between Jan. 1, 1981, and Sept. 17 this year. All are believed to be from the Glen Park neighborhood in south Gary.

As word spread that a 6-year-old girl had been molested in a courtyard, more than a dozen residents of a West Side housing development began chasing the man they believed was the culprit.

Two blocks later, at the door of a church, they jumped on him, kicked him and punched him.

"They tackled him like he was a football," said the girl's mother, who acknowledged she had started the chase and wound up threatening the man with a stick. "He wasn't moving."

On Thursday night, a day after the melee in the 1100 block of South Lytle Street in the ABLA Homes, the 41-year-old man still was listed in serious condition at Cook County Hospital with wounds on his head and body. The girl was treated at another hospital and released.

"I'm sorry he's in bad shape, but I'm not sorry they beat him enough to know that you can't do that to a little girl," the girl's mother said.

Any possible charges in connection with Wednesday night's alleged molestation and subse-

quent beating were not expected until detectives are able to interview the man, police spokesman Pat Camden said. The girl's mother was interviewed on Thursday by detectives.

But Mayor Richard Daley and Police Supt. Terry Hillard said that though it might be easy to sympathize with the vigilantes—indeed, that appeared to be true in the neighborhood—law enforcement authorities must pursue charges against anyone involved in the violent beating.

"It's a horrendous thing, but we still have laws," Hillard said. "My job is to identify them, locate them and arrest them, and then bring them before the state's attorney and take them to court and then we'll see."

Nevertheless, the intense emotions of vigilante justice continued to grip the Chicago Housing Authority's ABLA Homes Thursday. At one point during the afternoon, gunshots rang out in the courtyard where the incident had occurred a day before; the shots came as the families of the girl and the beaten man were arguing, the girl's aunt said.

The incident Wednesday occurred about 10 p.m.

As the girl walked in a courtyard outside her aunt's apartment, a man grabbed her and pulled her into a cinder-block shelter that holds trash containers, she told police. There, he allegedly pulled down her pants and underwear and pulled down his pants, police said. He then began to fondle the girl.

But the girl struggled free. "I kicked him in his stomach," she said Thursday, sitting on a broken bench in the courtyard where the incident took place. "He fell down, and I ran to my mother."

The girl's mother was sitting in a station wagon parked nearby, the mother said. Her daughter pointed toward the man and yelled out what had happened. The mother called to the man, but he walked away.

The mother followed. The pace quickened. Two blocks passed.

The man grabbed a board to ward off the mother, police said. They say she then picked up a two-by-four plank. The mother disputes the claim, saying she grabbed a "stick" after the man picked up a large rock.

According to the mother, as they faced off at Racine Avenue and Roosevelt Road, the man threw the rock at her. It missed, but she struck him on his shoulder with the stick.

Spurring the fight, neighbors gathered and joined the chase down Roosevelt Road. As many as 13 young men were involved, the mother said, when the group caught up with the man outside Holy Family Catholic Church. "They kicked him, punched him, whupped him," the mother said.

Police said it was not clear if the mother actually was involved in the beating, but she said she was not. She said she ran away as soon as he fell to the ground.

"I was afraid," she said.

Said the girl's father, "I thank the people for what they did. They were showing their concern for my daughter, and he got what he deserved. If I had been there, I would have killed him."

Cook County State's Atty. Richard Devine said he will have little choice but to prosecute the people who were involved in beating.

"We can all have some feelings about a terrible incident like this," he said of the alleged sexual assault. "But we have to go by the legal process."

Daley also condemned the attack. "You cannot have separate agendas out there where people are taking it upon themselves," Daley said. "You just can't have this type of situation existing all over the country."

But, in the neighborhood where the incident took place, residents had only praise for the vigilantes and condemnation for the man accused of molestation.

"I feel like the people should get attention for doing what they could to help," said Deon Jackson, 37, one of a group of neighbors who gathered Thursday afternoon near the same ABLA courtyard. "I have no remorse for him. I've got nieces and granddaughters."

Residents said they didn't know anyone who had participated in the beating. If they did know, they said, they weren't planning to tell.

If they are found, prosecutors still would have a difficult time winning a conviction against the people who beat the man, some former prosecutors said.

Anthony Calabrese, a former first deputy in the Cook County state's attorney's office, said defense attorneys have argued that "the guy deserved it" and appealed to a "greater law" than those contained in state statutes. Often, the jury agrees.

AMERICAN investigators hunting one of the most dangerous paedophiles in the world believe he may be in the UK and have alerted British police.

Eric Franklin Rosser, listed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation as one of its 10 most wanted criminals, was arrested in Bangkok last year, but vanished after being freed on bail.

The 52-year-old concert pianist, who has recorded with rock stars, is accused in America of operating a child pornography distribution ring and in Thailand of molesting girls.

FBI sources said last week that Rosser, an American, was last known to be traveling through Europe and may have been heading for the UK. The agency has alerted Interpol and Scotland Yard.

British police last week confirmed they had been alerted. An Interpol source in

London said immigration authorities and specialist anti-paedophile units had been alerted last month.

The FBI has offered a \$50,000 award for information leading to Rosser's arrest. Only those wanted for the most heinous of crimes are placed on its 10 most wanted list. Others include Osama bin Laden, accused by America of terrorism, and a number of drug barons.

The FBI spokesman said: "We have asked them [British police] to look out for Rosser and we would be very grateful for any assistance. We are very keen to find this man."

The investigation is being run from Bloomington, Indiana, in the American Midwest. Three years ago, a woman found a picture of her husband having sex with a girl who was clearly a minor and gave the image to police. They raided a motel room and found the man with a seven-year-old girl. He was arrested and a huge collection of child pornography seized.

Further raids led to the discovery of a videotape showing Rosser, who played keyboard on John Cougar Mellencamp's 1980 album *Nothing Matters and What If It Did*, having sex with an underage girl.

According to Tony Siedl, the FBI agent running the investigation, Rosser had been travelling between

Thailand and the United States smuggling pornography. Some of the most appalling images were taken in Bloomington itself.

Rosser, who is balding and 5ft 7in, is thought to be in touch with British paedophiles. "I've been notified by Interpol that someone in London was arrested with pictures of a Bloomington victim," Siedl said.

Investigators believe Rosser's material is among pornography circulated by a British paedophile ring currently being investigated by police. More than 1,800 members are thought to belong to a club called *Teenboys*. Its website features boys aged around 12 and it is understood to have been formed by a South London caretaker.

Two weeks ago a man was arrested, and experts are examining hundreds of images that have been downloaded from computers seized at his home.

Teenboys is considered bigger than the notorious Wonderland Club, which was thought to have 200 members in 13 countries. Members of Wonderland are believed to have exchanged 750,000 sexually explicit images of children via the internet.

Analysis of the images led to the compilation of a list of more than 1,000 children and other youngsters who had been subjected to the most appalling abuse. Inquiries are continuing in Italy, Russia and in a number of other Eastern European countries.

In 1998, in a series of simultaneous raids across three continents, 107 people were arrested. After the operation, one of the biggest of its kind, 50 men were convicted and a further 23 are still awaiting trial.

Gary Salt, a Wonderland member and a former RAF technician, from Stockport, Cheshire, was arrested in a separate inquiry and jailed for 12 years in June 1999 for abusing three children.

One detective who has investigated paedophiles said: "There is a growing network of these people who keep in touch and supply each other over the internet. It makes it very hard to police."

FBI sources say they have had a number of reports of Rosser since he disappeared from Bangkok. He has been spotted in France, Monaco and Italy. One tourist, alerted by a televised appeal, sent the agency a holiday video he had shot in Europe of a man believed to be the fugitive. Rosser is believed to favour Britain because of its advantages of both language and communications.

SAN JOSE, Calif. — A convicted child molester jailed in California may have committed sex crimes against thousands of victims, police said Thursday after finding computers, notebooks and meticulous, handwritten lists of boys' names and apparent codes for various sex acts.

San Jose Police Lt. Scott Cornfield described 63-year-old Dean Arthur Schwartzmiller as "one of the most active child molesters we've ever seen."

During a search of his bedroom in San Jose, police discovered binders full of child porn and numerous logs with lists of more than 36,000 children's names — mostly boys — and codes that appear to indicate how he abused them.

"If one-tenth of these numbers are accurate, we're looking at hundreds of victims in a number of states. The reason we want to tell

the world about this is because we believe he's been involved in child molestations in a number of countries," Cornfield said.

Schwartzmiller was being held without bail on one count of aggravated sexual assault on a child and six counts of lewd and lascivious conduct on a child, with each count alleging multiple victims. He was arrested in Washington state late last month and sent to San Jose on June 7.

He does not seem to have registered as a sex offender.

Most Americans agree that sexual predators whose game are young children are some of the most revolting kind of criminals. Perhaps that's why a group of citizens Wednesday beat unconscious a man who was accused of attempting to sexually assault a six-year-old girl.

According to police, the victim was leaving her aunt's apartment in the 1100 block of South Lytle at around 10 p.m. Wednesday when she was approached by an adult male

assailant.

The assailant grabbed the little girl and dragged her behind a group of area dumpsters where he attempted to sexually assault her.

The assailant pulled the victim's pants down and also his own. He then began fondling the young victim until she managed to pull away from him.

The victim broke free of the assailants grip and began screaming for help. The victim's mother heard the cries of her daughter and ran to her assistance.

The mother gave chase and eventually caught up with the assailant and attacked him. Area residents then joined in the attack, beating the assailant until he was unconscious.

"I didn't participate in the beating but I hope this sends a message to sick people like that that we aren't having that over here," said an area resident who wouldn't give his name.

A large stick or object may have been used in the beating, however, that has yet to be confirmed.

Following the beating, the assailant was transferred from the scene to Cook County Hospital where he was listed in serious condition.

No charges have been filed against the assailant yet because they have been unable to interview him to better understand exactly what happened. The case is under investigation.

The 6-year-old victim suffered no physical injuries during the attack; however, she was taken to the University of Illinois Hospital to be examined.

THE parents of murdered schoolgirl Sarah Payne yesterday revealed that their marriage has collapsed.

Sara and Michael Payne, who are expecting their fifth child, announced that they are trying to rebuild their shattered lives apart.

The separation comes three years after eight-year-old Sarah was snatched by paedophile Roy Whiting.

The couple, who had been together for 18 years, said the tragedy had had a devastating impact on their relationship.

At the family home in Hergham, Surrey, Mrs Payne said: "We've done everything possible to stick together through

the most horrific ordeal any parent could imagine.

"The last three years have been a terrible struggle for us.

"We were a very ordinary couple catapulted into the spotlight because of Sarah's death. At times the attention has been hard to deal with.

"I think Mike and I both focused so hard on trying to build normality back into our family, we ended up forgetting we had a marriage that needed looking after too.

"The mutual love, support and effort that goes into making every marriage work took second place in our case.

"It got to a stage where we were arguing so much that we were making ourselves constantly miserable. We're not the same people we once were — and everyone knows the awful reason why."

Mr Payne, who is living nearby, said he was still haunted by feelings of guilt that he was unable to protect his daughter, and this had put a strain on his marriage.

"I've a lot of anger and bitterness inside me," he said.

"I'm full of guilt and rage that I wasn't there to protect my little girl from that man.

"But there's no point in Sara and me blaming each other for the break-up of our marriage. We know we both have our faults.

"The events of three years ago are just so overwhelming, too much to deal with. Not only have I lost a precious

daughter, I've lost my wife and best friend. It's very, very sad."

The couple, both 34, have campaigned for new laws to control child sex offenders such as Whiting, 43, who has been told he must serve a minimum of 50 years.

They are expecting a baby girl in November. Their other children are Lee, 16, Luke, 14, and eight-year-old Charlotte.

A PERVERT who was jailed for taking sick pictures of naked youngsters has changed his name and is still working as a photographer of children and babies.

Mark Paul, caged for 21 months after pleading guilty to taking indecent photos of four boys aged two, three, four and six, also makes wild claims to customers that he's a friend of the stars and can get children film and TV work.

The News of the World tracked him down to Creative Stills Photography Ltd, where he works as the company's chief executive officer under the name Marc Antoni.

Chillingly, the business, which is based just 100 yards from a school, advertises for christenings and child studies. It also describes itself as a child modelling agency. The scandal highlights the ease with which child-sex offenders can cover their tracks by changing their names.

For although Paul, 33, was placed on the sex offenders register, Creative have won a certificate from a police award scheme for "their invaluable support in the promotion of Safety Awareness among young children".

On the walls of the office in East Barnet, north London, are snaps of youngsters, including one of two boys in a bath, and pictures of Paul standing next to Sir Richard Branson.

Paul told our investigator, who was posing as a parent: "Richard Branson is a very, very good friend of mine. We do all his Virgin parties and his Virgin aircraft." But Sir Richard said: "We've never used a photographer by this name."

"If what the News of the World says is true, this individual deserves deeper investigation."

Paul was caged in 1987 after Reading Crown Court heard he lured children at home to take their photos, then sent their unsuspecting parents out to buy props so he'd be left alone with them.

When asked about his experience working with children, Paul said: "I've done a lot of kids. I enjoy it." The pervert didn't enjoy it when our man revealed he knew about his conviction.

Paul snarled: "I don't care about that."

A PAEDOPHILE convicted of inflicting dreadful injuries on a four-year-old girl received a lighter sentence than the offence deserved because of prison overcrowding.

Judge Clark, jailing Matthew Skuse for two and a half years at Oxford Crown Court for indecent assault said he had to consider recent remarks by the Lord Chief Justice on prison congestion. A paediatrician said the facial injuries caused by Skuse, 37, were the worst he had seen in his 35-year career. The girl's injuries

were consistent with having been held tightly around the neck.

However, Judge Clark said Lord Woolf had warned in a recent lecture that prisons were getting overcrowded and courts should bear this in mind. The girl's family were dismayed by his

approach, pointing out that Skuse could be free on licence after 13 months.

Skuse, from Banbury, Oxon, was convicted by a jury. He was placed on the sex offenders' register.

Tony McGeorge, defending, said Skuse bitterly regretted the offence.

POTOSI, Mo. — Kevin Haenchen is a pedophile whose freakish sex craving is worse than ever after nine years in prison. He warns that he will molest children again when he gets out, then kill them to humiliate state officials.

"I'm scared to death to go out on the street because I know what will happen when I see a child," Haenchen told the Post-Dispatch. "There's nothing a parent can do with any of us."

By his own admission, Haenchen molested 27 children before being arrested in 1987. He prefers little boys, just like the ones he forced into oral sex while working at day-care centers and camps in St. Louis County.

Despite a state law that requires Missouri sex offenders to get therapy, Haenchen, 30, has had virtually no treatment in prison. He was kicked out of the prison-based group treatment after a few months because of conduct problems. He said the program was a joke. He confided to a prison psychologist that his urges had become more ghastly.

"I told them my fantasy now revolves around walking into a house, killing the parents, molesting the children, killing them and walking out," he said. "When I get caught, the Department of Corrections is going to be embarrassed. I'll make sure of it."

Right now, state officials say, they have no choice but to free Haenchen from the Potosi Correctional Center when his full, 10-year prison sentence is up on April 27, 1999. They say they can't hold him a day longer, even though he is threatening to harm children again.

Because of his threats, Haenchen is destined to become Exhibit A in the Legislature's case this session for a tough sexual predator law. House Speaker Steve Gaw is sponsoring a bill that would give officials the power to commit certain violent sex offenders to mental hospitals — involuntarily and indefinitely — once their prison sentences are up.

It mimics Washington state's landmark 1990 legislation, the Community Protection Act, which followed public outcry over the sexual mutilation of a 7-year-old boy. Nine states, including Illinois, have these laws. They allow a judge or jury to send someone to a mental hospital after prison if state officials can show that the person has a "mental abnormality" and is likely to commit a new sex crime.

Gaw never knew Haenchen by name but knew about his threats to offend again. Gaw's wife, Fannie Gaw, is a member of the state Parole Board. The board refused last year to parole Haenchen because he thumbed his nose at the department's therapy.

"This is the type of person the legislation is aimed at," Steve Gaw, D-Moberly, said. "I think, absolutely we ought to take notice of it (the threats). And if we have the opportunity to help families out there, we have to put that protection in place."

Gaw said Haenchen could be the first candidate for the civil commitment procedure. Inmates would be confined behind prison walls but under the control of the Mental Health Department.

Critics say such laws punish a person for a crime that has not yet happened. Supporters say its purpose is rehabilitative, not punitive and that society deserves the added protection from dangerous repeat sex offenders. The U.S. Supreme Court, in a 5-4 decision, upheld a Kansas sexual predator law last June. Gaw's bill has some steam: Gov. Mel Carnahan is supporting it.

Haenchen, a St. Louis native, sits in his prison cell more than 100 miles from political debates in Jefferson City. When he got to prison, he made a list of every child he molested. They ranged in age from 2 to 11. Sometimes in his cell he fantasizes about them, even recalling the outfits they wore.

Scanning a People magazine, he'll flip immediately to any photos of children. He sets an alarm clock in prison for 2 a.m., if need be, so he won't miss the opening scene of a cable movie that innocently shows a parent drying off a young boy after his bath.

"When I get around a child I'm attracted to, all rational thought is gone," he said. "To me, it's a way of life. Until I replace that with something else, that means as much to me, it's always going to be a part of my life."

Haenchen insists he wants professional help but says he has no faith in the Department of Corrections or its confrontational group therapy called the Missouri Sexual Offender Program.

"They put you down; you're the bad person all the time," Haenchen said. "MoSOP will never let you forget for one minute that you're the bad guy, what you did was disgusting and wrong, society hates you."

Haenchen wanted the prison counselors to hypnotize him to find out if he was abused by his foster family when he was a young boy.

"You can't treat me as the perpetrator until you treat me as the victim," he said. "If they would have us relive our childhood step by step, remember what happened to us and how it made us feel, we might think twice."

However, the Sexual Offender Program does not use hypnosis, nor does it specifically explore the criminal's own childhood. Counselors try to get convicts to take responsibility for their crimes and have empathy for victims. They teach them to avoid high-risk situations, like a playground full of children.

About two-thirds of the prisoners who start the program do not finish it for various reasons, including not participating.

At first, when Haenchen heard about the legislation, he told the Post-Dispatch he would volunteer for the mental hospital if it meant he could get the type of therapy he wanted at state expense. However, once he read the bill, he said it didn't seem to promise the treatment he wanted. "This bill's got me scared now," Haenchen said. "It's going to be MoSOP all over again. Ain't no way they're going to do that to me."

Haenchen is a contradiction. One minute, he talks matter-of-factly about harming a child, the next he says he wants to counsel parents about how children can avoid becoming victims.

"The main thing they've got to do is teach the child to say no with authority," he said. "If a child had told me 'no' with authority, and kept trying to make me stop, I would've stopped because I would have been afraid he'd tell. (Instead,) they said things like ... 'Aw, yuk,' or, 'Don't,' or, 'Stop, that's nasty.'"

Haenchen, a lean man who stands 6 feet 1, had a knack for putting children at ease. He would kneel to be on eye level with them. Once, he coaxed a skittish boy with Down's syndrome to swim by jumping in the pool first and holding out his arms.

"My ability to lower down to a child and become a child, like he's looking at a child, makes me dangerous," he said.

He sometimes would reward a child with a soda after the molestation. All but six of his victims were boys. He molested children at day camps while working as a volunteer for the St. Louis Association for Retarded Citizens. He molested one boy at a Montessori day-care center in south St. Louis County.

At the time of his arrest at age 19, Haenchen was a student at Mera-mec Community College, where he was taking courses in child development. He admits he has preyed on children since the time he was in kindergarten. He got caught in April 1987 when a parent called police and a state Division of Family Services worker. Haenchen broke down, admitting he molested 16 victims.

Some of the retarded children couldn't communicate well enough to help prosecutors, so some charges were dropped. Haenchen pleaded guilty to sodomy and two counts of sexual abuse. After 18 months in prison, he was freed. The judge postponed a 10-year sentence for sodomy and told Haenchen to get counseling. One private clinic put him on Depo Provera, which inhibits the sex drive, and gave him a 24-hour beeper number in case he needed to talk.

Within days, however, Haenchen's new boss — who was aware of Haenchen's criminal record — amazingly entrusted him to baby-sit his four children at a pizzeria. Haenchen took a 2-year-old girl into the restroom and molested her. He went back to prison to serve the 10-year sentence.

"He was a quiet kid who apparently couldn't stop himself from doing it," said Gary Lange, Haenchen's lawyer and a family friend who watched Haenchen grow up. "We knew that without treatment, he wasn't going to make it."

Haenchen has studied pedophilia and knows there is no cure. He has written universities throughout the country, asking if he could get treatment to help their research. None took him up on his offer. He also sent his life story to Fred Berlin, a psychiatrist who founded the Johns Hopkins Sexual Disorders Clinic in Baltimore.

A PAEDOPHILE abducted a six-year-old girl from her bath before sexually assaulting her and leaving her naked in the street.

The stranger carried out the assault on the girl in his car, said police, who were last night hunting her kidnapper.

He dumped her shivering in a road about 300 yards from home.

The girl's mother had left the bathroom of their ground-floor flat after starting the child's bath at about 7pm on Tuesday.

When she returned her daughter had vanished.

It is thought the intruder entered the house through the back door and headed straight to the bathroom, then grabbed the girl and dragged her, wet from her bath, out of the terraced house.

Her mother - who split from the girl's father some time ago - raised the alarm and a police search was launched. But about 15 minutes

later, the girl was found wandering confused and frightened in a busy road not far from her home in Wallsend, North Tyneside.

Detective Chief Inspector Jim Napier, of Northumbria Police, said: "This little girl has had a very frightening experience and we are making every possible effort to find the man responsible."

"This is a despicable, distasteful and worrying crime. The girl must have been terrified."

He said the abductor was not known to the girl.

"We have spoken to the father. We don't have a suspect at the moment but it is routine in an investigation like this to examine the background of close family members," he added.

"I am relatively satisfied that she has been taken out in a car, albeit for a very short time."

"It is difficult to be specific as to how long she was missing but it was in the region of about quarter of an hour."

"It's being treated as a sexually-motivated assault. She was naked when found, having been taken out of the bath."

"The girl is extremely distressed and upset about what has happened. No arrests have been made. We are at quite an early stage of the inquiry."

Detectives want to speak to a man seen loitering in the area where the girl lives, earlier in the afternoon. He was wearing dark clothes and dark gloves.

Mr Napier added: "Specially-trained officers will be talking to the girl throughout the day to establish exactly what happened."

"We want to speak to anyone who saw a man acting suspiciously in the area."

Police said the child was distressed but unhurt.

She is recovering at home where she lives with her mother, her brother and her mother's lesbian partner.

Neighbours said last night they heard the girl's screams as she was abducted.

One said: "We heard a little girl crying at about 7pm."

"It was a real anguished cry. You could tell she was in distress. It was noticeable enough for us to comment on it. We went to the back door to see if we could see anything."

"But then we heard an adult voice so we assumed it was OK."

Another said: "Her cries were awful."

You could tell she was in real distress and with what we have heard since, it is just terrible to think what she has gone through."

A few houses down, a 44-year-old mother of three said the street had been full of police cars and dogs.

She added: "We were told it was a serious assault, but the police wouldn't give any more details."

"It's very worrying, especially for a six-year-old girl."

"There has never been anything like this around here before."

A mother of six, whose children were playing in the street at the time the girl was snatched said she had been going over in her mind what might have happened.

The 34-year-old said: "My kids were out there playing when suddenly there were police sirens and cars all around. There had been a red car screeching around the streets before which the children said they saw."

"I had loads of text messages from friends asking me if my children were OK."

"I'm just relieved they weren't involved."

"They are scared to even go out into the streets now."

Police cordoned off the area where the girl was discovered and were conducting forensic tests and house-to-house inquiries nearby, Mr Napier said.

He added that such an abduction was a rare occurrence.

Officers want to speak to anyone who heard a car being driven erratically or heard tyres screeching when the abduction took place, he added.

Another neighbour said: "The mother seems really nice."

"You'll see her walking up the street with the kids and they seem like a happy family."

Shortly after 9:30 a.m. Tuesday, Kane County Jail inmate Jeffrey Morse, 30, was wheeled into a hospital operating room where he got his wish: He was surgically castrated.

The operation, which lasted 45 minutes, was completed without complication by an unidentified board-certified urologist at a Chicago-area hospital, Morse's attorney said.

Morse, a convicted child molester, began asking for the operation several months ago and insisted on going through with it even after a judge said he could offer Morse no guarantees of a light sentence in return. Even Morse's attorney, Paul Wharton, said he tried to talk Morse out of it in the minutes preceding the surgery.

It was the first time in Illinois that an inmate had made such a request and been granted a medical furlough to carry it out, legal experts said.

Morse pleaded guilty last fall to molesting two girls—a 10-year-old from Algonquin and a 9-year-old from St. Charles—and is to be sentenced Feb. 24.

In a jailhouse interview with the Tribune the night before the surgery, Morse said he wanted to be castrated so he could control his sexual urges.

"I'm doing this for me, so I can get control of my life," Morse said. "It's a pretty bad life when every day you think about sex."

He said he believes that with castration and psychological counseling he could eventually be rehabilitated and live safely in society—even among children. That point of view is not shared by most medical and psychiatric experts.

There is little evidence that child sex offenders can be rehabilitated, most experts say. Even after surgical castration, in which the testicles are removed, a man can become aroused and have an erection.

"There's definitely a chance at rehabilitation," said John Mulhall,

a urologist and the director of the Center for Male Sexual Health at Loyola University Medical Center in Maywood. "But my problem with this whole thing is what failure rate can we as a society accept. What if there's a 20 percent chance of recidivism? That's a very high failure rate. Can we accept that?"

Morse said he knows that he won't be able to convince most people that he can be rehabilitated, and he said he recognizes that he may spend many years in prison.

Dressed in a bright orange prison uniform and blue canvas gym shoes, Morse spoke Monday from an office just outside his jail cell. He sat calmly with his right ankle resting on his left knee, speaking about his crimes, his family background and his unwavering decision to be castrated, which gained him national publicity.

Morse, who was raised in Kentucky and lived in Schaumburg at the time of his arrest, described himself as a loner and "sex addict," adding that he had been obsessed with sex since puberty.

He said he was not sexually or physically abused as a child, but that he developed a voracious appetite for pornographic magazines and movies.

By the time he was 24, after a breakup with his fiancée, Morse said he began fantasizing about young girls. He said he felt sexually insecure and immature. "Sex scared me some. I was looking for someone more on my own level," Morse said.

"It went into an area it shouldn't have," he said, his eyes moving toward the floor.

Morse admitted to the crimes that landed him in jail, and he

said the police accounts of what happened were accurate—he was naked from the waist down when he brandished a toy gun and asked each of the girls to perform sexual acts. The first incident took place in October 1996, and involved the Algonquin girl. The second was in March 1997, with the St. Charles girl.

He said he feels sorry for what he did and worries about his victims: "Days don't go by where I don't feel sorry and wonder how they're going to handle it. It just scares me to think that maybe they're going to be afraid to go outside."

Morse said he got the idea of getting castrated from watching television.

"There was a guy on the news standing before a judge in an orange uniform asking for this," Morse said. It seemed like the perfect solution for Morse, who said he has long felt ashamed about his sexual urges, but didn't know how to control them.

"It's not going to vanish," Morse said of his urges. "I'm still going to need psychological help and eventually I'll get a better grip on it."

Asked why he didn't consider a less drastic solution, like chemical castration, which involves taking hormones, Morse said he wanted the most effective procedure available.

Short of castration, Morse said, "I'd have to shut myself in, avoid TV, avoid books. I can't avoid that. I can't avoid eventually getting out and around other people either."

"Even though I buy [pornography] I'm bothered by it. It controlled me too much. I spent money on magazines that I should've spent putting gas in my car. Almost everything I've done wrong in the last 17 years has been related somehow to sex."

Morse said he doesn't need sex anymore. He also said he has not enjoyed the publicity his decision has brought him, but he was speaking out in the hopes that "someone else will look at me and maybe say 'This is right for me. I need help.'"

Morse grew up in Owensboro, Ky., and lived with his mother until she died of cancer when Morse was 9.

After she died, Morse shuttled between relatives and an orphanage, and when he was 18 he joined the Army. He was stationed in Ft. Hood, Texas, for 4½ years, and moved to the Chicago area in 1980 when he got engaged.

At the time of his arrest, he was a carpet cleaner for a Palatine company. He said he has never been violent or molested other children.

Before the surgery Tuesday, Morse received a spinal anesthetic and intravenous sedatives, and his lawyer said that while Morse was awake, he had no recollection of the procedure.

The procedure involves making one incision in the scrotum and removing the testes and the epididymes, the glands that sit behind the testes, Mulhall said.

By 1 p.m., Morse was back in jail recovering. His lawyer said Morse would not be available for comment.

"He's in a reasonable degree of pain," Wharton said. "But he's happy it's finally done."

Most of the literature on the recidivism rates of castrated sex offenders is 20 years old and originates in Germany and Denmark, where as late as the 1980s chemical or surgical castration was mandatory for certain sex offenders.

Recidivism rates are up to 16 percent in those studies, compared with 20 to 80 percent in the non-castrated population of sex offenders, Mulhall said.

"There are some people who believe that all sexual deviants have a personality disorder. Changing their testosterone levels is not going to change that," Mulhall said. "There's no evidence to show that castration is a cure-all."

For his part, Morse said he was not going to beg for mercy.

"There's no way I'm going to convince someone else [that I won't molest again]," Morse said. "But if a few people feel that I'll be safer to society because of this, that will just be another benefit. This is for me."

THESE are the terrifying seconds when a lone teenager was dragged from the streets by a heavily-built man.

Her ordeal was caught on closed-circuit TV cameras and fortunately she was saved by the swift arrival of the police.

But officers fear the man, in his fifties, could strike again and yesterday released the disturbing camera footage. The petite 16-year-old was walking to her home in Doncaster when she was approached by the man.

After she tried to shake him off, he marched her into some bushes, threw her over his shoulders and carried her into a car park. But the officers were already on their way and the attacker fled at the sound of patrol car sirens.

Yesterday police told how an off-duty officer had seen the girl walking alone early last Friday.

He had phoned colleagues at Doncaster police station and they had picked her up on their cameras covering the Adwick-le-Street area of the South Yorkshire town. They had been watching her for a while when this man came, Mr. said

Detective Constable Steve Leach.

The 16-stone man is seen on the footage strolling away after dropping the kicking and screaming girl.

Police, who have released a computer image of the suspect, said he broke into trot when the patrol cars pulled up. Two officers pursued him but he vanished into a residential area.

His victim was said to be 'deeply traumatised' by the incident.

POLICE came under fire last night for taking more than four hours to respond to the indecent assault and attempted abduction of a nine-year-old girl.

Stacie Walker was playing in a park near her home when she was attacked by a man in his 20s.

The terrified schoolgirl managed to escape but was pursued until she reached the safety of a group of friends.

Astonishingly, when her father informed a policeman minutes later he was told to ring 999. And when he placed the emergency call he was asked to contact Norfolk Police's switchboard.

He had to make four desperate calls before an officer finally arrived at the family home four-and-a-half hours after the attack was first reported.

"I am absolutely furious. It's just not good enough," said Brian Walker, 50, yesterday.

"Anything could have happened to my daughter. The night we caught this sick man if they'd reacted there and then.

Mr Walker, a gardener, added: "I am appalled by the policeman I spoke to in the street. He said he was busy but he could have used his radio or mobile phone."

Stacie's mother Doreen, a 44-year-old care assistant, said: "I went to the spot where the attack happened and felt physically ill. He is out there and what worries me is someone else's child is at risk. This could end up as another Sarah Payne or Soham."

Stacie is now afraid to be alone at night, she added.

The attack took place at around 4.40pm last Saturday in Sloughbottom Park in Mile Cross, Norwich.

The man told Stacie he wanted to have sex with her and grabbed her. She managed to escape after punching him in the stomach but was chased until her screams alerted friends who ran over and scared off the attacker.

Stacie's grandfather, retired electrician Billy Vann, 68, said there was "something wrong with the entire police system". "I went past Mile Cross police

station on the day of the attack and there were six police cars outside and yet it took them so long to respond to the call," he said.

There could have been a murder for all we know. I've back the lot of them."

Police handling of serious crimes against children came under scrutiny earlier this year in the Richard

report. It looked at the 2002 murders of 11-year-olds Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman in Soham, 40 miles from Mile Cross, and found two forces guilty of major failings.

Humberdale lost or deleted crucial files which would have revealed killer Ian Huntley's predatory nature with young girls, while Cambridgeshire failed to ask Humberdale for information about him.

Kristina Raines, a spokesman for Norfolk Police, said: "An internal inquiry to assess whether we delivered the correct service has been put in place and any lessons learned will be acted upon."

"Dedicated officers are working hard on this case."

DAVENPORT, Iowa—Authorities in the Quad Cities have launched a manhunt for a man deemed sexually violent who was accidentally released from custody.

Police said Greg Allen White, 31, of Moline, is a sexual predator who is armed and dangerous and probably is in the Quad Cities.

White was set free last week after posting 10 percent of \$5,000 bail in Will County for an aggravated battery charge that resulted from a scuffle with a jailer.

The judge in Joliet who set the bond reportedly was unaware of White's status as a sexually violent person who should not have been released, police said.

White has pleaded guilty or has been convicted of aggravated criminal sexual abuse twice in 10 years in Rock Island County. One victim was younger than 13 and another was between 13 and 16, court records show.

White also has felony sex-crime convictions in two other counties.

In September 2001, a Rock Island County jury found White to be a sexually violent person, court records show.

When he failed to appear for a scheduled status hearing Friday in Rock Island County, authorities in Will County acknowledged the mistake.

Bail was reset at \$1 million and an all-points-bulletin was released to notify police that White probably is back in the Quad Cities.

He has family members who live in Moline, police said.

A former Roman Catholic priest pleaded guilty Thursday to possessing thousands of computer images of boys as young as 14 engaged in sexually explicit conduct.

Vincent McCaffrey faces less than 3 years in prison for the child pornography conviction, but prosecutors intend to seek a much longer sentence by showing he sexually abused an undisclosed number of children over the years, according to court records.

Assistant U.S. Atty. T. Marcia Funk asked that as much as one to two weeks be set aside for a sentencing hearing—presumably so that victims can testify against McCaffrey.

McCaffrey pleaded guilty "blind"—without an agreement with prosecutors as to his likely sentence—to two counts of child pornography.

McCaffrey was removed as an associate pastor from a South Side parish in 1991 after several allegations of sexual misconduct from years earlier were made against him, a spokesman for the Chicago archdiocese said Thursday. He resigned as a priest in 1993.

In court Thursday, Funk revealed that among the thousands of pornographic images were some showing boys engaged in sadomasochistic activity—being beaten, bound and gagged and locked in cages.

In a search of McCaffrey's Chicago condominium in June, federal agents found more than 2,500 images of child pornography in his computer and on CD-ROM discs as well as nine printouts under his mattress, Funk said.

Funk was about to detail the sexual molestation allegations against the former priest when McCaffrey's lawyer objected and U.S. District Judge John Darrah agreed that remarks should be limited to the child pornography charges.

According to a court filing by the government, prosecutors have interviewed "a number of individuals" who have accused McCaffrey of sexually abusing them.

The filing indicated that prosecutors, in an effort to obtain a lengthier sentence for McCaffrey, intend to show he "engaged in a pattern of sexual exploitation of minors."

At a bond hearing in June, Funk said prosecutors were aware of as many as seven possible victims.

McCaffrey then was ordered held without bond.

At the time of his removal from Our Lady of Good Counsel, the archdiocese said that the alleged sexual abuse took place sometime earlier when McCaffrey was assigned at another Chicago-area parish.

Following his 1978 ordination, McCaffrey worked as associate pastor at St. Victor in Calumet City from mid-1978 until 1982; at St. Joseph the Worker Parish in Wheeling until December 1987; at St. Josaphat on Chicago's North Side until June 1989; and then at Our Lady of Good Counsel, McDonough said.

Rev. Martin O'Donovan, then pastor of Our Lady of Good Counsel, said at the time the sexual abuse allegations surfaced that he knew of the accusations against his seminary classmate when he accepted McCaffrey as associate pastor but told only one other parish member.

Elissa Brown, special agent in charge of the Customs Service's Office of Investigations in Chicago, said New Zealand authorities uncovered child pornography Web sites there and discovered through bank and credit card records that McCaffrey had been a subscriber for more than two months last year.

SHE was just 13. A fresh-faced girl still waiting for her first kiss. A carefree child cycling home through the woods on a summer's day.

Until the moment she pedalled past a lone rambler—and smiled at him.

Within the next 30 terrifying minutes the youngster would grow up beyond all recognition.

Her innocent childhood would be brutally battered out of existence beneath the beating fists of the snarling, grunting monster that was Antoni Imiela, the M25 rapist.

But through it all she would discover within herself astonishing resources of courage way beyond the reach of her tender years.

Today Imiela's victim in the woods (who we'll call Jo to protect her identity) speaks for the first time in harrowing detail of how the fiend-jailer for life seven times last week—raped her as she cried for her mum.

And how she thought she was in for the same fate as another tragic girl who had lived only a few miles away from her.

"I thought I was going to die like Milly Dowler," whispers Jo, who is telling her story because she wants the world to know just how evil Imiela is.

"Her disappearance was all over the news then. I thought this is it. I'm next. But I wasn't going to go without a fight. I told him, 'You make me sick, you disgust me!' He told me to shut up but I said, 'Don't you tell me to shut up'.

I kept saying to myself, 'I'm going to survive this and get home to see my mum'. I was screaming but there were no tears—I hadn't time to cry."

Astonishingly Jo kept such a presence of mind throughout her ordeal that she remembered every horrific detail—and was able to give vital clues to police hunting the serial rapist who claimed at least eight victims.

Her nightmare began as she cycled to her home near Pyrford Common, Surrey—just 9 miles from where Milly disappeared. Jo had been out horse riding with her older sister during the summer holidays of 2002.

"We'd both cycled to the stables but my sister got a lift home," says Jo. "I decided to ride back alone. Looking back I wish I'd accepted the lift."

"I took a short cut through the woods. That's where I saw him."

"I am a friendly person so I smiled at him but he dropped his head and ignored me. I cycled past him and the next thing I know a hand comes from behind and covers my mouth."

Married father Imiela—who raped two 10-year-old girls—had his next young victim in his grasp.

"He was so strong he yanked me off my bike. I couldn't breathe. I thought, 'This can't be happening to me. That's when I thought of Milly Dowler.'"

Amanda Dowler—known as Milly—was from nearby Watlington-on-Thames. Her body was found seven months after she disappeared outside a station. She too was 13—and Imiela is to be questioned over her murder.

To make sure Jo didn't get a description of him, he pulled her jumper over her head.

"As he carried me into the woods he said, 'Any smart tricks and I will kill you. I'll break your bloody neck'. He then dumped me

on the ground, told me to strip and take off my riding boots. But I refused and said they were too tight. I just wanted to keep putting obstacles in his way so he couldn't rape me."

"I even told him I had a medical problem but he wouldn't stop. I said, 'Are you going to kill me?' and he described something he was going to do to me. I felt sick."

Jo pauses—tears flood her eyes as the appalling memories flood back. "He asked how old I was. When I told him he said, 'That's a lovely age'. He even asked if I was a virgin. I couldn't believe that. I knew nothing about sex. I was very innocent."

Imiela tugged off Jo's boots and her clothing and punched her in the stomach to force her to submit to him. As the sick rapist closed in on her, brave Jo tried to focus her thoughts on survival.

"I just kept on fighting. I thought if I can get him to talk some more I might make him feel guilty or make him slip up and tell me something about himself."

"I asked if he had a wife and children. He said no. I asked, 'Do you live here?' and his grip tightened. He said, 'Stop being nosy'."

When the rape was over, Imiela threatened to tie the trembling 13-year-old to a tree but she begged him not to. He ran off.

Jo says: "When I couldn't hear him any more I peeped out from my jumper. I pulled on my clothes and ran through the woods carrying my boots. I didn't even notice the twigs digging into my feet. All I wanted was my mum."

Jo spotted a man with his dog and ran into his arms. She adds: "I said 'I've been raped' and he held me saying, 'You're safe now'."

Jo, now 14, was able to provide crucial evidence at the trial of 49-year-old railway worker Imiela from the glimpses she had

of him before the attack. She described his stocky body and piggy eyes.

Her only regret is that, because of her age, she had to give her evidence by video link.

"I wanted to see him in the dock," she insists. "I felt cheated. I had to go through all this pain and suffering because of him but they were telling me I would find it too upsetting to go to court."

Now, in the aftermath, Jo and her family have moved from Surrey to Devon to give her a fresh start. She suffered months of nightmares and weeks getting over her horrific injuries.

Describing how she felt when the shock wore off, she says: "I was bruised, scratched and torn. With every step I could feel pain."

The mental scars will take longer to heal. "I'm too scared to go out on my own," she admits. "I'm always watching my back—but I will fight my way through this."

No one who knows Jo doubts it. But today, at the gateway to adulthood, she still clings to the shattered pieces of the childhood Imiela destroyed that day.

One is a Beanie bear Jo calls Sunshine. She is cuddling him now—like little children do.

"A detective gave him to me after my examination to cheer me up," says Jo with a brave smile. "I take him everywhere now. I can't sleep without him. He makes me feel safe."

THE family of a third schoolgirl claim that vital child pornography evidence against Soham detective Brian Stevens was ignored.

The teenager alleges she saw an obscene picture of a child on the computer of the officer who was cleared on Wednesday of child porn charges and sexually assaulting two girls.

The third girl, now 17, said he claimed the image was there as part of his work, although police are not allowed to have such images at home.

The allegation would contradict Detective Constable Stevens's defence that he did not know any porn was on his computer.

Her claim has triggered fresh calls for an inquiry into the handling of the prosecution of the 42-year-old, who walked free after a string of blunders by police and prosecutors.

Stevens was the liaison officer assigned to the family of ten-year-old Jessica Chapman after she went missing with Holly Wells from Soham, Cambridgeshire, a year ago.

Prosecutors offered no evidence against him on charges of indecently assaulting two schoolgirls—one aged 13 and known only as Girl A and one aged 14, known as Girl B—and distributing and possessing child pornography.

The unused evidence came from a third pupil, Girl C, who was a regular visitor to Stevens's home as a friend of

his 16-year-old daughter Rachel. Girl C's father said: "We were very worried my daughter would have to give evidence, but then we were told the prosecution had so much on him, it wasn't necessary. Then out of the blue, we got a call telling us the charges were going to be dropped. We couldn't believe it."

The teenager and her family live a short stroll away from the 2130,000 four-bed executive home of Stevens and his 34-year-old second wife Jane in March, Cambridgeshire.

About three months before his arrest, my daughter claimed she and Rachel had found a pornographic picture on Brian's computer. 'Girl C's' father continued.

'We thought it was adult porn and changed the subject. A few months later Stevens's house was raided.

'I began to put two and two together and asked my daughter what the picture was of.

'She claimed it was a young girl. But she said Rachel had asked her father about it and he said it was to do with his police work. I was sickened.'

Meanwhile, a senior source at West Midlands Police, which investigated Stevens, said detectives are furious that vital evidence was not used.

'Girl C made her allegation, we investigated it and it was put forward as evidence,' said the insider. 'Why the Crown Prosecution Service chose not to use this, I cannot guess.'

Last night Chris Sims, Deputy Chief Constable of West Midlands Police pointedly suggested that prosecutors should have adjourned the case instead of abandoning it.

Cambridgeshire police sources also expressed their outrage that Stevens had walked free without the evidence being tested in court. His trial collapsed after defence challenges to the evidence of a prosecution expert on computer and telephone records. The case had begun after Stevens's name and credit card details were found by U.S. officials on a child porn website.

Child porn was found on his laptop and he admitted going into Net chatrooms posing as a 13-year-old girl and sending pictures to strangers.

The three schoolgirls also independently gave statements against him.

Yesterday, it also emerged that a young relative of Stevens had been charged with sending intimidating text messages to potential schoolgirl witnesses against the officer.

The case collapsed after the relative denied sending the messages while admitting having used the phone.

Stevens's defence since his arrest in September, after six weeks of high-profile work on the Soham inquiry, was that someone else used his credit card without his permission.

Yesterday, the detective was back at his home with his wife Jane, son Ian, 19, a soldier, and daughter Rachel. He is off work, but is on full police pay. Later, his lawyer Alasdair Carnegie said in a statement: 'Stevens was aware his children were using chatrooms and was concerned regarding the types of people they might meet.'

'Stevens, therefore, entered chatrooms and it became clear that there were many people online who were not what they seemed. He reported these individuals to AOL (Internet Arm America On Line) and banned his children from using chatrooms.'

But when asked why Stevens e-mailed pictures to other chatroom users, he paused before saying: 'I cannot comment on that.'

Mr Carnegie could also not comment on Girl C's statement that Stevens had claimed he had child porn on his computer for his work.

Last night, the angry families of Girl A and Girl B said they would step up their efforts to launch a private prosecution or civil case for damages.

'Suing Stevens wouldn't be about the money, it would be about proving our daughters didn't lie,' said Girl A's mother.

'It makes us sick every time we see his grinning face and someone saying

Here, at long last, is the end of Your Pal John's trilogy of terror—a look at the aching archives of kinky Kellie Everts!

Everts, a legendary stripper, is now mainly an extroverted pervert video producer-director. With her amateur antics, she's become den mother to the nation's wimps. Men weak of will but strong of libido beg Kellie to film their direst, dumbest, most disgusting fantasies. And she does, usually in the "interactive" mode. The model talks directly into the camera, taunting, teasing and tormenting via low porn action and loopy production values.

True, Kellie's vids sometimes feature wobbly camera work, weird soundtrack music and wooden recitation, but Your Pal John also knows that desperate denizens will get a woody anyway. That's 'cause you can fast-forward the excesses and find legitimately lurid moments of fetish mayhem to foam your fist over.

In the past two weeks, I've covered some of Kellie's favorite subjects, like women smoking cigars, crushing and smothering plastic Ken dolls and shoving their butts into the camera for interactive kiss-the-screen ass worship. Oh, but there's much more in the Kellie catalog! Big Mama to any infantile wet dream, she's covered:

Broadway Foot Stomping: You get to look up and grovel as a curly slut in tight skirt, white bra and boa flounces and dances to "Surrey With the Fringe on Top" and other favorites from *Oklahoma!* Thanks to video close-ups, you can wank away as her silvery high heels pound right in front of your hapless nose! So spend \$69 for "Barefoot Ballet," which also includes a leggy classical dance in bare feet. Her dancing is not, frankly, Fonteyn (more like Frank Fontaine) but it should strike a Nureyev with any dweeb desperately dewy-dicked over haughty dancers.

Foot Lotion and Pedicuring: A dark-haired Cruella offers craven, sneering wisecracks as she slides cream all over her legs and says, "Look at these strong calves. Aren't they beautiful? You long to rub your cock up and down them, don't you? Ha ha ha ha ha! Not without my permission!" The camera (at grovel level, of course) zooms in when she touches up her toenail paint! Tee-manias paying \$79 for "Lucia" will get their kicks.

Parting: A babe who looks like any bored blonde waitress from un-Friendly's gets on her tummy and shows off her bulging rear. She flexes her cheeks and...Brrf! Brrf! Thhhpput! Okay, somebody's making semi-realistic fart noises

off-camera, but if you're a true Gas O'Loon you'll be jerking off anyway, your foul and feverish brain making the fantasy real. It's \$125 for "Farting and Smoking" (so high-priced because the tape also features smoking, gals with dildos and some other fetishes too disgusting to name!).

Hairy Crotch Posing: Fans for this fetish will be hairy-palmed from jerking off, reliving the trauma of gazing at a very hairy gash just like mama's! The aptly named \$69 "Kellie's Gorilla Crotch" also includes spread shots and big butt shots from middle-aged Everts and, little man, you will be frightened!

Nostalgic White Panty Posing: Still hung up on the untouchable girls you never got in school? Watch "Gold and Summer." Pretty, pouty, Southern-looking "Gold La Mer" dances around in white bra and panties to "Let's Go to the Hop" and other oldies. She desultorily shunts her goodies into your video face, her look of bored contempt quite suitable considering that you paid \$89 for this tape and she probably did it for not much more.

Food Dominating: The last 40 minutes of "Gold and Summer" features a nasty blonde: "I want you to take chocolate syrup and just rub it all up and down your legs. Rub it right in. I want you to take a bowl of brownie mix and just dump it over your head. Let it all drip around, all the way from your head down to your toes." She also demands you take a VCR and smash it with a baseball bat. With this tape still inside? If you like being ordered around, you are hereby ordered to spend \$89 on "Gold and Summer."

Oh, there's plenty more: spanking, plastic-doll torture, threatened castration, raised-skirt poses, a woman who models a dozen bras, Kellie shoving her chocolate pudding covered butt in a slave's face. If you have an odd kink, chances are that Kellie Everts has tried to do the nasty with it—in her own nutsy way.

And if, in my three-part review, you haven't found exactly what you need, you CAN get it on a custom-made video, as long as the theme is "I am a pathetic wimp hung up on a ridiculous fetish that causes me great shame but even greater sexual release." And you can get Kellie—still zaffig and threateningly attractive—or any one of her bevy of young ballbusters to star in it. So if mainstream videos do nothing for you, career away off the beat-off path and give your money to Kellie Everts, Box 45, Orono, NY 13826.

I'll tell you the three most horrible words in the English language: "To be continued." Especially when it's at the end of an Al Goldstein porn-star interview. Well, vengeance is mine, sayeth John Milton!

Here, *to be continued*, is a chronicle of some of the latest fetish videos from Kellie Everts, porn's answer to Ed Wood. Ed, subject of a Disney movie and a woman-worshipping transvestite, made amateurish but compelling movies full of odd fetishistic notions and twisted philosophy. Kellie, a bosomy ex-stripper, also believes women should be worshipped—via amateurish but compelling movies full of odd fetishistic notions and twisted philosophy.

She hires white-trash amateurs who could easily stand in for Amy Fisher or Tonya Harding and stars 'em in dozens of gyno-supremacist videos. Some are loopy mistress-slave psychodramas while others are solo poses for one-to-one video domination. You jerk while they call you a jerk! All have Kellie's trademark wavering hand-held camerawork and no editing of moments when the amateur girls look off-camera for coaching or mark time repeating themselves while trying to ad-lib more nasty things to say.

This week, we peer at a pair of perplexing Kellie fetish faves: dominant women smoking and/or crushing plastic dolls and pretending to be giants!

"Anna and Camilla" features an hour each for a brunette and blonde to smoke and pose. The brunette, in a long gown, imperiously smokes cigarettes while the camera grovels at her feet. She gives way to a nasty blonde who dances around in a leotard waving her cigarette, blowing smoke into the camera. At least this one becomes Smokey the Bear when she strips down to wave both her butts at the camera. The two girls do so much tobacco lobbying this tape could get an endorsement from Bob Dole. Why, he might even jerk off to it—and with his bad hand, no doubt. That is, if he's very hung up on watching women smoke and sneer into the camera! Soundtrack: classical music throughout. The two-hour tape is \$99.

"Smoke Lust" is a winner: eight different girls perform solo turns, all smoking cigarettes or cigars, all dressed in odd fetish outfits. Best of all, instead of music playing, most of 'em go nuts with ad-libbed dialog. One girl stares at you, smokes, then throws a toy doll on the floor and starts stomping on it, shouting "Smash! Smash! Boon! Squash!"

Another imperiously exhales and taunts, "I'm going to tie you up! I'm going to beat you! I'm going to spank you! I'm going to humiliate and dominate you! Because I am your goddess!" One amateur, hot but not adept at ad-libs, stands around posing while Kellie Everts supplies the voice-over: "She will blow smoke all over you!"

One fetish-dressed fantasy freakette with a Bette Davis hat, a cigarette in one hand and a barbell in the other, fumes about her unseen slave, "I'm gonna make him suck his dick! He makes me so sick! He's gonna wish he never met me! Men! They're all stupid! They don't know! Damn flies! I'm gonna kill them and make him eat them for dinner tonight!" Ed Wood couldn't have written it better. Watch these upstate New York upstarts get uppity and you'll give it up all over your lap—and be as ashamed of yourself as you should be. The tape runs 90 minutes and costs \$74.

"Goddess of the Year" is 100 minutes long, costs \$89 and features groveling camera angles while a leggy blonde named Gold models her best lace slip and poses in bra and panties and high heels. If you like mistress-slave interactive videos, you'll love to follow her ad-libbed orders: "Get on the floor in front of me so I can step all over you! I control you!"

Like a typical Ed Wood film, one minute it's thrills, next it's silliness. Leave it to bizarre Madame Everts to have a scene where Gold nastily poses in fetish wear—while cheery French operetta music plays, loaded with screechy sopranos and bellowing tenors! Then there's the doll angle: a half hour of Gold tormenting a naked male doll, slapping it and crushing it under her pantied ass. She says: "Look at me, so big and powerful. Look at you. You are nothing! You are little! I am everything!" But if you believed that the flying saucers, sets and dialog were real in *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, you might imagine yourself as the hapless toy in this scene and toy with yourself, too.

"I Crush You Flat" has both smoking and doll torture as a dominatrix smokes cigarettes, posing in black spandex while standing over the camera. Later, wearing six-inch heels, she walks on a floor full of toy dolls: "Get out of my way! I sit on you!" While beating a male doll she cries, "I'm definitely enjoying this!" You might, too, if you have a smoking/little-helpless-man fetish! Less than any headshrinker, it's just \$59 for 65 minutes of therapy!

Strange? You ain't seen nothing yet. Wait for next week's odd offerings from Kellie Everts, Box 45, Owaquaga, NY 13826.

To be continued....

A lot of porn videos just make you want to puke.

Here's one that beats you to it, because the producers of *Vomir* figure you're the kind of pervert who would beat off to the sight of a punkette wretch retching.

The 40-minute gagfest begins with the heroine (who looks as if she might have dropped the "e" at the end of that word) staring into the camera. She's got a blonde mop of hair, sleeplessly unfocused eyes and she keeps making gagging noises. This could almost be an MTV video for The Cranberries, except this girl is now letting a viscous trail of silvery, mucoidal goo seep from her mouth.

She's sitting in a chair with a guy alongside her. He's got his arms around her throat and he's gently choking her. She responds by choking his chicken for him at the same time, sort of a variation on the old asphyxiation/sex game. You know that one: a guy tries to jerk off and hang himself at the same time, cutting off his air supply by squeezing closed his throat while spurting out his come supply by squeezing his dick. A real thrill even if he's not well hung at either end.

Here, a perverted Beavis chokes his female Butt-Head instead of himself; because, hey, it's a lot safer that way! He's not going to accidentally kill himself. And not only is he getting horny, she is, too! The blood's really pumping to his dick head. And by choking her, less blood reaches his girl's head, which makes her all woozy and horny. Finally she sticks her mouth down on his cock, the better to really choke herself.

It's a dirty, dire scene. You see the skag sit there nude, slavishly leaning forward, while the guy is giving her a hard facefuck. She makes slurpy noises, gasps, unprongs herself to catch her breath, then impales herself again. She loves to deep throat; her mouth meshed into his pubes.

If she's going to leave this world, she wants to do it choking on her master's dick. And he's helping her along, rocking his hips back and forth, making sure that his cockhead is pelting her uvula, bringing her closer to an orgasmic chokefest. She keeps sucking and sucking.

This scene goes on for 10 minutes—so long the scrawny dude actually begins dragging on a cigarette. When things get to be too much of a drag, he eases her off his dick and ritually chokes her with both hands, rattling her sleepy head, along with whatever proportion of mosh pit and brain there is within it.

She sucks some more, full throttle. "Spit," he whispers. She slides her wet lips off his dick and obediently p'toots a moist M&M of phlegm onto his tool. Then she does five more minutes sucking, drooling and gagging as she deep throats him and tries to breathe, her nostril hairs now pubic. She's making the kind of grinding noises that will have you rushing to check if your sink garbage disposal is full of chicken bones.

But this chick only needs one bone. He pulls out at last and squirts his spuzz toward her mouth and chin as she sits and waits. But her chin is already decorated with a long gooeey strand of post-nasal and post-blowjob drip.

Next up, five solid minutes of the camera staring into the girl's face as she opens her yap, lolls her tongue and desperately tries to puke. Spiky blonde hair frames a contorted face; rubbery lips flex and slurp; the throat makes retching noises. Are you jerking off to this—or just wondering, "Whatever became of Billy Idol?"

Finally the camera pans back a little. She's in a t-shirt and panties; hands on hips; curved over. And she's still making slowly, agonized gag noises, her nauseous, wasted face framed by the blonde hair. She looks like a sloth coughing up a furball. And you know how long it takes for a sloth to do anything.

The minutes drag by as one silvery, pendulous snert of raunch reitsyn wriggles from the tip of her tongue. "Yeah, yeahh," her man raves from behind his camera. For another five minutes, she keeps some kind of runny, oozy stream of perverted Pennzoil sizzling in a snail trail from her esophagus to her lips. As her eyes go to half mast, her body wobbles and she utters little open-mouthed groans, the crippled creek thickens on her croaking lips. A

heavier flow comes out. Then, the flow becomes thinner again and, like beads of dew shining on a strand of spider web, tiny snot knots shimmer in her saliva stream.

She sticks her finger in her mouth and moves it over her tongue, faster and faster. She sticks her tongue out, her face a mask of misery, her throat gurgling. She convulses out another frothy spasm. She heaves a little more. She swallows. Her tongue momentarily curls inside her mouth like a turtle head returning to its shell, then she hurtles another warm gob load down her chin, staring directly at YOU.

For another five minutes she scuffs her finger over her tongue, wiping her snotty digit around her lips, retching till tears come to her eyes and drip down her cheeks.

And the finale? Now she's on her hands and knees on a dirty, roach-flecked tile floor. She seems to be topless, and her panties are askew on her ass, but it's hard to tell. But do you really need nudity? Of course not. The *mise-en-scene* of this oeuvre, the didactic underpinnings in this cinematic Schadenfreude only involve her visual threnody and thus, does not require nudity. Not if you only want to jerk off watching a humiliated mongrel girl barf.

The blonde skeeve shoves two fingers down her throat far enough to uncork a spurting mouthful of brown sauce. She slams her fingers in again till another spasm spatters into the yellow plastic stop bucket in front of her. A dozen times or more, she makes herself burp-gasp and cough-retch gastric gravy. Soon there's enough soiled tan muck in that bowl to funnel into an entire empty bottle of Snapple Iced Tea. And who'd know the difference?

"I came in my pants," her man whispers. If it's not true love, it's Courtney Love.

Does a drawer in your bedroom night table contain barf bags instead of scumbags? Then pay the steep \$65 for Vomit. Send the cash, or a postal money order (no checks) to Deron Slapin, Box 102, Clifton, NJ 07011-0102.

Rousted from bed at 7 a.m. after oversleeping, Ashley Pond threw on Tommy Hilfiger jeans, a spaghetti-strap shirt and a sweatshirt. Yelling, "Bye, Mom, I love you," she dashed out the door of their Oregon City apartment to walk a quarter mile to the bus stop. It would be late afternoon before her mother realized that Ashley, a 12-year-old seventh grader, never made it to school.

In coming days news of the disappearance shook the working-class town of Oregon City. Parents urged their children to travel in pairs. Police distributed flyers about Ashley and posted signs encouraging residents to phone a hot line with tips. But as the weeks passed, calls to the hot line dwindled, and most precautions fell by the wayside. Life for everyone but the Pond family began to return to normal.

Two months later, on March 8, Miranda Gaddis, 13, another seventh grader who lived in the same apartment complex, hurried to get ready

for school. Tossing on rhinestone jeans and a hooded sweatshirt, she exchanged "love ya's," with her mother before heading for the bus stop. She never got there. Somehow, just like Ashley, on an ordinary morning in broad daylight, within 500 yards of her home, Miranda Gaddis vanished.

Despite the efforts of a joint task force of up to 40 FBI agents and local officers, authorities can as yet do little more than speculate that the two girls were kidnapped by the same person—and marvel at the brazenness of the crime. "Two girls, two times, in broad daylight," says Clint Van Zandt, a former FBI profiler. "Either the perpetrator is awful damn lucky or he's done this before."

The abductions have resulted in "the biggest criminal investigation this city has ever seen," says Oregon City Police Chief Gordon Huiras. Yet that has done little to calm the fears of this Portland suburb's 26,000 residents. "People are being told it could be someone nearby," says Michele Knoph, 46, who lives in the same complex with her 12-year-old son Patrick.

On the mornings both girls disappeared, residents in the 125-unit Newell Creek Village apartments reported nothing amiss. They heard no shouts, noticed no signs of a scuffle. Yet the girls' loved ones insist that neither teen would have gotten into an unfamiliar car or surrendered to a stranger without a struggle. "Miranda is a tough little girl," says her youth pastor Ken Swatman. "Miranda would have fought." And Ashley? "She would have put up a tremendous fight," says her mother, Lori Pond, 29.

Such certainty has convinced Oregon City residents that the girls knew the kidnapper—and that the perpetrator is still living in their midst. That fear has put local residents in the uncomfortable position of eyeing each other warily, even as they reach out to comfort and reassure one another. "It's

scary to talk with anyone," says Katrina Ellicott, 12, who is on the dance team at Gardiner Middle School with both girls. "Someone says hi, and you just want to run."

Investigators concede that they've made no headway on the case. After fielding some 3,200 tips and interviewing thousands of people, including 90 percent of the registered sex offenders in the Portland metro area, Charles Mathews, who heads the FBI field office in Oregon, says, "We have no information as to where they are or what happened to them." Absent a body, a crime scene or any forensic evidence, investigators and profilers from FBI headquarters in Quantico, Va., are focusing on the brashest aspects of the case: the repetition of a crime at the same time of day in the same place. "It is something that even to our behavioral scientists is unique in their experience," he says.

Though Mathews will not speculate whether the girls are alive or if they knew their abductor, he does believe "we're dealing with the same individual responsible for both acts." He also says, "There likely will be more victims."

Former FBI profiler Van Zandt says authorities are most likely looking for a white male in his mid-30s with limited education and a trail of broken relationships with women. "He's choosing children young enough to entice and intimidate," he says. "If he confronted an adult female, he would feel inadequate." He says that two men may have staged the abductions together. "It's very difficult for one person to use force on an individual when he has to drive a car," concurs Robert Ressler, also a former profiler. Both men see parallels with an unsolved case involving the disappearances of three teenage girls in 1996 and 1997 in Spotsylvania County, Va. As yet, the FBI has been unable to establish a link.

In Oregon City investigators continue to sift through the many parallels between the two girls, hunting for clues. Both stand about 5'4" tall, weigh 110 lbs. and have brown eyes and a long tangle of hair. In addition to living in the same complex, attending the same school and competing on the same dance team, each is one of several children being raised by a single mother. Both are estranged from a father who has had run-ins with the law. "We have no evidence that leads us to believe anyone connected with either family is involved," says Police Chief Huiras.

On the day Ashley disappeared, not quite two months shy of her 13th

birthday, the school never phoned to report her absence. Lori Pond, a stay-at-home mom, was unaware that anything was wrong until Ashley failed to return home that afternoon. After waiting several hours, she called the police and told a dispatcher, "She's 12. Ashley would never run away."

Initially police suspected otherwise. That evening they interviewed only Pond and did not search the apartment complex, waiting until the next morning to assign a detective. In coming days the picture they developed was no doubt confusing. Pond, on the one hand, insists that she and her daughter were inseparable, sharing passions for Nintendo, karaoke and bike riding. "She always had to be right next to me," says Pond, who has two other daughters, ages 11 and 7, "I couldn't turn around without my Ashley there."

Yet several of Ashley's friends, Miranda among them, initially whispered among themselves that Ashley had probably taken off. Pond says that the occasional mother-daughter strains were nothing more than typical teen stuff. She also says that in recent months Ashley had grown excited about the baby boy Pond is expecting any day now with her fiancé, James Keightley, 35, a warehouse worker who is also Ashley's godfather.

After two days police began to suspect an abduction. Yet it would be another week before they called in the FBI—a nine-day delay that has drawn criticism from some experts. "Time was lost there," says John Walsh of FOX's *America's Most Wanted*, which has featured the case twice. Justice statistics indicate that 75 percent of all kidnapped children who do not survive an abduction are killed within three hours of being snatched. "After 48 hours the chances of getting the victim back are pretty slim," says Van Zandt.

It was Det. Viola Valenzuela-Garcia who contacted the FBI, concerned that she did not have enough experience to unravel the mystery. In charge of the Pond search since the day after Ashley disappeared, the petite detective has worked the case tirelessly every day since. "I take my beeper with me everywhere," says Valenzuela-Garcia, the mother of a 12-year-old son. "It's on my bedside table and even on the sink when I shower."

Miranda took the abduction particularly hard. Though her relationship with Ashley had drifted over the years, recently the two girls had grown friendlier. "Miranda stopped eating and lost weight," says her mother, Michelle Duffey, 34. Miranda spoke poignantly about Ashley in a local TV interview, and when the school dance team decided to stage a March 23 benefit to raise money to aid in Ashley's search, Miranda threw herself into choreographing a solo routine. Then she, like most people in town, began to relax her guard.

Two weeks before the benefit, on a day when school had an early dismissal, Miranda was scheduled to walk with a friend to the home of her dance coach Sharonda Garrett, whose four kids Miranda often babysat. When the friend called Duffey at work, asking where Miranda was, Duffey immediately phoned the school, only to learn that the second

oldest of her four children had never shown up that day. At around 5 p.m. she went to the police. Within minutes two officers were assigned to the case. By 11:30 the FBI was on Duffey's doorstep.

From the start, friends and family dismissed the notion that Miranda had run away. Although she wears makeup and can look older than 13, they said she is neither flirtatious nor likely to be seduced by a strange man. "She would freak out if a boy touched her," says Garrett, recalling how Miranda once berated a boy so harshly after he snapped her bra strap that Garrett thought she was going to punch him. Swatman, who runs the Tuesday-night youth group that Miranda attended at the Oregon City Christian Church, says that any stranger who tried to grab her "would have lost a finger or eye."

Now in Oregon City "everyone is scared," says Miranda's best friend, Brock Ketterling, 12. "It feels like it's pitch black and dark and sad." Valenzuela-Garcia was so distraught that she lopped off her waist-length hair. "I just didn't know what to do," she says. "I couldn't cut off a limb."

Since then police have set up road blocks and searched and researched the apartment complex with dogs. Billboards exhorting people to phone the police hot line remain in place, as do a \$50,000 reward offered by the FBI and a \$10,000 reward posted by an anonymous donor. Throughout the school district, officials have deployed

extra security guards. Gardiner Middle School has brought in extra counselors and offered self-defense programs. At Newell Creek Village, school buses now drive right in and stop every few buildings, sparing kids the short walk to the road.

Even so, many parents walk their kids to the bus or drive their kids to school. Lisa Ellicott, 33, mother of the missing girls' dance pal Katrina, lets her six kids sleep with her and, school aside, rarely lets them out of her sight. "I don't even let the kids go to the mailbox alone," she says. As summer approaches, dance-team member Robyn Speaks, 14, worries how she will cope without school walls to keep her safe. "I can't be a normal teenager," she says. "Everything is different." Some Newell Creek tenants have broken their leases and moved out.

Pond would like to do the same but plans to stay put until she knows what happened to Ashley. "Every day is a struggle," she says. "It's like you're missing a piece of you."

For a while Duffey and her children spent nights at the home of dance coach Garrett, but they now have returned to their apartment. Marissa, 15, sleeps with Miranda's pillow. Miriah, 11, has taken to wearing Miranda's clothes. Jason Jr., 10, keeps a picture of his sister nearby. For Duffey, who most days wears the hair clip Miranda handed her the morning she disappeared, trust has become a distant memory. "You can say you wouldn't think your friend or neighbor would do this, but you don't know," she says. "I'm scared for my other kids."

Over the months shock has given way to a sadness that often leaves Duffey in tears and unable to go to work. "It's hitting me more," she says. "I realize how long it's been, and she's still gone." Miranda, who fantasized about becoming an actress or a model, "wanted to be known," Duffey says softly. "She didn't want to be known like this."

It's time for part two of my look at the plethora of porn from the amateur filth factory of Christ's Everts. That's Kellie Everts, one-time "Stripper for God" and now a feathery video producer-director.

Anticipating your hoots of dismay, I say, KISS MY ASS. Or rather, the butto of Kellie's hairy of big-assed beauties.

Ass worship is a fetish that gets a big workout when Madame Everts gets behind the camera. In "Kiss My German Ass," a shaggy-haired blonde sports a skin-tight white dress as she bends over, displaying her hassocky heimie. As bombastic classical music blares on a boom box and Kellie's wavering camera zooms up from floor level, the butt-babe bops around Kellie's apartment doing plenty of bent-over posing. A switch to a yellow dress, and it's the same thing: eccentric dead-on dead-ass shots of a looming butt twitching just above the camera. Tight dresses with no nudity—but, is being naked necessary if you're a fetishist failure hung up on flank fat?

Well, in case you do want nudity, wait for the second half of the show as "Goddess Camilla" (resembling Jamie Lee Curtis crossed with Tonya Harding) goes from an orange bra-and-panty set to total nudity. She watches herself on an off-screen TV monitor as she does a variety of bends and ultimately shoves her bare butt right into the camera. The camera is always at ground-level for an upward, worshipful worm's-eye view. Elvis is playing on Kellie's boom box, with Kellie grabbing a mike to add some narration: "Kiss her ass, you scumbag. Yes, this is Camilla's ass-kissin' Elvis tape. The wonder of Camilla!" It costs \$99 for the two-hour show, which has a special bonus: nostalgia-value footage of busty Kellie herself on horseback at the tender age of 19. (Yes, it is a silent movie, but D.W. Griffith was busy with *Birth of a Nation* and wasn't available to direct.)

For a more "interactive" tape, buy "Gold and Dandy Dominate With Ass." Pouty, white-trash Gold, looking like a young Hillary Clinton, dances around in her black G-string panties. As the camera sinks low to get a more slavish look, she announces, "You are a slave to my ass. Tell me how much you want this. You can't get anything better 'cause this is the best! Take one good look at it! Look how round it is. This is the most beautiful ass you have ever seen. You cannot get any better. This is the best. It's time for you to get on your knees and kiss it. Worship it. It's everything you need, it's everything you want."

And when you see the extreme close-ups of those plump cheeks, with just a thong bikini to separate them and keep you out of her cunt, you might very well agree—and not with a bang, but a jerk-off whimper.

Later, the trashy heartbreaker puts on

cut-off jeans that expose plenty of cheek, undulating and bouncing for the camera while Del Shannon sings "Runaway." If this was on MTV, Del would have a hit. And if Kellie played this tape in front of Del's grave, he'd come back to life. Later, Gold models a white-lace panty while wielding a whip. The music plays "Big Girls Don't Cry." That's right: They laugh all the way to the bank thanks to Little Wimps Who Beg.

This 90-minute ass-worship sin-agog show is \$69—and there's more to it than just Gold. The last half hour has black-haired Dandy, a meanie who does skin-tight black catsuit poses, shoving her black spandexed ass into the camera, expecting YOU to blow many a hapless kiss. She even wields an eight-foot whip at YOU (the camera) while screaming, "Like it! Like it!"

Unlike the agonizing Gold, Dandy takes pity and actually strips down to show bare ass. She arches her back and displays her cheeks, coyly writhing from side to side inviting your pathetic cries of devotion and orgasm. She even flashes a bit of gash, or *gashette*, since she has a set of tiny-bud pussy lips. But just when you think she may actually be nice, she turns nasty again. Wait'll you see her stalk around the room waving a pistol!

Dandy, pistol in hand: "You're not even getting me wet. For every man who doesn't satisfy me, you're gonna get your balls shot off! I'm gonna shoot your dick off and shove it up your ass. Sounds like a good idea to me!"

Kellie Everts has produced many more ass-worship videos with ideas good, bad and ugly. But, since we're at the end of the page, you'll have to find out all about the rest yourself either by getting a Kellie video or her catalog. Don't miss Part Three, next week's conclusion of the thrill-packed, ill-packed "trilogy of sexual terror" as Your Pal John describes the oddest, kinkiest moments in other Kellie videos. That's Kellie Everts, Box 45, Onequaga, NY 13826.

A New Jersey teenager accused of killing an 11-year-old neighbor who came to his door selling merchandise for the PTA pleaded guilty today to murder. Sam Manzie, 17, appeared calm as he described in court how he strangled Eddie Werner with a cord from an alarm clock, stuff his body into a suitcase and dragged it to a wooded area. Manzie faces 30 years to life in prison when he is sentenced April 14 on the murder charge. He was originally charged with murder, robbery and aggravated sexual assault in the Sept. 27, 1997, slaying, which raised questions about the use of children for fund-raising.

THE WONDERLAND CLUB TOOK ITS NAME from Lewis Carroll and its alleged clientele from Main Street, U.S.A.—including an engineer from Portland, Maine, a scientist in New Britain, Conn. Other suspected members lived in sleepy towns like Broken Arrow, Okla.; Lawrence, Kans.; and Kennebunk, Maine. And just as the author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* had a scandalous predilection for photographing half-clad little girls, these seemingly solid citizens—and as many as 200 other men (and a few women) who belonged to Wonderland—shared an unspeakable secret: the codes to a dark channel in cyberspace. After a raid coordinated with 13 other countries last week, law-enforcement officials charged that Wonderland and its Wondernets operated the largest, most sophisticated ring of child pornographers yet found. "This is a dangerous, dangerous crowd," says Glenn Nick of the U.S. Customs Cyber-Smuggling Center in Sterling, Va. "They're dangerous because they can be in any neighborhood."

"One of the requirements for membership is a stockpile of thousands of images of graphic child pornography," said U.S. Customs commissioner Raymond Kelly last week as he announced that Operation Cheshire Cat—the feds' counter-allusion from Carroll—had resulted in the arrest of five men and the seizure of dozens of computers believed to contain more than 500,000 images of children. Authorities in Europe and Australia locked up 49 people and planned dozens more arrests. Out of the personal stockpiles, Kelly explained, members traded "in the most vile pornography imaginable over the Internet. The images depict everything from sexual abuse to the actual rape of children"—some as young as 18 months.

Some club members in the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia, says agent Nick, owned production facilities and transmitted live child-sex shows over the Web. Club members directed the sex acts by sending instructions to the producers via Wondernets chat rooms. "They had standards," Nick says grimly. "The only thing they banned was snuff pictures, the actual killing of somebody." According to Nick, a couple of members were barred because they trafficked in those pictures.

The case grew out of a 1986 Customs bust of a San Jose, Calif., child-pornography ring called the Orchid Club. A pedophile

who began cooperating with agents identified an online purveyor of child porn in England. The information was passed to British investigators, who arrested four child exploiters and molesters. In May, London tipped U.S. Customs to the existence of the Wonderland Club. U.S. agents tried surfing into Wondernets but failed to gain entry. They discovered that after the Orchid Club bust, Wonderland, whose members include computer programmers and hardware specialists, deployed an imposing system of codes and encryption. "They took full advantage of all the technological capabilities of the Internet," Nick says. "We couldn't get in without tipping our hand." But they could lurk, like Carroll's elusive Cheshire Cat, in the cybershadows outside the Wondernets, watching transactions until they penetrated the veil of screen names and obtained the real names and addresses of 34 U.S.-based club members.

The raids had dramatic moments. A suspect living in a trailer park in St. Charles, Mo., was arrested after agents found, along with child porn, firearms and a stash of the black powder used to make bombs. According to Customs agents, a law student in New York City threw his hard drive into a neighbor's yard (it was later discovered by a police dog). Federal sources say an alleged club member in Allen, Texas, committed suicide last week after being served with a search warrant.

But other suspects have quickly admitted their involvement and provided their pass codes, screen names and cyberlinks to investigators. With those keys and decrypted data from seized computers, agents expect to make dozens more arrests. So far, the evidence suggests that Wonderland reached into 47 countries. The police services of those nations are being invited to join the next round of raids. At the same time, officials are looking for the ring's young victims. Customs has set up a 24-hour child-porn hotline, 800-BE-ALERT.

No one is claiming to be able to purge the Net completely of evil. As a result of the crackdown, says agent Nick, "I'm sure there are a lot of hard drives being reformatted throughout the world." But, he says, "we certainly disrupted a network, and with any luck, we'll be able to pick off a few of them." His warning to parents: "You can't just put a computer in your kids' bedroom, hook it up to the Internet and expect them not to run into trouble. That's like dropping your kids off at the playground at 7 a.m. and not coming back till 7 p.m. Anything can happen to them." As Operation Cheshire Cat shows, there are monsters hiding in plain sight, right in the middle of Main Street.

Danny Bridges was buried on Aug. 25, in an unmarked grave. Friends of the family are now

raising money to put his name on the headstone. By all accounts Danny suffered the fate of an easy mark.

Even in his burial it is no accident that he should have a problem getting his name on his marker. All his life Danny Bridges seemed to have problems with names. He said he didn't like the name "gay."

"I don't consider myself gay," he told a Chicago Tribune inter-

viewer. "I did it [had sex with other men and boys] so I wouldn't starve to death."

He didn't like the names his friends called him in school: Fag. Sissy. Queer. Girl. Whore. Bitch. Above all, he didn't like the name describing the work he did: Male Prostitute.

"I really didn't like to have sex with other men," he said, "because it did make me feel cheap." He didn't much like the guys who saw him as an "easy mark," answered his signal and picked him up on the streets of Uptown. "Most of the men who picked me up were stupid middle-class guys."

Danny also got into trouble because he was willing to name names and tell all about the other men and boys he had been with. Danny was a key witness for the prosecution in the Joe's Juice Joint case in April 1982, in which three men were found guilty of charges involving sex with minors. Danny's sister, Sharon, described him as a loner: "Daniel didn't have a lot to do with other kids. He didn't want to be bothered." A lot of other kids didn't want to be bothered with Daniel, either, because they were afraid, from what they heard about him, that he would give their names to the police. Danny lived under the mark of a little tale.

While he was alive I knew Danny by name only. My sources were always telling me to watch out for Danny Bridges. I saw Danny in his shiny satin disco jacket many times on the streets going about his business, but I got no impression of a person being there in that blank blond body. To me he was ghost-like. It was only after seeing the TV pictures of him, after his horrible murder and dismemberment, that I put together the person and the name.

Danny's family says no one knows the hurt they feel. They are right. I cannot feel their hurt. Life's hurts and penalties are passed out in individual doses. I have been in shock for days. I feel sad and would like to reach out to the family with sympathy, but they are right. Their hurt is theirs.

Danny had a horrible death—not just the murder and mutilation, the hacksaw and the pieces in the garbage bags in the dumpster, and not the "homosexual acts" that the popular press insists on linking to the murder. No, the horror comes from the total evil of the event. It was evil, pure and simple. The horror makes me, as well as a lot of other gay people, just sick. I live an open gay life. And what happened to Danny Bridges in no way represents what I

I will never forget the way Danny died. But I also hope his family and friends won't bury him twice and forget the way he lived. Every mother in America wants her son to grow up and be a doctor, so he can have "M.D." after his name. No mother wants her son to be a male prostitute and have the letters M.P. (which doesn't only mean Member of Parliament) written in graffiti after her son's name. The popular press, especially TV, is simply not able to handle a mother's fears about male prostitution. They approach the topic with as much prejudice—sexual and sexist: only females are supposed to be whores in our society—that they cannot render a judgment on the subject. They try to be so moral and macho about it that they only end up being hysterical and inaccurate.

This last week I walked the streets in Uptown where Danny worked. I listened to the way his fellow male prostitutes talked, and learned some startling simple facts. When you look up from the mean and dirty streets around Magnolia and Montrose (there are no green Magnolia trees in this urban Appalachia, and no mountain of roses as the street names imply), you see Lake Shore Towers to the east, where doctors live. Any kid coming out on those streets, even before he goes to any school, learns a fundamental lesson of American life: Rich is good, and poor is bad. And the American way is to hustle yourself from being bad and poor to the land of rich and good.

The chances for kids in Uptown of becoming a real doctor and going to Northwestern Medical School are about the same as \$1 winning \$34 million on Lotto. So some kids find another way into the American hustle. They take up another profession, even older than medicine. To the rich, the good, the normal, male prostitution seems perverse and degenerate. But actually, the professions of medicine and prostitution have a lot of similarities. In olden times, they used to think all physicians were low-lives, butchers, blood-suckers, leeches. Doctors and male prostitutes, both have "clients" whom they like to keep in waiting rooms, whom they see for about 30 minutes, to whom they administer a little magic relief which the client could do for himself if he were in more control of his own body, rather than having a professional intervene. And for this dubious service they take a little money. "It's a swindle," says the client. But he always goes back.

Listen to the way "male whores" talk. When they make a score and come back with \$80—enough money to pay for a room and food for three days—they feel "higher than God." They don't feel bad, or that they are bad. They feel good, they feel like they have done good. They have made it good! They have earned it—the old-fashioned way.

Male prostitutes, if you listen to them, talk a lot like businessmen. They will say things like, "I am having a financial problem today," which means they need \$5 for a meal. The normal people, the rich, the good, can stay in their comfortable towers and sleep, and never know the harm they do to others. The bad, the poor, live up against it every waking moment of their life. The good, the rich, never have to live anywhere near it—they can sleep through it all the harm they do.

When the bankers at Continental Bank go broke, they call on Ronald Reagan and the U.S. government, the richest sugar daddies in the world, to bail them out. And their government sugar daddy lets them go back to the corridor at Continental they call "Sleepy Hollow," and they still collect their gigantic salaries and guaranteed retirements. But when a male prostitute goes broke plying his free enterprise, there is no government sugar daddy to bail him out. When he calls his private sugar daddy, he will either be told, "Sorry, I am as broke as you are," or the daddy will pretend not to know him at all. So, he will have to stay awake, go back on the streets, and try to hustle for his survival. In our society, when the poor and had try to get something back from the rich and the good, it's called a *crime*. But when the good take from the poor, that's called supply-side economics.

Male prostitution is a rough trade. It was no business for an easy mark like Danny Bridges to be in. Charlotte Duggan, the upstairs neighbor of the Bridges family, told the *Lancaster Boomer*: "All I know is that Danny was a generous boy, loving, kind-hearted, and willing to give to everybody." She is right. But he was too willing to give to everybody. He gave his body to his girlfriend so she would say he wasn't "gay." He gave his body to other men and boys—some for money, some for love—so, as he said, he wouldn't "starve." He was so generous that he gave the names of some of the men and boys he had been with to the police. He was so kind-hearted that he would give any journalist or any professional counselor the story they wanted to hear. He was an easy mark.

He never learned the first lesson of street hustling: You have to stand out there and look like an "easy mark," so your client will notice you and try to pick you up. But once they pick you up, you are the doctor—you can't play easy mark anymore, you have to control the life-and-death situation.

Finally, as every novice, male prostitute learns, the action you choose speaks louder than any words you say. You can say you are "gay" or "not gay"—"I do this, I don't do that"—but if you keep coming back for the same action, then that is what you want to do.

All kids, whether they are 9 or 29, when they go out of their mother's house, go out seeking what they want to be. Even before they have gone to school they know the old Shakespearean question: "To be or not to be." It seems to me, from the type of action Danny chose repeatedly through his life and the type of pose he chose as "easy mark," that he answered that old Shakespearean question in the negative. He wanted not to be. His death drive was stronger than his life force. That was the root of his evil, and all the counselors and all the police and all the teachers and social workers and journalists—yes, even all the gay men who reached out to protect him—they all pushed him toward it.

STUDY the ugly faces above carefully—these men all pose a sickening threat to Britain's children.

All five are on the run from anti-paedophile cops—free to prey on youngsters anywhere.

They could be hiding in YOUR street or lurking in YOUR kiddies' playground right now.

Today, in a joint appeal with police forces all over the UK, the News of the World appeals to our army of readers to help track these wanted men down.

Our crusade to establish Sarah's Law—dedicated to murdered schoolgirl Sarah Payne—would give parents the RIGHT to know where high-risk predatory perverts pose danger in their neighbourhood.

But only action like we're taking today can tackle the devious scum who blatantly flout the sex offenders' register and do a runner.

Monsters like 32-year-old ALEX DALGLEISH. This vile beast took to his toes after serving a nine-month prison sentence for unlawful sex with a girl of 13 and indecent assault on another.

Dalgleish was placed on the sex offenders' register for 10 years in 2001. But after settling in the Lancashire village of Hesket Bank he vanished without notifying police.

Calling himself Gordon Milton he worked at scores of pubs across the West Midlands and Tamworth, Staffordshire.

Now Merseyside detectives want to quiz him about an

alleged rape in Southport. Dangerous paedophile MICHAEL FEENEY, 50, has a horrifying record of plying underage teenage girls with alcohol and abusing them.

He was jailed for 18 months in 1996 for seven indecent assaults on four girls he met by chance as they walked to school in Cannock, Staffs.

Ex-fireman Feeney was ordered to register with police for the rest of his life but in late 2000 he fled.

There have been reported sightings in Stoke-on-Trent but Det Supt Paul Davey, of Staffordshire Police, said last night: "Despite the determined efforts of ourselves and other forces and agencies Feeney's still missing."

So is TERRY FINBAR McCANN on the run after being charged with five indecent assaults and four rapes on a young girl. PLUS six as-

saults and two acts of gross indecency on another.

He fled three days before he was due to appear in court at Woolwich, south London, in July, 2001.

McCann, 58, is thought to have connections with the nearby Greenwich area and Dagenham in Essex.

NAYDON GRANT did a similar vanishing act after a young girl was raped in 1999. Grant, also known by the nickname 'Teeth', was arrested following the attack in Whetstone, north London, but then skipped bail.

He is black, about 5ft 6ins tall and medium build, with both ears pierced and chicken pox scars on his face.

Self-confessed sicko **RICHARD GRANT** fled the law after sneakily filming children in his bathroom with a hidden camera.

For five years high-tech motion detectors captured images of kids using the toilet or showering at his Scottish home.

Grant—a chef from Forfar, Angus—was exposed by Operation Ore after using his credit card to access teeny porn internet sites featuring child rape scenes. They uncovered a secret computer in the loft linked to a camera behind the bathroom extractor fan.

His home-made images of young girls had all been given twisted porn names and stored on the hard drive.

Grant, 38, pleaded guilty at Forfar Sheriff Court last November and was due to be sentenced the following month. Despite warnings from his family that he planned to abscond he was given bail. He has not been seen since.

His disgusted wife of 10 years, who divorced him in January, told us: "I can't believe that this has been allowed to happen. I feel cheated he hasn't been locked up."

"To have lived with someone all those years and not know what was really going on pulls you apart."

"I just wish that the authorities had listened when we told them that he was going to do a runner."

"What worries me more than anything is that he's out there somewhere and kids could be at risk. It's dreadful."

But today we can all help bring these men to justice. Just look at those faces again and search your memory.

If you can help the police track down any one of them, just dial Crimestoppers on 0800 555 111. It's free—but it could be the most valuable call you ever make.

A La Grange man was sentenced Thursday to 14 years in prison for taking photos of an 11-year-old Indiana boy engaged in sex and posting the pictures on the Internet.

The sentence given to James W. Snyder outraged the mother of the victim. A prosecutor pointed out that an accomplice had received a 30-year prison term in Indiana even though he cooperated with authorities.

"I think she feels the system failed her," Assistant U.S. Atty. Philip Benson said of the victim's mother.

Defense attorney Jeffrey Levine said the sentence was the maximum possible under federal sentencing laws, although U.S. District Judge George Lindberg could have used discretion to mete out more years.

In a first for a federal court in Chicago, the victim, then 12, was allowed to testify on closed-circuit television so he wouldn't have to face Snyder.

The boy has suffered severe emotional problems, difficulties at school and violent outbursts since the molestation in October 1998, according to Benson.

Last September, a jury convicted Snyder, 38, on all four counts of producing, possessing and distributing child pornography.

Benson was critical of Lindberg for rejecting prosecution efforts to boost Snyder's prison term. Benson asked that the sentence be lengthened for posting sexually explicit photos of the boy on the Internet, inflicting extreme psychological injury, repeated acts of molestation and threatening him with a gun.

The boy testified that during a sleepover at a neighbor's house in Starke County, Ind., an acquaintance named John Lock molested him. The next day, with permission of the boy's parents, Lock took him to the La Grange home of Snyder, a friend.

After giving the boy alcohol, marijuana and "poppers," a narcotic, Snyder and Lock engaged in sex with him and photographed each other during the sex acts, according to Benson.

The boy was returned home the following day after both Snyder and Lock threatened to kill him if he told anyone of the abuse, Benson said.

Lock pleaded guilty to federal charges in Indiana and testified against Snyder at his trial here. After his testimony, Lock was sentenced to 30 years in prison by a federal judge in Indiana, Benson said.

Benson said he expected Snyder to receive a similar sentence.

FEW PEOPLE can begin to imagine the protracted mental torture now being endured by the parents of Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman. But two families in a Sussex seaside town know only too well what they are going through as hope diminishes with every passing hour.

In January 1999, two girls, also both aged ten, were walking to school when they were snatched from the street by computer expert Alan Hopkinson, a former programmer at the Bank of England, and bundled into the boot of his car.

His story illuminates not only the extraordinary and sordid world of the paedophiles but also how our justice system fails to prevent them pursuing their vile obsession.

For three days and nights Hopkinson held the girls captive in his grubby flat in Eastbourne, East Sussex. But despite his conviction for a virtually identical offence eight years earlier, it was only a visit by police on an unrelated child abuse inquiry that led to the girls' chance discovery.

It probably saved their lives. They were found alive, but Sussex Police acknowledged that this came about as much through luck as judgment.

As a result, the force radically overhauled the conduct of missing persons' inquiries involving children.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Police were heavily criticised this week for failing to act quickly enough on potentially significant leads. However, they did call in help at an early stage after Holly and Jessica's disappearance.

This included colleagues from Sussex who offered advice based on experience from the Hopkinson case and the abduction and murder of eight-year-old Sarah Payne in Kingston Gorse, West Sussex, in July 2000.

It is the Hopkinson files in particular that have provided detectives with a chilling insight about the kind of person who can coldbloodedly abduct children.

Hopkinson, a former Rhodesian Air Force conscript, and a member of Mensa — his IQ of 159 puts him in the top one per cent of the population — left nothing to chance as he planned his kidnaps.

When he snatched an 11-year-old girl in 1991 — the offence for which he had been jailed — he dressed as a woman to allay suspicion.

At other times, he would stand outside school gates, talking to mothers, posing as the well-dressed, respectable father waiting for his own child.

He spent every waking hour fantasising about children and even travelled to London to buy a specialist medical book for paediatricians which contained

graphic photographs of abused children. The book was intended to help doctors spot the signs of abuse.

After his arrest and conviction in 1993, officers who searched his home unearthed a sinister treasure trove of information allowing them into the darkest corners of a paedophile's mind.

The material is deeply disturbing, indeed totally repugnant to all normal human beings. But it could provide vital clues to detectives looking for Holly and Jessica — or any other children who might fall victim to another ruthless, calculating man like Alan Edward Hopkinson.

HOPKINSON, 48, embarked on his final crime on a January morning in 1999 as the two ten-year-old girls were walking to school in their home town by the sea in Sussex.

He had only to utter the threat that he was carrying a knife to subdue his victims and throw them into the boot of his Vauxhall Corsa. The girls were not reported missing by their worried parents until 5.30pm, when they failed to return from school.

The families' nightmare had begun — and for their daughters, the clock was ticking.

Hopkinson had first driven the girls to the home of his parents, who were away on holiday, forcing one of them into a large leather sports bag which he carried up the drive.

He left the other girl in the boot. Later he moved the girls, again in the boot of his car, a short distance to his own flat in Eastbourne, where he kept them for three days and nights, feeding

them on pizza, toast and heavy drinks.

At one stage, he drove them to nearby Beachy Head, where he considered driving over the cliffs, killing himself and his captives.

Like their colleagues in Cambridgeshire, Sussex Police were criticised for the way they handled this inquiry.

Hopkinson, known to child protection officers in Eastbourne as a convicted paedophile, had recently come to their attention again for

his abuse of children shortly before the kidnapping.

It was known that several young girls had been invited to his flat and two had alleged indecent assault, for which Hopkinson's arrest was imminent.

Yet it was not until two-and-a-half days after the two ten-year-olds had disappeared that the officers searching for them were contacted by their colleagues 10 miles away in Eastbourne, to alert them to Hopkinson's similar previous crime — and the recent

resumption of his vile activities. Even then, it wasn't until the next day that he was arrested (for the alleged indecent assault) and the girls were discovered in his flat.

At Lewes Crown Court in May 1999, Hopkinson was given nine life sentences for counts of kidnap, false imprisonment, indecent assault and other serious charges.

He was permanently removed from the streets, but he left behind a fascinating and appalling legacy. Detectives who searched his flat found a 25-chapter tome that

Hopkinson had written entitled *Folling The Beast*, which appeared at first sight to be an academic study of child abusers and their motivations.

In fact, it was an 'exercise' in which he had been encouraged by therapists while serving the earlier sentence in Dartmoor for kidnapping and abusing an 11-year-old girl in Maidstone, Kent, in 1991.

That victim had been snatched at knife-point while she was on her way home from school and subjected to a sickening five-hour

ordeal. He threw the terrified youngster into the boot of his car, crussed her up with a necktie and locked her in a tiny cupboard at his home, after indecently assaulting her.

Fortunately, a suspicious schoolfriend of the girl and her mother had noted his car registration number a few days earlier as he reconnoitred the school, and police raided his home a few hours later.

It also emerged that Hopkinson's lifelong fantasy had been to kidnap a tiny girl, sexually assault her and keep her prisoner in his home.

This sick desire was mapped out in another 'story' he had written, which Kent detectives had discovered on his computer. It was called *The Evil Rapist*.

The six-page plot closely paralysed the ordeal of his schoolgirl victim in Maidstone, but it was left unfinished, and police could only speculate what the final chapter would have contained.

The most obvious and sinister clue to his plans was that Hopkinson was busy digging a hole in the garden when the police moved in.

Detective Inspector Dave Stevens, who arrested him in 1991, said: 'We don't know what would have happened to this poor girl if we had not rescued her in time.'

But a man who has shown he is capable of the most horrific crimes against children, would be capable, in my mind, of anything.'

The victim from that assault, now aged 22, is haunted by the awful memories of her ordeal. She is still undergoing therapy more than a decade later.

In May 1991, Hopkinson was jailed for seven years at Maidstone Crown Court — a sentence condemned as too lenient by the local MP Ann Widdecombe.

After four years in jail, Hopkinson was released.

AT ONE stage during a spell in Dartmoor, he shared a cell with notorious child killer and paedophile Sidney Cooke, 72, and the perverted pair traded sick fantasies about child abuse.

Hopkinson's 'therapy' — writing his book *Folling The Beast* — also gave him ample chance to explore the depths of his depravity in detail, writing about sexual assaults on children, murdering them and even burying them alive.

While behind bars, he had even subscribed to his local newspaper from Eastbourne and carefully marked, cut out and kept any photographs of children that appeared, from school sports days to junior football teams.

These he hoarded for the day of his release, and he would later cross reference the schools' locations with local telephone books to try to pinpoint the addresses of the children mentioned.

He had admitted tracking down children in this way and sometimes also approaching them.

After his arrest in 1999, Hopkinson was initially interviewed by male officers, but he refused to go into detail about his fantasies or what he had done to the two girls.

However he began to open up to Detective Constable Tina Birnie, 32, a member of a child protection team, who believes that Hopkinson got a sexual thrill from talking to a woman.

Her verdict on him was chilling: 'Over the years, I have dealt with many paedophiles and this person is the most dangerous I have ever come across.'

In fact, detectives believed the crimes on the indictment were merely the tip of the iceberg.

As many as 40 youngsters were known to have visited his dingy, second-floor flat above a supermarket on Eastbourne's Langney estate, just a stone's throw from the neat bungalow where his retired parents lived.

Of those visitors, about ten, mostly young girls, had probably been abused in the years before the kidnapping.

Like most paedophiles, Hopkinson had a preference for a particular age group, and his was pre-pubescent girls.

He would lure the youngsters into his net with the promise of sweets or the chance to play his extensive collection of video games.

Police believe that Hopkinson moved out of Eastbourne for the 1999 abduction because he felt he was being observed too closely by local officers.

He said he just stumbled across the two girls he kidnapped, but I don't believe it, said Miss Birnie.

'He is a very calculating type who doesn't leave anything to chance. It may be that he was watching these two and may have targeted their school.'

She added, in words which now carry a terrible significance: 'He claimed that he would have released these children, but I don't think you should ever rule anything out with this man. He is capable of doing anything, no matter how extreme.'

HOPKINSON, like other paedophiles, operated on a kind of twisted Richter scale called an offending cycle, which he used to express his level of excitement over different activities.

Looking at pictures of children in a mail order catalogue rated one or two out of ten, while kidnap would be near the top of the scale at nine.

'Taking two children and suffocating them was his ultimate fantasy — he called it his "mission", Miss Birnie said.

He also talked to her about his prison experiences and how he felt when he was released from Leyhill Open Prison in Gloucestershire in June 1995.

'As soon as he came out of prison, he was dangerous,' said Miss Birnie. 'He had no adult friends at all, but an all-consuming fascination with children. He talked about hanging around

beaches and fantasising about children. He does not think there is anything wrong with it.'

Miss Birnie was struck by Hopkinson's clean-cut image, which fooled many mothers in Eastbourne into thinking he was a respectable family man.

It was a facade he did everything he could to embellish, sometimes claiming to mothers, as he hung around outside school gates, that he was waiting for his own children.

'When I interviewed him,' said Miss Birnie, 'he came over as polite, highly educated, very intelligent — and very, very charming. That is how he manipulates and controls people. He is very skilful at it.'

He did talk about relationships he had with women, she said, although she believed that when he was talking about women, he meant children. 'To him, if it's a ten-year-old child he can't see anything wrong with it.'

MISS BIRNIE said Hopkinson accepted he was a paedophile, but she is convinced that no form of therapy will help him and she dismissed his claim that the 'book' was a form of therapy.

'He said it was a way of helping his rehabilitation, but that's total rubbish. As he was writing it, halfway through it he would get very turned on and digress and write horrific stories about abducting, raping and suffocating a child.'

His obsession with burying a child alive was, Hopkinson told police, a result of his experiences during the war in former Rhodesia, where he spent his

time as a conscript with the Rhodesian Air Force was to bury black guerrillas who had been killed in exchanges with Rhodesian forces.

Miss Birnie said police had found nothing in Hopkinson's background that would account for the monster he had become.

'His parents are just as much victims. At the end of the day he is still their son, and they have not disowned him,' she said.

This week one of the fathers of Hopkinson's two ten-year-old victims from Sussex urged Jessica's and Holly's parents to 'have faith' and believe their daughters will be found.

'Never stop hoping that you will see them again,' he said. 'It is the worst thing you will ever have to go through, but you have got to keep strong.'

His daughter is now a happy 13-year-old, but he declined to speak at greater length, telling the Mail: 'This has just brought all the pain flooding back again for the whole family.'

The father of the other girl said simply: 'We still have nightmares about it.'

THE PARENTS of two Cambridgeshire schoolgirls missing for more than a week went on television on Monday to beg whoever is holding them to 'just give them back' as police extended their search and began interviewing hundreds of high-risk paedophiles.

Speaking directly to whoever might have snatched the 10-year-olds, Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman, who disappeared on August 4, the families pleaded for them not to be harmed.

Interviewed for ITV's *Tonight with Trevor McDonald*, the parents described their fear since Holly and Jessica disappeared during a family barbecue at Holly's house in the fenland village of Soham.

'We absolutely plead that you don't harm these two girls,' Kevin Wells said. 'We want Holly and Jessica returned to our families.'

Sharon Chapman, Jessica's mother, added: 'Just give them back. Drop them off somewhere that is safe.'

The strain of the week showed on family members as they attended Sunday service at the 12th century St Andrew's Church, Soham. As the Rev Tim Alban Jones spoke of their 'living nightmare', Holly's mother, Nicola, struggled to contain her emotions.

Afterwards, with pain etched on their faces, both sets of parents embraced each other outside the church as the hour of the girls' disappearance the previous Sunday approached.

That day, Holly and Jessica had a photograph taken at Holly's home, wearing bright red David Beckham T-shirts at 5.04pm. They then played on Holly's computer from 5.11pm

to 5.35pm, when they went out. At 6.13pm, they were caught on closed-circuit TV outside a sports centre, after which they stopped to talk to the village college site manager.

About 10 minutes later, four people who know them well said they were in Sand Street, in the centre of Soham, heading towards the High Street.

About 15 minutes later they were seen by the village's war memorial. After that their movements are a mystery, though police were assessing a report that they were seen by a roundabout leading to the A142 about 15 minutes later. The roundabout is about a mile from the centre of the village, and close to other main roads.

At first it was thought the girls might have run away on some childish adventure.

Then came talk of a white van cruising the streets. That was followed by the spectre of an internet predator who may have lured the girls via a chatroom. Now the belief is growing that the kidnapper is local and someone who knew the girls. How else could they have been taken from the streets without anyone noticing?

They had a mobile phone with them, but the signal faded in the early hours of Aug 5. Each morning when she wakes from her troubled sleep, and each night before she lies down, Sharon Chapman dials the number. But there is no answer.

The owner of a Chicago insurance company has been charged with sexually assaulting three boys in his apartment, authorities said Monday.

David Schlessinger, 31, was arrested late last week and charged with two counts of predatory criminal sexual assault and one count of criminal sexual assault involving three boys ages 12, 14 and 15 since June 1995.

Schlessinger is accused of picking up the boys on the street, providing them with vodka and marijuana, and sexually assaulting them, said Marcy O'Boyle, a spokeswoman for the Cook County state's attorney.

The boys returned to Schlessinger's apartment for the gifts, clothes, money and food he provided, she said.

Schlessinger surrendered to police on Friday and was released on a \$50,000 bond.

He was in court Monday for a preliminary hearing, which was

continued to April 18.

Police began investigating Schlessinger after the 12-year-old ran away from home and his parents filed a missing persons report.

When the youth returned home, he told police about the alleged sexual assaults, according to Chicago police spokesman Dennis Bingham.

Schlessinger owns Illinois Auto Insurance Service Inc., 3560 W. Peterson Ave.

A CONVICTED murderer who raped a ten-year-old boy less than a year after he was freed from prison was jailed for life yesterday.

Just 24 hours after it emerged that ministers plan to build 'super-hostels' to house up to 100 violent criminals released early, Stephen Ayre was told he would die in jail following the attack.

The 44-year-old paedophile had been released on licence after the Parole Board decided he no longer posed a serious risk to the public.

But ten months later, while supposedly under the supervision of the Probation Service, he abducted and raped the schoolboy because he could not cope with life outside jail and wanted to be locked up again.

Ayre had been jailed for life in 1985 after battering to death his 25-year-old girlfriend the previous year.

The trial judge recommended that he serve at least 14 years before he could be considered for parole.

On four occasions, the Parole Board turned down his request to be freed - fearing he was too dangerous to be back on the streets.

But last April, after serving 20 years behind bars, his fifth application was successful. Weeks later, he was released from Leyhill open prison in Gloucestershire, and initially lived under supervision in a hostel.

But last October, it was decided he was fit to live in the community and he moved to rented accommodation in the suburb of Salfaire, near Bradford.

But he became depressed and disillusioned with life outside prison and three months later, in January this year, he was given a conditional discharge for being drunk and disorderly.

Probation officers ignored the warning signs about his behaviour and in February Ayre persuaded the ten-year-old to go back to his flat - saying he would give him a BMX bike he was about to throw away.

He then subjected the boy to a horrifying ordeal, using a craft knife to threaten him into silence.

The boy was terrified he was going to be killed after the half-hour assault. He then ran back to his father's house and told him what had happened. Ayre banded himself in to a police station at around 8.30pm that night, saying: 'If it hadn't been him, it would've been someone else', because he wanted to go back to prison.

Yesterday he was jailed for life at Leeds Crown Court after earlier pleading guilty to rape and abduction charges relating to the attack on the youngster.

Mr Justice Tugendhat said Ayre posed a particular risk to young people if he was ever allowed back into the community.

He added: 'You do not understand the gravity of what you have done. You are extremely dangerous and a particular risk to children and young people and other vulnerable people of both sexes.'

The court was told how Ayre murdered machinist Irene Hudson after forming a relationship with her in the early 1980s.

She was bludgeoned to death with a bar beside a canal. The court was told there was a 'sexual element' to her murder.

In a statement, West Yorkshire Probation said: 'Public protection is our highest priority, and although it is very rare for offenders released on life licence to commit a serious offence in the community, every case where this happens is one too many.'

Earlier this month, it emerged that about 100 prisoners a year commit serious crimes after being freed early.

The figure means offences including rape, murder and armed robbery are being carried out at a rate of more than two a week.

At least 20 of the 100 convicts will have been freed despite a probation service assessment that they are high or very high risk.

A PAEDOPHILE with a 45-year history of offences sexually assaulted young boys after getting a job as a school cleaner, a court heard yesterday.

Jim Aldous, 63, was not subjected to a criminal records check when he applied for the post with Cambridgeshire County Council.

The authority - which also employed Soham murderer Ian Huntley as a school caretaker - failed to look into Aldous's criminal past because his job was not deemed to give him 'substantial unsupervised access to children'.

He landed the job by simply not disclosing his previous convictions on the application form.

Yesterday Aldous was jailed for life, as the judge and MPs spoke of their shock at how he was able to get work around children.

He was employed as a cleaner at St Bede's School in Cambridge from May 2000 until allegations against him came to light in September 2002.

Aldous groomed young boys and, posing as a friend, invited them to his flat.

There he used seemingly innocent rough-and-tumbles as a cover for sex assaults then tried to buy his victims' silence with £20 notes.

The boys he abused were left 'devastated', Cambridge Crown Court heard.

Aldous pleaded guilty to four sexual assault charges against two brothers aged 11 and 12 and two other boys of the same age. Charges of

rape, another serious sexual offence and indecency were left to lie on file.

Details of the abuse emerged after social workers became concerned about money a boy was given and a bruise on his leg.

Interviewed by police, Aldous initially denied any sexual wrongdoing. But a picture of serial abuse soon emerged.

Sentencing him, Judge Gareth Hawkesworth said Aldous was a 'highly dangerous paedophile who will pose a risk for a long, if not indefinite, time to come'.

He said he would serve a mini-

man of almost seven years before being able to apply for parole. The case pre-dated the Richard Inquiry, which highlighted failings in the system which enabled paedophiles such as Huntley - jailed for life in 2003 for murdering ten-year-olds Jessica Chapman and Holly Wells - to work with children.

A council spokesman said Aldous's criminal past was not looked into because regulations at the time did not require it.

He added that Aldous did not appear on the Department for Education's 'List 99' of people barred from working with children because he had never worked with children before. His history of child sex offences dates back to 1957, when he was put on probation for a sex assault on a girl of seven.

In 1968, he was jailed for two years for indecency on two six-year-old boys he befriended. He was jailed for ten years in 1978 for sexual offences and indecent assaults on two boys and two girls.

Cambridge MP Anne Campbell said after the case: 'I can't understand how someone with a dangerous criminal record like this was not under surveillance.'

Naperville police have arrested a man on charges of child pornography, part of a worldwide crackdown on such crimes.

Michael J. Melody, 37, of 115 S. Olsen Dr., was charged with a single count of possessing child pornography after confessing to spending \$150 a month on various kinds of pornography from around the world, including lewd pictures of children, on the Internet, Naperville police said.

Authorities seized five computers at his home.

The arrest was the result of Operation Falcon, a U.S. Customs Service worldwide child pornography investigation, police said.

On Tuesday, Melody surrendered to Naperville police and posted \$2,500 bond.

He has been ordered to appear in court Nov. 24, at 9 a.m.

ONE of the policemen involved in the Soham girls murder case wept openly in court yesterday when he faced child pornography charges.

PC Tony Goodridge, 34, a married father of two, from Ely, Cambs, broke down as he appeared in the dock with Det Con Brian Stevens, 41.

Both officers worked on the huge inquiry into the murders of Jessica Chapman and Holly Wells with Stevens acting as police liaison officer with the Chapman family.

Magistrates had originally agreed to release the men on conditional bail, but the Crown Prosecution Service appealed against the decision and both were remanded in custody after the short hearing at Bury St Edmunds.

As a result the magistrates were obliged to remand them in custody until tomorrow when the appeal will be heard by a Crown Court judge.

Goodridge, a married father of two, from Ely, Cambs, works as an exhibit officer at Cambridgeshire police HQ in Huntingdon. He appeared in court wearing a casual shirt.

Father-of-two Stevens, who lives with his second wife, Jane in Cambs, wore a fleece jacket. He looked grim-faced throughout the two-hour hearing - which has no connection with the Soham murders case.

The two men were arrested at their homes early on Thursday on suspicion of luring others to distribute indecent pseudo-photographs of children over the Internet.

They were charged with child pornography offences - which carry a maximum sentence of three and 16 years - late on Friday after being quizzed at the police station in Bury St Edmunds.

The men spent a second night in cells at the station before being driven to the court building in a prison van with darkened windows.

They emerged from the van a couple of minutes apart and were led into a side entrance of the court with blankets over their heads.

Goodridge spent most of the hearing staring at the floor of the dock in the wood-panelled courtroom. At one stage he appeared to try to hand a note to Stevens who was sitting beside him, but Stevens shook his head and refused to take it.

Both officers, who have been suspended from duty, were handcuffed as they left the dock. Goodridge later collapsed sobbing with his head in his hands as he was driven away in a prison van.

The men were arrested after police were alerted by the FBI about British computer users accessing a US paedophile website.

THE Soham detective controversially cleared of child pornography offences was being questioned last night over allegations that he perverted the course of justice.

Brian Stevens, 42, was dramatically arrested after claims that he cooked up an alibi with his alleged former lover, a Crown Prosecution Service clerk.

The woman, 32-year-old divorcee Louise Austin, was also held and questioned over suggestions that the pair invented a story that Detective Constable Stevens was visiting her while he was said to have been downloading pornography on to his computer elsewhere.

Both were arrested in dawn raids yesterday by West Midlands Police at their respective homes in Cambridgeshire.

The arrests come less than a month after Stevens - the liaison officer assigned to the family of murdered schoolgirl Jessica Chapman - was acquitted of child porn and indecent assault charges at London's Snarebrook Crown Court.

The CPS decided to offer no evidence against him on 11 charges. At the time the case collapsed it emerged that the inquiry had been dogged by a series of

blunders including vital mistakes made by computer experts.

It later emerged that Miss Austin had come forward before the trial and told the officer's legal team he had stayed at her house near Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, through the night of June 9 last year.

Child porn was alleged to have been downloaded on to his laptop that night at a police home in Oxfordshire.

He was cleared of the child porn charges because of flaws in prosecution evidence that only he could have been responsible for images found on his computer.

Stevens has always maintained that someone else used his credit card details to download the images from a U.S. website where investigators later found his name.

The assault charges involving a girl of 13 and one of 14 were dropped after prosecutors learned of a personal tragedy affecting one of them. The court also heard that one of the girls changed her statement.

At a magistrates court hearing in the run-up to the case, Stevens did admit posing as a teenage girl in an Internet chat-room but only because he was curious.

His name appeared on a list of 578 suspected paedophiles handed to Cambridgeshire Police in July last year as part of Operation Ore, which was triggered by a U.S. Postal Service inquiry into pay-per-view child porn websites in Texas.

The officer, who remains suspended by Cambridgeshire Police pending an internal investigation, spoke of his 'tremendous relief' when he walked free from Snarebrook Crown Court hand-in-hand with his wife, Jane.

Millions had previously seen him reading a moving poem at the televised memorial service for the ten-year-old Soham schoolgirls Jessica Chapman

and Holly Wells. Last night Miss Austin's former husband, Richard Campbell-Jones, said he was shocked to hear of the allegations against her.

He said she had been deeply committed to her job and 'would not even break the speed limit'.

Mr Campbell-Jones, 41, was married to Miss Austin for six months before divorcing her in March 1996.

In November 1996 he was paralysed in a motorcycle accident in which he was run over by a car.

Mr Campbell-Jones, of Southoe, Cambridgeshire, said: 'It was a real shock to hear that she was in trouble with the police.'

'She was a very proper person. She took her work extremely seriously and she took the criminal justice system just as seriously.'

Lake County prosecutors are asking that Jackie Hughes - convicted of molesting a 9-year-old Zion girl in 1995 and now facing charges of molesting five others he baby-sat in Gurnee - be sent to prison indefinitely. Prosecutors filed court papers this week seeking to have Hughes, of 1200 Victoria Ave. in North Chicago, declared a sexually dangerous "pedophile and unsafe to be on the streets." Hughes, 43, could be ordered held until doctors determine it's safe to release him.

Two Northwest Side men were in custody Wednesday for allegedly attempting to lure three young girls into their vehicles in separate incidents.

Jesse Johnson, 46, of the 4800 block of West Armitage Avenue, and Wieslaw Obidzinski, 44, of the 3400 block of West Armitage, were each charged with child abduction, said Grand Central Area Commander Philip Cline.

On Monday, at 3:30 p.m., Johnson allegedly attempted to lure a 10-year-old girl into a van at 1947 N. LaCrosse Ave. by offering her a \$50 bill, police said.

The girl ignored Johnson and told a friend of her mother's what had happened.

The two then went to a neighborhood grill and related what had happened to a waitress, who responded that the same thing had happened to her 12-year-old daughter on March 19.

The women called police, who subsequently arrested Johnson in the area before both girls identified him as the man who attempted to abduct them.

Obidzinski was also arrested on Monday after he allegedly accosted an 11-year-old at 3434 W. Armitage Ave., where he allegedly jumped from his car and attempted to drag her inside the vehicle, police said.

The girl, however, managed to escape after kicking her attacker, who fled as one of the victim's friends told two other girls what happened and one of them jotted down his license number.

Obidzinski was later arrested at his apartment and identified in a lineup by the victim.

Although the actions of the two suspects were similar, Cline said it did not appear that Johnson or Obidzinski knew each other. A preliminary check found that neither man has a criminal record of child abductions, though detectives were still checking with other states, Cline said.

Cline said there has been a recent string of other attempted child abductions on the Northwest Side. Grand Central detectives ask that anyone with information on the attacks call them at (312) 748-8282.

The domineering ex-lawyer looked rattled by his wild limousine ride to freedom and the crush of media and protesters that greeted him at Fortune Academy, the Harlem halfway house where he will live.

The same fiend who killed a 6-year-old girl because she looked at him the wrong way stumbled on the stone steps and had to be helped inside by four burly parole officers.

No one was happy to see him — not the ex-inmates who call Fortune Academy home, not the local residents just learning one of the country's most reviled criminals was their new neighbor.

"I'm gonna be a nervous wreck knowing this guy is walking past my front door," said Cesar Sanchez, 58. "They should have dropped him on a deserted island. Not here."

Steinberg, 63, spent 16 years in prison after being exposed as a crack-smoking control freak who fatally beat his illegally adopted daughter, Lisa, and used his lover, Hedda Nussbaum, as a punching bag.

He was released after malingering out of the system by serving two-thirds of a 25-year sentence, and he came straight back to New York.

The journey began at 8:45 a.m., when he left the Southport Correctional Facility near upstate Elmira, stepped into the sunlight and slid into the back of a white stretch limo next to his lawyer, Darnay Hoffman.

For four hours, the 1995 Lincoln Continental — going 90 mph at times — was tailed by the media, looking like a high-speed version of the infamous O.J. Simpson chase.

When the car stopped at a Mobil station in Roscoe, photographers mobbed it, prompting Steinberg to shield his face with paper and snarl, "Get out of here."

By the time Steinberg reached the city, news helicopters were hovering overhead and a large crowd had gathered outside Fortune Academy on Riverside Drive.

At 145th St., gun-toting parole officers in bulletproof vests ushered him from the limo into an unmarked car and drove him the remaining five blocks to his new address.

When the car door opened at 1:15 p.m., New York got its first glimpse of Joel Steinberg, parolee.

He had thick graying hair, prison-issue blue jeans, and a hooded, green jacket. He didn't say a word, but his flushed face and nervous twitches spoke volumes.

Once he was safely inside, a small band of protesters arrived, carrying handbags with that read: "Get out, criminal and Steinberg is an offense to our community."

Later, neighbors hung up signs with the messages "Rest in Peace, Poor Lisa" and "Killer Dad," handed out leaflets, and marched in front of the doors, chanting, "We want the killer out."

"I put them up so everyone will know," said Lazarus Charles, 52. "We have children around here. Would you want a baby-killer for a neighbor?"

The reception inside the halfway house could be just as chilly.

"I don't know the whole story of his life, but what he did was a heinous crime and I don't know what awaits him," said one parolee.

Fortune Academy — which houses and provides services to about 75 former prisoners — agreed to shelter

Steinberg as a favor to the Division of Parole, a source said.

"I don't think anyone else would have taken him," the insider said.

Steinberg spent his first hours there being processed and set up in so-called emergency housing — a room with four or five beds — where most men spend about two weeks.

After that, he will be transferred to a permanent room in the six-story castlelike building, originally a Catholic boarding school, and is likely to stay for six to eight months, said spokesman Ed James.

"Mr. Steinberg is with us as a client and he will be treated like any other client," said Fortune House executive director JoAnne Page.

That means a 9 p.m.-to-7 a.m. curfew, cafeteria-style meals, weekly drug testing and regular check-ins with his parole officer.

A former security guard at the well-regarded facility said the rooms are beautiful and the atmosphere is generally calm, although there are occasional arguments over the TV.

Most parolees spend their days at a job or looking for work. Steinberg has been offered a position as an intern for a cable TV show, but it's unclear if he will accept.

While on parole until 2012, he's barred from contacting Travis Smigiel, the boy who survived his house of horrors, or Nussbaum, who has said she's terrified of Steinberg.

Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly said Nussbaum had not requested protection, but "if she feels threatened, she should come forward to the police."

As for Steinberg, Kelly said, "this is a big city and I have no indication that he's at risk in any way."

A TRAINEE teacher who tried to "buy" a girl of ten for sex on the Internet was freed yesterday after serving eight months of a three-year jail sentence.

Luke Sadowski, 19, will not have to sign the Sex Offenders' Register, despite police fears that he could reoffend.

The teenager — described by the judge who sentenced him last year as a "serious danger to women" — was given a police escort as he left Aylesbury Young Offenders Institution in Buckinghamshire in a prison van.

He is believed to have met his mother Monica, a social worker who stood by him at his trial last year, before being taken to a safe house.

Detectives, prison officers and probation officials are said to be deeply concerned that Sadowski could commit further offences.

It is understood that before his release they held meetings on how he should be "managed in the community."

While behind bars, Sadowski attended a programme for sex offenders aimed at curbing his lust for children.

His early release was condemned by child protection campaigners last night.

Michele Elliot, director of Kidscape, said: "I have grave fears that this individual will strike again."

"In a few years' time we could be saying, 'Why did we let him out?'"

'Common sense has gone out of the window.' Lyn Costello, of Mothers Against Murder and Aggression, added: 'Nineteen is an incredibly young age to be committing these sort of offences.'

'I would urge the authorities to monitor him very closely. But this will be very difficult because he is not on the Sex Offenders' Register.' Michael

Hames, former head of Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Branch, said: 'Sadowski isn't safe to be back on the streets for years.'

'He had all the implements to kidnap, torture and possibly kill a child.'

Sadowski, who was taking a teacher-training course at university, was caught in a transatlantic police sting after contacting an American website which offered 'to fulfil unique desires'.

He e-mailed the site requesting 'a girl aged roughly ten of white race for three nights' and was told he would have to pay around £250 for her.

But the website had in fact been set up by the U.S. police, who promptly told the Yard's paedophile unit about Sadowski's activities.

He was arrested after he went to a hotel for what he thought was a meeting with a girl.

He was carrying a teddy bear and had a replica handgun tucked in his waistband. He was due to start a primary school attachment.

Officers who raided his university room in Canterbury found a safe containing handcuffs, leg shackles, a roll of tape and an article about the abduction and murder of Surrey schoolgirl Milly Dowler at Southwark Crown Court,

South London, last August. Sadowski admitted attempting to incite another to procure a girl under 21 for unlawful sexual intercourse.

He also pleaded guilty to possessing an imitation firearm with intent to commit an offence.

He was sentenced to a total of three years in prison.

But because of the time spent in custody on remand he was automatically released yesterday.

The leniency of the sentence infuriated not only the public but also the judge, who was compelled to pass it under sentencing laws in place at the time.

Detective Chief Inspector Matthew Sarti, of the Yard's paedophile unit, described Sadowski as a 'real and significant danger to children'.

He said that even though he did not have to sign the Sex offenders' register on release, he would be monitored.

The new Sexual Offences Act, which comes into force next month, toughens up the law on child sex offences.

Inciting another to procure a girl under the age of 21 for unlawful sex will in future attract a maximum sentence of 14 years.

Offenders will also have to sign the register.

Sadowski's convictions will be legally spent after ten years.

However, he will still have to disclose his criminal past if he applies to work with children.

Sadowski's American-born parents are divorced.

His mother has a £300,000 home in Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire.

His father Joseph, a child psychotherapist, was jailed for four years in 2001 for harassing her.

Shasta—Joseph Duncan III, 42, a violent sex offender wanted for molesting a 6-year-old Minnesota boy a year earlier. The miracle of Shasta's rescue was tempered by the gruesome mystery that remained: Was Duncan behind the bludgeoning deaths of Shasta's brother Slade, 13, her mother, Brenda, her mother's boyfriend Mark, and the disappearance of Shasta's brother Dylan, 9, at the time of her abduction in May? According to court papers filed July 5, Shasta told police that Duncan was the man who entered her home and tied up her family and who took her and Dylan to at least two remote campsites.

On July 4, two days after Shasta was found, police—acting on tips—discovered human remains in western Montana. DNA tests will show if they are Dylan's, but police have already said they believe Dylan is dead. At a July 5 hearing Duncan gulped, sniffled and finally wept as a district court judge arraigned him on two felony counts of kidnapping with intent to commit rape—one each for Shasta and Dylan—and ordered him held without bail. Investigators are gently questioning Shasta, who is being kept for observation at the Kootenai Medical Center in Coeur d'Alene. It was there that she was reunited with her father, Steve Groene, who works at a recycling center. Despite her ordeal, Shasta is "thrilled" by the deluge of stuffed animals sent to her by well-wishers, says her great-aunt Sue Torres. "The whole room is full, and she just beams."

Still, disturbing questions remain about her alleged abductor. Convicted in 1980 of sexually assaulting a 14-year-old boy at gunpoint, Duncan spent 17 years in prison before relocating to Fargo, N.Dak., in 2000. For the five years he lived there "every indication we've had is that he kept to himself," says Fargo Police Sgt. Joel Vettel, who adds that officials paid Duncan seven home visits since 2004. Duncan even managed to make the honors list while

studying for a degree in computer science at North Dakota State University.

Then, in March 2005, police charged Duncan with molesting a 6-year-old boy in a Minnesota playground the previous summer. In April he posted a \$15,000 bond, but when he failed to show for a court hearing in May, police issued a warrant for his arrest. Shortly after skipping town, Duncan made chilling entries in his computer blog. "I am scared, alone and confused, and my reaction is to strike out toward the perceived source of my misery—society," Duncan wrote. "My intent is to harm society as much as I can, then die." Less than a week later Shasta's family was massacred in their home.

Neither Duncan nor Shasta surfaced again until July 1, when they were spotted on surveillance video taken at a gas station and convenience store about 40 miles east of Coeur d'Alene. A few hours later they stopped at Denny's, where Duncan surrendered without a fight. While police questioned Duncan, Amber Deahn, six months pregnant with her second child, sat with Shasta in the back of a squad car. "She cuddled up to me and cried for her daddy," says Deahn. "And she said, 'I want to go home.'" The next day she finally got to see her father at the hospital. "When I walked in the door her face just lit up," Steve Groene told FOX News. "She acts just like the little girl I saw [before she vanished]."

In the days after Shasta's rescue police limited her relatives to eight-minute visits and did not allow them to question her about her ordeal. The best news of all is that the little brown-haired girl who looked so scared and lost at Denny's has been coming out of her shell more and more every day. When her grandmother and aunts came to see her, "Shasta just held out her arms to them," says Sue Torres. "They spent the whole eight minutes just holding and hugging."

Megan Kanika, Jessica Lunstorf, Shasta Groene.

These girls, all believed to have been sexually molested by men and two of them killed, have generated headlines, prompted states to stiffen penalties against offenders and caused many parents to fear their child could be next.

Yet gut-wrenching as these high-profile cases are, they don't tell the whole story of sex offenders in America. They don't reflect the surprisingly good news: Sex crimes against children have dropped dramati-

ically in the past decade. An online national sex-offender registry was launched in July. And recent research shows doctors can better predict which offenders may strike again.

"There's a success story here," says Roxanne Lieb, director of Washington state's Institute for Public Policy. She sees a "trickle-down effect" as famous cases raise public awareness and legislatures toughen public policy.

The headline-grabbing cases tend to be anomalies, because kids are rarely abused by strangers, and even less often killed.

"It's not the creepy guy who moves in next door you need to be most concerned about, but family, friends — people who have access to your children on a regular basis," says Pamela Schultz, author of *Not Monsters: Analyzing the Stories of Child Molesters*. She says most kids are abused by people they know.

And only a tiny fraction of abuse cases end in murder, says David Finkelhor, director of the Crimes Against Children Research Center at the University of New Hampshire. Of the 60,000 to 70,000 arrests each year for sex crimes against children, he says about 40 to 50 involve homicide.

Child advocates fear, though, the ability of serial sex offenders to escape detection and hurt more children.

"There are still huge gaps in the system," says John Walsh, host of the Fox network's *America's Most Wanted*, whose son Adam was murdered by a pedophile in 1981. "There's no good tracking" of repeat offenders, he says. All states now require convicted sex offenders to register, but Walsh says oversight and penalties for non-compliance are insufficient.

Finkelhor says parents have a right to be outraged by sex crimes but should take heart by what he sees as progress. "There's been some fear on the part of advocates that some enthusiasm (for tougher laws) will go away if people think the situation is getting better," he says. Experts argue it is, citing these developments:

► Dramatic drop in cases

Government figures show the rate of sexual assaults against adolescents ages 12 to 17 plunged 79% from 1993 through 2003, and the number of substantiated sex-abuse cases involving kids of all ages fell 39% in the same time period. Finkelhor, who has analyzed the data, sees multiple reasons for the decline: Greater incarceration of offenders, more therapy and use of psychiatric drugs, economic improvement in the 1990s and heightened public concern.

► **Online sex-offender registry.** On July 20, the Justice Department activated its online National Sex Offender Public Registry, which now links the registries of 23 states and the District of Columbia. The registry will help police and the public track offenders who cross state lines. The department expects its website, www.nsopr.gov, will soon link all states once software compatibility issues are resolved.

► **Improved screening for risk factors.** Canadian psychologist Karl Hanson, an internationally recognized expert on sex offenders, says doctors are better able to assess which offenders are at higher risk of reoffending and focus on treating them.

Hanson says no single factor determines who will commit another sex crime. "It's a combination," he says. He finds those at highest risk tend to be antisocial and have a sexual deviancy, such as an interest in children and strangers. Some were abused as kids, but most kids who have been sexually abused don't become perpetrators.

Government data show most sex offenders are male, and the majority of victims are female. The offenders are less likely to be rearrested after prison for any type of crime than other former inmates, although those who are rearrested are more likely to be charged with another sex crime, according to a 2003 study by the Department of Justice.

► **Treatment helps.** Group therapy dropped the recidivism rate from 17% to 10%, according to a 2002 study that Hanson co-wrote. He studied 9,454 sex offenders in 43 states.

A similar 1999 study found that those participating in relapse-prevention programs had a rearrest rate of 7.2% after five years, compared with 17.6% for those who weren't treated. The study, sponsored by the Justice Department, looked at 11,000 offenders.

Doctors typically use cognitive therapy that teaches offenders to avoid risky behavior, such as living or working near children. They sometimes prescribe antidepressants or other drugs.

"You can't cure it any more than you can cure alcoholism, but you can successfully treat it," says Fred Berlin, founder of the Sexual Disorders Clinic at Johns Hopkins University.

Berlin says sex offenders are a diverse group, including pedophiles as well as older teens convicted of having sex with underage teens. He says some are mentally ill. "Who in their right mind would be sexually attracted to young children?"

For bereaved parents, progress in reducing sex crimes may offer little consolation. They see a system too broken to protect their kids.

"I will never see Jessie go on her first date. I will never be a grandfather to her children," Mark Lunsford said this spring as he stood with members of Congress who were proposing tougher penalties. His daughter Jessica, 9, was killed in February in Florida by convicted sex offender John Couey, who didn't register that he was living across the street from her.

Of the 551,000 sex offenders registered in the USA, about 100,000 are missing or have failed to give a current address, says Ernie Allen, president and CEO of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children. He says compliance varies widely by state. He argues the public, at a minimum, needs to know where repeat offenders are.

Joseph Edward Duncan, 42, accused of molesting 8-year-old Shasta Groene and killing three members of her family, was a repeat offender suspected of molesting a boy in Minnesota when a judge released him in April on a \$15,000 bail. He fled. A month later, he kidnapped Shasta and her brother, Dylan, police say. The bodies of her mother, another brother and the mother's boyfriend were found bludgeoned in their rural Idaho home. Dylan's body was later found.

USA TODAY does not usually identify alleged underage victims of sexual assault, but the search for Shasta was so publicized that her name is widely known.

On Tuesday, not-guilty pleas were entered on Duncan's behalf to six charges of murder and kidnapping, each of which carries the death penalty. He is also being investigated in the deaths of a 10-year-old California boy in 1997 and two Washington state girls in 1996. Walsh calls Duncan "a poster boy" for gaps in the system, a repeat offender "who knows the system doesn't work."

Aside from registering offenders, states must now also provide information to the public on offenders' addresses. Congress passed this requirement, known as Megan's Law, after the 1994 murder of 7-year-old Megan Kanka by a twice-convicted sex offender living on her street in Hamilton Township, N.J.

It did not require states to actively notify the public, such as by letter, but they must make the information available.

Laura Ahearn, executive director of Parents for Megan's Law, says many people assume that if a known sex offender moves in next door they will be notified. "That's one of the largest betrayals," she says. "People have been led into this false sense of security." She says 22 states do not require active notification, forcing parents themselves to seek out the information.

Critics say the registries also fall short because most sex crimes are not reported and most sex offenders are not caught. "Public notification laws make the public feel better, but they certainly don't target the people who haven't been caught," says Joseph Giovannoni, who has counseled sex offenders for 28 years in Hawaii.

Experts say more parents are reporting sex crimes against their children, but they remain a distinct minority. "What we're confronted with is a faceless crime," Ahearn says, arguing that many families hope to preserve a sense of normalcy by not going public.

Hanson, the psychologist, estimates that 40% of kids molested by strangers report the abuse, but only 10% molested by someone they know do so. "Even low rates are too high," he says. "We still have a long way to go."

A bipartisan bill is pending in Congress to strengthen Megan's Law. Authored by Rep. James Sensenbrenner, R-Wis., it would increase penalties on offenders for non-compliance, require them to give more frequent in-person updates of their addresses and improve information sharing among states. Lawmakers are also proposing other bills to lengthen prison sentences and impose electronic-tracking devices.

States and communities are not waiting for Congress to act. They are taking a variety of steps:

► **Banning offenders from school areas.** In May, Binghamton, N.Y., banned moderate- and high-risk sex offenders from living or entering an area within a quarter-mile radius of any school, day care center, playground or park. In June, Miami Beach's Mayor David Derner banned convicted child molesters from moving within 2,500 feet of such areas, effectively barring them from the city. In July, Brick Township, N.J., set a similar 2,500-foot perimeter for certain pedophiles. Under a new policy, Florida bans certain sex offenders from public hurricane shelters, many of which are in schools. It requires them to seek refuge in prison instead.

► **Electronic monitoring.** After the deaths this year of Jessica Luns-

ford and 13-year-old Sarah Lund, who was also allegedly molested and killed by a convicted rapist. Florida approved a bill requiring the worst offenders to wear satellite-tracking devices for the rest of their lives.

In August alone, Alabama and New Jersey passed laws requiring extensive satellite tracking of high-risk sex offenders. At least three other states — Missouri, Ohio and Oklahoma — approved electronic monitoring this year, and North Dakota, Georgia and New York are considering similar measures.

Last week, California Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger proposed lifetime satellite-tracking devices for paroled molesters. His proposal faces an uncertain future. The state Legislature's annual session ends early next month. Questions have been raised about the program's cost.

Beginning this month in Iowa, more than 500 convicted sex offenders will be required to wear electronic-monitoring ankle bands. The law was in response to the March abduction and slaying of 10-year-old Jettseta Gage. James Bentley, who once dated her mother, is charged with sexually molesting her over a three-year period. His older brother Roger is charged with kidnapping and killing her.

"Electronic monitoring is really, really important," Walsh says.

► **Longer prison sentences.** Florida's sex-offender law passed this year more than doubles the mandatory sentence for sex crimes against children. Other states are also lengthening prison sentences for sex offenders.

"Incarceration seems to have an impact," says John LaFond, author of *Preventing Sexual Violence*. He says the number of inmates convicted of sex crimes is rising more quickly than that for all other crimes except drugs. The longer sentences contribute to the decline in sex crimes, he says.

While states impose stiffer penalties, child advocates also point to a less costly approach: Education on how to prevent abuse.

Teresa Jacobs, program manager of the Jacob Wetterling Foundation, a Minnesota-based non-profit group, says parents can best protect their kids by staying involved in their lives and knowing how they spend their time. She says kids need to learn to report abuse.

Ahearn says parents shouldn't only preach "stranger beware," because strangers commit only about 10% of sex offenses. She cautions them to also look at the people they know: "Anyone who wants to spend more time with your kid than you, watch out."

To his parole officer, Robert Russell Koppa showed all the signs of a criminal on the mend.

Within a month of his release, he landed a steady job as a delivery driver. He started seeing a psychiatrist. He got engaged to a 23-year-old woman, and settled into an apartment in Wheeling.

So Koppa, considered a "high-risk" inmate when released last February, was taken out of the state's intensive supervision program after four months and into a parole program that mandates no more than a monthly phone call.

"If a guy's doing OK, we gradually reduce the level of supervision," said Nic Howell, spokesman for the Illinois Department of Corrections. "You can't watch everybody all the time."

This approach might make sense if Koppa was a drug dealer or gangbanger. But as a convicted murderer and serial sex offender, the traditional signs of rehabilitation are meaningless. Behaving "normally" in the outside world, experts say, is no indication that a sex offender has quelled obsessive, pathological urges.

So no one seemed surprised when Koppa ended up back in jail 17 months later, charged with abducting a teenager from Woodfield Mall, forcing her to dress in fancy clothes and sexually molesting her—a crime that bore striking similarities to his earlier ones.

Similarly, the story emerged last week of Reginald Muldrew, the so-called "pillowcase rapist" who was living in Gary after being released from a California prison in December. Muldrew was beaten by neighbors after an alleged attempted break-in and attack on a female victim, and he is suspected in several other sexual attacks that resemble his earlier crimes. Muldrew had refused sex-offender treatment in the California system, officials said, and his release created a public stir. But it didn't stop him from allegedly resuming his criminal behavior.

As cases such as these—along with that of child murderer Timothy Buss, who killed a 10-year-old boy while on parole—continue to crop up, there has been a flurry of legislative activity aimed at released sex offenders. Most recently President Clinton signed a federal version of New Jersey's so-called Megan's Law—which requires states to notify communities when convicted sex offenders move into their area.

Yet while much of the public discussion has been over whether such registries violate the rights of ex-offenders, some criminal justice observers say the real debate should be over whether they have much effect at all.

At best, many say, such registries and public notification may make apprehending a suspect easier in subsequent crimes. But they do little to stop a sexual offender from claiming at least one more victim before such criminals can be permanently removed from society.

"If a person is dedicated to abusing others, there is simply nothing that can be done to stop him," said William Pithers, a Vermont psychologist who spent 18 years treating sex offenders for the prison system.

Officials can't look for domestic and financial stability and other normal behavior as signs that a sex offender is becoming low-risk.

So how can law enforcement officials possibly monitor someone closely enough to prevent a sex offender from reoffending?

The answer is, they probably can't.

What can be done is increasingly a subject of intense debate in the criminal justice world.

Convinced that the current laws don't get at the real problem—the drastically different psychology of sex offenders compared to other criminals—two Illinois legislators have proposed a law that would require a psychological screening before any sex offender is released from prison. For those revealed as especially dangerous, a prosecutor could seek a civil order to have the prisoner committed to a mental health center. The others would be supervised by specialized parole officers with limited caseloads.

"When we release these folks, they are like contact bombs: We know they're going to go off, we just don't know when," said state Rep. Tom Dart, a former Cook County prosecutor. "The menace is always there unless you have a 24-hour guard on the person. It's ridiculous to ignore that reality."

Serial rapists such as Koppa—those who prey on post-adolescents—are among the most troubling cases because they can't be kept away from females in the general population, experts note. Pedophiles, on the other hand, rely on trust and time to lure their victims. If they are falling back into old patterns, they will be easier to spot.

Still, only this week, a paroled pedophile was arrested in West Virginia when law enforcement

officials stopped by his home to remind him he had to register with the state as a sex offender. They found him with two children, and he was charged with sexually assaulting a 9-year-old boy.

"You can't treat these guys like regular criminals," said Robert Freeman-Longo, director of The Safer Society Foundation and a therapist who has spent 20 years treating sex offenders. "They look and act like you and I, except for the fact that they are sexual abusers. And in the absence of treatment, they will remain dangerous."

But even treatment programs, which are proliferating across the country, have built-in problems. Success depends almost exclusively on the offender's willingness to participate and work at it. Part of the psychology of the sexual offender is denial of his acts, so most refuse treatment. And many of those who start an intensive program either don't finish it or refuse long-term outpatient therapy.

Richard Ault, a forensic behavioral scientist who spent 24 years developing profiles of serial criminals for the FBI, believes the solution lies in longer prison terms, not therapy.

He said he's heard plenty of serial sex offenders claim to be reformed. But he doesn't buy it, especially from someone who has killed a victim.

"This notion of changing it all around is kind of absurd," he said. "It's part and parcel of his personality."

There's more at stake than the emotional devastation of these lost or ruined lives. A study by the Vermont Department of Corrections about sex offender recidivism estimated that every new arrest of a rapist or child molester cost the state in 1987 about \$160,000—which included court costs, incarceration for five years and two years of counseling for the victim. That cost now would top \$200,000.

While community sentiment favors drastic measures—castrate them or lock them up for life—the reality is that the average sex offender spends less than four years in prison. That's why sex offender treatment programs have grown dramatically over the last 20 years—from 23 programs nationwide in 1976 to more than 2,000 today.

"I agree there's a large number of these people who should never see the light of day," said Jerry Burgener, a psychologist who leads the program at Graham Cor-

But most of these guys are going home, unless they kill someone, sometimes even if they do kill someone. It's worth the time and money to try to keep them from coming back."

The state DOC created its first intensive sex offender therapy program in 1992, and while officials consider it a success, they admit it's too early to tell if it will have any measurable effect on recidivism.

The problem is that only 10 percent of the state's 3,400 sex offenders are now incarcerated voluntarily for the intensive treatment. A third of those drop out or are dismissed for rule violations. The only ones who complete the program are those most motivated to change.

"We're not coddling these guys. Our program is tough," Burgener said. "About 90 percent come in for the wrong reasons. They say they want to change. But if they're not motivated to change, it's not worth the work."

Other state prisons attract more prisoners to the program because inmates know the program is tied to favorable consideration from the parole board. But Illinois has no such incentives because a parole board has no say over when prisoners are released. Prison terms are fixed at sentencing, then routinely reduced for good-time credit and the prisoner's participation in educational programs. They get no extra credit for therapy.

Rapists and pedophiles are driven by powerful impulses, deviant compulsions so ingrained in their psyches that it takes years of therapy and a monumental vigilance to restrain. They become masters of denial, minimizing their crimes and blaming their victims.

Successful therapy forces them to accept responsibility, empathize with their victims, and understand the impulses that drive their criminal behavior. They are taught how to avoid high-risk situations and replace deviant fantasies with those involving consensual sex.

Burgener likens it to a stop sign. Most sex offenders don't even see the stop sign until they're already through the intersection. Therapy trains them to spot the stop sign early and slow down two or three blocks back.

While sex offenders are clumped together—in therapy, in get-tough legislation, in society's collective rage—they are not the

same. Just as sex offenders need to be treated and supervised differently than the general criminal population, no blanket approach is going to apply.

Pedophiles and incest abusers also are more likely to seek treatment while in prison—in part because it offers a haven from the general prison population, said Pithers, the Vermont psychologist and researcher.

"Being a rapist is not a great thing to be, but it's sure a hell of a lot better than being a child molester," Pithers said.

Vermont has one of the oldest therapy programs in the country, so officials have been able to track sex offenders for years after their release. Pithers studied recidivism rates for the treated offenders after 5, 7 and 10 years.

The research suggests that rapists are the worst risk. About 17 percent reoffended, a rate that stayed constant over the years. However, the recidivism rate for pedophiles increased steadily over the years—from 3 percent after five years to 12 percent after 10 years—suggesting that pedophiles can relapse even after a long stretch of good behavior.

Still, Pithers noted, among untreated offenders, 38 percent were arrested within five years of their release.

Illinois officials are hoping a new, expanded sex offender registration will help law enforcement officials keep tabs on these criminals.

But that's assuming they do register. Illinois State Police records show that only 4,300 sex offenders are registered out of the estimated 30,000 whose crimes qualify them for this new list. And nearly all are child-sex offenders already on a registry or prisoners released since the law was enacted in January.

Koppa wasn't registered in either Wheeling or Palatine—where he was living at the time of his arrest—although he's required to do so because he was released within the last 10 years.

Even if police do know where a sex offender is, that doesn't mean they can stop him from re-offending. But at least the registry offers investigators a larger pool of suspects to consider, officials say.

"Registration might not prevent the first crime, but it may prevent subsequent crimes," said Mike Weiter, an Illinois State Police violent crimes supervisor who oversees the sex-offender registration program.

"It's just one more tool you can use to protect yourself. But there's no panacea."

A MOTHER spoke last night of her relief at seeing the monster who raped her and her nine-year-old daughter on Christmas night convicted of six assaults.

The former nurse paid tribute to the courage of the little girl in giving evidence to court that helped to convict William Kenealy.

Speaking exclusively to the Daily Mail, she said: "He is pure evil. He needs to be put down a pit. I could almost forgive him for what he did to me—but not for what he did to my daughter."

"He could have killed her. I was fighting for my little girl's life. I had to stay calm to save her. When I heard her evidence, I felt so proud that she was my daughter."

The 55-year-old widow spoke movingly of the impact of the attacks. She said: "She wants to stay close to me all the time. At night when there is noise she drags her quilt and pillow into my room and I find her beside me."

"She's so wary of men. Even when she goes to ballet classes and fathers are dropping off their daughters, she watches them like a hawk."

A jury at the Old Bailey took less than two hours to convict William Kenealy, 25, of the attack and of raping a student ten months later as she walked home. He now faces a life prison sentence.

Kenealy, of Northolt, west London, showed no emotion as the verdicts were returned but began to weep as the prosecution outlined his string of previous convictions. Police are now to question him again about two more rapes.

During the seven-day trial, the Old Bailey was told how the horrified mother clung on to her daughter's hand as they were raped in bed early on Boxing Day 1996.

The mother had taken her child to visit her other daughter aged 19, in Northolt, over the festive period.

Christmas Day itself was one to treasure. A family rarely together, the nine-year-old was delighted with her Spice Girls tape and played happily with her elder sister who had indulged her with lots of clothes.

At lunch, they had champagne, thoroughly enjoyed themselves and lazed away the afternoon.

In the evening the elder girl went out with some friends and, near midnight, the mother and nine-year-old settled down to some much-needed sleep.

The mother was unable to lock the patio door of the ground-floor flat but thought nothing of it. "I didn't think anyone would do anything on Christmas Day," she said.

She got into bed with the girl and began to doze. What happened next will haunt both of them for ever.

She suddenly became aware of a stranger in the room. It was Kenealy. He walked up to the bed, carrying a kitchen knife, put the quilt over her head and ordered her not to look at him. As she was being raped she put her hand out to reassure her daughter, who was being indecently assaulted at the same time.

The mother said: "I begged him to leave my daughter alone. I said 'She is only a child, a baby. She knows nothing of sex. Please leave her alone.' I pleaded with him but he did not listen."

I was holding her hand. We were gripping each other. But then he turned her over and I was unable to hold her hand any longer.

The attacker twice raped both mother and daughter. He then forced the naked girl to find her Christmas money, which he stole.

The girl, who gave evidence to the court via a video link, said: "When he finished hurting mum he was hurting me. He kissed me on the lips. I was saying: 'Please no, please no' and so did mum."

In a statement to police, she said: "The man was holding a knife up to mum's face. I was frightened that he was going to kill me or my mum. After that I was frightened to sleep in my bedroom on my own. I'm not looking forward to Christmas as much because it brings back memories."

She was so badly injured that she needed a general anaesthetic before a doctor could examine her.

The mother, from Essex, said: "To this day I can't believe how evil that man was to us. After raping me and committing an unspeakable assault on me, he turned on my daughter despite my pleading with him not to. I had let him have his way with me in the hope that she would sleep through it but he wouldn't listen."

"I knew what he was going to do. He lifted up my slip so I was naked and then he raped me. I said to myself: 'Allow him to do it and he won't be able to upset my daughter'. I was trying to think for the two of us. I thought if I let him do what he wanted, he would be happy and then he would just go away. I divorced my head from my body - my brain and my physical state completely parted company. He could have my body but mentally he had no chance."

The woman, whose husband died of a heart attack eight years ago, added: "I had my right arm across my little girl then I felt his arm on her too. The poor little thing completely tensed up."

"I thought how can he be satisfied with a young child who knows nothing? I did not believe a man could get pleasure from a child. There was no sense in it but he did."

"When he turned his attentions to her I was saying 'Jesus help me, Jesus help me'. My mind was racing. I was thinking he could cut her or really damage her."

"I said to myself I must keep as calm as I can. I must not attack him or upset him. My daughter was gripping me by the hand, her nails were digging into me. This was going on and on."

"Something happened in my head and I kept saying to her 'you let the man do what he wants and then he will go, don't fight him then I promise he will go'."

"She was quiet and I thought she was coping but suddenly she screamed a scream like a tortured creature. She started to struggle, then she went quiet and I thought 'Oh she's coping again'."

It was not until I heard her statement later that I realised he had tried to smother her with a pillow."

The mother displayed incredible presence of mind during the attack. "My head was covered most of the time but every chance I could I took a good look at him. By the time he had finished I knew his height, build, hair colour and clothes. My daughter's recollections were brilliant too."

At some point, the mother became aware that Kenealy had left the flat.

The mother dialled 999 and explained she and her daughter had been raped. They endured several hours of questioning and harrowing doctor's examinations.

But the woman made it her mission to see their attacker caught.

Her voice shaking with emotion she said: "The police have been absolutely brilliant but it was me who kept ringing them. I was determined to keep them motivated until this monster was off the streets."

The Old Bailey jury was also told that Kenealy pounced again ten months after his Christmas night attack. A 17-year-old student and member of a youth orchestra was walking home in Belling, west London, after a performance when she was assaulted.

The man put his hand over her mouth, pushed her scarf over her eyes and raped her, telling her that he had a knife. He then escaped with the girl's rucksack.

DNA tests showed the same man was responsible for both attacks. Detectives began screening known criminals in the area and Kenealy, a thief and burglar who had made 18 court appearances between 1988 and 1998, was the second man tested.

He was one of only two or three white males in the UK who probably shared the DNA profile the tests had revealed.

When he was arrested in May this year, Kenealy burst into tears and admitted the crimes.

A string of people, including his girlfriend Samantha Warne, told the Old Bailey that he had been at a party at the time of the first rapes. In court he denied six offences - five of rape and one of indecent assault.

Kenealy will be sentenced tomorrow.

A GIRL of 13 who was the victim of a suspected serial rapist told a court how she bravely argued with her attacker during the terrifying ordeal, telling him: "You make me sick."

The teenager said she repeatedly 'stuck up for herself' after being dragged off her bicycle and assaulted by the man, who remarked that she was a 'lovely age'.

A video of the girl's interview with police was played to the jury at Maidstone Crown Court, in Kent, where railway worker Antoni Imiela, 49, faces nine charges.

The prosecution alleges the schoolgirl was his seventh victim, and that he attacked her in Woking, Surrey, in September 2002.

In the video - filmed two days after the alleged rape and shown to the court last Friday - the girl held hands tightly with her mother as she described how she was snatched in a wooded area.

Speaking calmly and fluently, she said she had seen the man shortly before he pounced and described him as 'having a body like the character Phil Mitchell from East-Enders and a face like his brother Grant'.

"I gave a smile to say 'Hi' and he just ignored me and kept on walking. I just totally regret that now," the girl told the police officer interviewing her, who assured her: "I would say never give up smiling."

The girl then described how she was suddenly grabbed off her bike, dragged into woods, pushed over and ordered to take some of her clothes off.

She went on: "He was saying, 'What age are you?' and I went 'Thirteen'. He said: 'That is a lovely age, a lovely age'." She said, "Why?" and he said "You're growing."

The schoolgirl then recalled telling him: "You make me sick."

She added: "I said, 'What are you going to do with me afterwards?' - 'I am going to be able to see my family? You're not going to kill me and stuff'. He said: 'No, I am not going to kill you'. The girl said she continued to 'say things' to her attacker despite being stripped of her clothes.

She was told to put her top over her head so she could not see attacker. "I was just rejecting everything. I said, 'Excuse me, I don't even know you and you're doing this to me.' He was a sick man."

The girl said that at one point she turned her cheek to avoid his attempts to kiss her. "I was just like, 'Get away from me', she said.

She continued: "I was just wishing for it all to be over and he was saying, 'You're not a virgin' and I said, 'Excuse me, I think I would know if I was a virgin. It is none of your business'."

The girl said she pretended to have a 'bladder problem' and had closed her legs during the attack, but was punched in the stomach by the man.

"I was just crying, 'I want my mum, I want my mum' and he was like, 'You're not going to get your mum', she said.

The victim told how she questioned the rapist during her ordeal, asking him: "Have you got a wife then?" - which he denied - and "Do you live here?" but was told to "Stop being so noisy."

"He was just acting like a school boy, saying things like, 'Don't be cheeky, don't be rude', she said.

Despite her pleas and attempts to defy the man, her callous attacker eventually told her: "This won't take a moment" before raping her.

"I was just closing my eyes and hoping everything was going to be over. I was thinking, 'Oh my God', she added.

The girl said that after the assault

she sat for two minutes, trying to get eyes out before finding help from a man walking his dog.

"I fell into his arms and said, 'I have been raped, take me home, and started crying. His arm was around me trying to comfort me'."

Imiela, 49, from Appledore, Kent, denies nine counts of rape against three girls under 16 and five women. One of the women was allegedly raped twice.

He also pleads not guilty to kidnap, indecent assault and attempted rape.

The charges relate to alleged attacks across the South-East and in the West Midlands between November 2001 and October 2002. The trial continues.

A Bartlett man performed oral sex on an infant and broadcast the crime live on the Internet as part of a world-wide network of "molestation on demand," U.S. Attorney General Alberto Gonzales alleged Wednesday in Chicago.

Gonzales and other law enforcement officials said Brian Annoreno, 29, and an unnamed conspirator video-recorded themselves molesting young children and broadcast the acts through an Internet chatroom "Kiddypics & Kiddyvids." It was shut down as part of a sting that swept up 27 men and women, including three from the Chicago area.

At least seven children were exploited through the scheme that involved people in the chatroom agreeing to make the videos available to one another, Gonzales charged. The child victims are now in "safe custody," he said.

"The behavior in these chatrooms and the images many of these defendants sent around the world... are the worst imaginable forms of child pornography," Gonzales said.

Julie Myers, assistant secretary for immigration and customs enforcement, said law enforcement is battling tech-savvy individuals who are feeding a demand for more graphic pornographic images with younger victims. At the same time, these individuals know how to police their chatrooms to try to skirt law enforcement, she said.

Annoreno, also known by his screen name "Acidburn," is accused of filming himself molesting an 18-month-old and streaming it live over the chatroom.

A law enforcement source said Annoreno is suspected of molesting his own child.

The Illinois Department of Children and Family Services began investigating Annoreno on Jan. 9 and removed his 22-month-old daughter from his custody, spokeswoman Diane Jackson said. A relative has temporary custody of the child.

"Based on the serious nature of this ring, we are checking all of this out," Jackson said.

Gregory J. Sweezer, aka "Behrplus925," 48, of Aurora, and David B. Holst, aka "Vyydbh5182," 27, of North Aurora, were also charged in indictments returned late Tuesday in Chicago in a case that will be prosecuted by Assistant U.S. Attorneys Monika Bickert and Mark Schneider.

Sweezer and Holst are not under DCFS investigation, officials said.

Also charged in the Chicago indictment is Lisa A. Winebrenner, aka "HumbleDuchess," 36, of Oskaloa, Iowa. She's accused of acting as host of the chatroom and telling others how to carry on in the event that she was arrested. She's accused of destroying pornography on her computer and telling others to do the same when she felt the feds were closing in.

Holst is charged with possession and receipt of child pornography, while Annoreno, Sweezer and Winebrenner are charged with conspiracy to possess, receive, solicit and distribute child porn.

Annoreno's lawyer, Michael Falconer, said that he doesn't believe the feds recovered a video showing Annoreno molesting a child and that he thinks those charges are based on accounts given by a witness.

Falconer said his client is a "computer whiz" but is an immature 29 "going on 12" and lives with his parents. He said Annoreno's

parents believe their son was used by someone else in the scheme.

"There is some belief in the family that he was led astray," Falconer said, but wouldn't elaborate.

Falconer downplayed Annoreno's significance.

"If you saw him, he's a skinny little kid; I bet he doesn't weigh 100 pounds," Falconer said. "It's impossible that he's a ringleader of anything."

When Annoreno was arrested in January, he admitted to sending and receiving child pornography, court records allege. He has been held in a Kankakee lockup since his arrest, his lawyer said.

Lawyers for the other defendants could not be reached for comment.

The feds first knew about the chatroom after an arrest in Canada last spring. Tony Warr, acting chief of Toronto Police Services, wouldn't elaborate on that arrest but said special software helped track down individuals tied to the chatroom. Law enforcement from Australia to Britain chipped in on the probe.

When one defendant, Holst, was arrested in Chicago in January, he told investigators he turned to child pornography after getting "burned out" on regular porn, according to court records. When the feds seized his computers, they said they found a nine-minute video showing a young girl, age 9 to 12, performing oral sex on an adult male who then had sexual intercourse with her. They said they also found an image of an 18-month-old female spreading her legs to show her genitalia.

Myers said investigators worldwide collaborated on the investigation and saw a disturbing trend of new, "home-grown" images of child pornography popping up — instead of the same "recycled" ones they've seen cycle through cyberspace.

"I'm pleased that those engaged in that disturbing behavior now face justice," Myers said. "Tragically and frighteningly, the children in these images are getting younger, and the images are getting more and more graphic."



Danny Bridges

Said Sally: "When I was about 10 years old, I was running the streets, stealing and fighting. My mom and dad were split up. Both of them had bad drinking problems. We moved back and forth to Alabama, then we came back here. There was never enough food or money. I lived with my dad. He never cared what I did."

"ONE DAY, ONE of my friends said, 'Hey, want to do dates?' I said, 'What's dates?' My friends were 11 and 12. They had little books with customers' names and everything. All we had to do was call them and wait on the corner, dressed in short shorts."

"At first I just went with them. I wouldn't do anything. But then I really wanted money for dope. I was really hooked on it, so I said okay."

Sally said she and her friends charged customers \$30 for sex or

photographing them nude. In a monotone, she described harrowing escapes from "kinky" adults who tried to harm her. "I was a stupid little girl. Yeah, the money was great. I was high all the time. But now I'm scared of all men. Sometimes I get so frustrated I just want to go back on the streets. But I'm trying real hard to stay away."

Officer Dolan stressed that youths like Sally are victims, not prostitutes. "Ten-year-olds don't instinctively know to sell their bodies on the street. Somebody showed them. Somebody abused them."

RECENT STUDIES show that as many as 50 percent of young female prostitutes were abused as children and that the abuse led them to sell their sexual services. Extensive research has not yet been conducted on boys, but therapists believe that some boys may suffer similar psychic damage. The damage is greater when the molestation was homosexual.

"We've seen little boys, who shouldn't even be thinking about sex, worrying that they're homosexual because they've been abused by a man," said Jon Conte, director of the University of Chicago's social services department. Conte said some molested children develop a sense of "learned helplessness" and become chronic victims who believe that they deserve abuse, an attitude that makes them likely candidates for prostitution.

Investigations unit officers say that some youthful prostitutes remain on Uptown streets months after police have targeted them because there are so few good programs in which to place them. Director Gordon Johnson of the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services acknowledges the problem and is trying to create programs to fill the void.

BUT THE PROGRAMS must be carefully monitored. This year Touhy House, a North Side shelter run by Mary Bartelme Homes, was closed after police discovered that girls there were working as prostitutes.

In contrast, Maryville Academy of Des Plaines is one of the area's best programs for prostitutes and other troubled youths. Rev. John F. Smyth, the director, attributes part of the secret of his success to careful control and lots of understanding.

"You have to build a kid's confidence," Father Smyth said. "We tell kids, 'Let's move. You will make it or break it on your performance today. Forget about the past.'"

Father Smyth said one of his most difficult cases was a 14-year-old Uptown girl who had been working as a \$300-a-night call girl.

"Our job was to reduce this girl back into a teenager," he said. "We wouldn't let her wear any of her fancy clothes. Instead we taught her to cook, shop, play games and sports."

"If you reach down deep enough into the hardest street kid, you invariably find a frightened, lonely child."

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Sex abuse victim at 9; slain at 16

By Lynn Emmerman and Lauren Silverman

DANIEL BRIDGES was a victim. He was a victim when he was 9 years old and was sexually molested by a neighbor in Uptown. He was a victim again this week at 16 when his dismembered body was found in plastic bags atop a pile of garbage in a dumpster in Rogers Park.

Before his violent death, Danny talked freely about his life of sexual abuse. In a June interview arranged by state and law enforcement officials during the Tribune's examination of child sexual abuse, the amiable teenager said his troubled childhood led him to work as a prostitute on North Side street corners.

"I don't consider myself gay. I did it so I wouldn't starve to death. I was out on the street since I was young," he said in explaining that he had trouble at home. "You do what you have to do."

Danny's entry into prostitution may have been linked to his sexual victimization as a child. Jon Conte, director of the University of Chicago's social services department, said exploited children often develop an attitude of "learned helplessness" that makes them easy targets for further victimization.

IN TAPING for an NBC News documentary on child exploitation, Danny said his first sexual encounter was with a neighbor.

"He invited me over to his house and I had sex with him," Danny told an interviewer in part of the report aired Wednesday on WMAQ-TV [Channel 5].

"I really didn't like to have sex with other men because it did make me feel cheap," he said in describing the promiscuous life that followed. "My friends would call me names in school. . . ."

Danny knew the dangers associated with gay prostitution.

"Most of the men who picked me up were stupid middle-class guys. But sometimes they were crazy and threatened to hurt me or wouldn't pay me," he said in the Tribune interview. "I always had to be ready to defend myself."



Photo courtesy NBC-TV, Channel 5

Daniel Bridges as he appeared in a television documentary on child exploitation.

ALTHOUGH HE engaged in prostitution, Danny was a victim of sexual abuse in the eyes of the law because minors cannot legally consent to engage in sex. Twice since 1981 reports were filed against people who had allegedly taken indecent liberties with Danny, police said. A juvenile petition for disorderly conduct was filed against him last year, police said.

The boy was one of thousands of children who have been sexually abused in Illinois in the last two years. In fiscal 1983 the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services received more than 4,000 reports of child sexual abuse, compared with fewer than 3,400 the year before. For the first nine months of fiscal 1984, the department received 3,641, well ahead of last year's rate.

Danny's last known movements were sketchy. Family members, who said they were unaware that Danny was involved in homosexual activity, said he was last seen leaving home at 11 p.m. Sunday, wearing a dressing gown.

"THAT WAS IT," said Danny's brother, Tony, 24. "Of course we got concerned about him but sometimes he'd be gone and he'd always come back. But this time he didn't."

His family has filed at least four missing persons reports on Danny since May, 1981, according to police.

Some family members believe, because of the way he was dressed, that he had stepped outdoors to get some fresh air. Joyce Bunch, Danny's former sister-in-law, thinks he may have intended to hitchhike to

In the taped television interview, Danny said he had once run away to High Point, N.C., with friends and was forced to earn room and board by having sex with men.

"I really didn't want to" have sex with men, Danny said in the interview. "But if I didn't I would've been thrown out."

TONY BRIDGES said in an interview, "If anything like that was going on, it was not told to us that way."

Family members said that Danny ran away with a couple, both in their mid-30s, with whom he had been close friends.

"He was like their son," said Connie Frey, Danny's sister, who lives in the Albany Park area. "He spent a lot of time with them. A real lot of time."

In April, 1982, Danny was among half a dozen boys and girls who were placed in protective custody by the Chicago Police Department's vice control division after a raid on a juice bar at 2623 N. Halsted St., in which five men were arrested for sexual misconduct, according to a spokesman for the Cook County state's attorney's office.

Danny reportedly went to Maryville Academy in Des Plaines about a year ago because of threats of retribution following the incident. He was in the academy until about five months ago, when he returned home, according to the family.

NEIGHBORS SAID that when Danny was at home he helped his mother and his neighbors and assisted at a vacation Bible school.

"He would always carry my groceries upstairs," said Christine Fernandez, 32, who lived next door. "He would always help out when he could. I used to see him outside hanging up his mother's laundry."

Charlotte Dussan, 44, a neighbor, said, "He was a nice, kindhearted kid, the type you grow to love."

Others cared about Danny, too. Juvenile police officers Samuel Christian and Brian Killackey of the special investigations unit brought him back home from North Carolina, according to Tony Bridges.

The two officers described Danny as a "basically good kid who never had a chance." They spent long hours counseling Danny and arranged for his placement at Maryville.

Despite their efforts, Danny could not overcome his past.

A CHILD FORCED into sex at an early age can go one of two ways, according to Dr. Richard Seely, director of the Intensive Treatment Program for Sexual Aggressives at Minnesota State Hospital in St. Peter.

The child can identify with his aggressor and then go on to become a victimizer himself. Such behavior often begins around puberty, Seely said.

Or he can go the way Danny went. Speaking of children like Danny and others, Seely said they become "chronic victims."

"They seem to send out vibes that offenders pick up," vibes that tell offenders that the target has little or no self esteem and expects to be victimized. Seely said such children are often victimized repeatedly, such as one in Denver who was raped 14 times. "It's like radar."

POLICE FEAR that Danny was neither the first nor the last youth to disappear after being picked up on Uptown streets. Two years ago 8-year-old Tricia Kellett vanished without a trace from the corner of Leland and Ashland Avenues. She was last seen walking with a large muscular man with a mustache.

In April the body of Danny's friend, Ervin Dwayne Gibson, 16, was discovered near Lake Forest. Six months later the body of Steven Crockett, 19, also of Uptown, was found in Kankakee County. Eyler is suspected in Gibson's and Crockett's deaths, according to police.

Day and night, Uptown's child prostitutes, some as young as 8, can be found loitering at Wilson and Racine Avenues, lagging quarters at Montrose and Magnolia and scurrying through the trash-strewn streets like small nocturnal animals. Their customers—many according to police records, middle-class men—cruise the streets "like sharks circling for little fish," Christian said in an interview conducted in June during an ongoing Tribune examination of sexual abuse of children.

"In Uptown, you can buy an 8-year-old girl, a boy, a mother and her daughter, you name it. There are whole families working these streets."

"**RIGHT NOW** young boys, known as chicken, are the biggest thing going," Christian said. "The freaks [prostitute's customers] come from all over the Chicago area looking for them. We've arrested bank executives, teachers, priests and stock brokers, you name it."

"These kids come from families where there's little love and less money. Their mother might be a hooker who introduces them to prostitution when she gets too old to attract clients, or she might be an alcoholic who knows what her kid is doing and doesn't care. For some people in Uptown, juvenile hooking is an acceptable way to earn spending money for food, designer jeans and drugs. What are you going to offer a kid to replace that?"

Sally, 14, a former Uptown child prostitute, is desperately seeking alternatives to her old life-style. A thin, blond-haired girl with a baby face and glittering blue eyes, she wore a loose white cotton dress that failed to hide the homemade tattoos marring her pale arms. Sally is living in a state-run facility outside Chicago. To ensure that the girl's former customers do not go looking for her, The Tribune agreed to protect her identity and whereabouts.



The arrest of Larry Eyler for the gruesome murder of teenager Danny Bridges made sensational news. Eyler, a familiar figure in some gay circles, is suspected of a string of grisly sex slayings and will come to trial for Bridges' killing next year. The murder also focused attention on teenage prostitution in Chicago.

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Tribune photo by Quentin C. Doot

Daniel Bridges' sister, Sharon, is consoled by a friend after learning of her brother's fate Tuesday evening.

Every reason moves to another session. Pretty much the wrong idea since it started to sound like excuse. My interest in reasoning dissolved. Wouldn't make any further difference if I hadn't written down a connection. I'd see it in so many more footnotes, keep chewing on it, not quite insanity because it tallied more than modified. I'd think that anyone else would find it a very thin construct; if they were looking to criticize me. They'd easily understand that it meant nothing over some faggot reacting in a way that sounded anyhow more than it was. Silly, or sad, increments of dismissible shame at best. Your rationalizing makes you come off desperate. I'm sure I'll find that, later on, I'll have said that what kept me on this queer was that I wasn't especially disappointed. Staying desperate over being so unattractive. Since I was staring and he was standing. I'm sure an argument could be made that I wanted to suck all I was good for. He being so easily passive was exactly what I was looking for. All the time. I've learned this and said it before but it never quite has enough battle effect to put the catcalls back into their stupid boxes. I've sucked enough cock and asshole or even if I haven't. And it's more what I'd have to do than want to do. You'd take this position because it's the only part of the play offered. More than that, in fact. You'd have no other option or agreement. Not like them, of course, just like yourself because you're lying about it. If I sucked off someone that looked enough like the little boy I was talking about rather than any adult stand-in it should clearly definitively be because I'd like to be one of those miserable old perfect exigents with better memories than mine. Right now. And I'll ask myself. I'll demand that I get the answer because that's what cumming up on myself actually is, absolutely, without question, without faggot desire and compliance coming at me from all over the wrong sides. Especially from what I'm sitting on and not fingering in deeper and deeper. I like watching, says the one missing the bigger view and tinier context. However. I want to do it when I understand it doesn't matter. And I'll watch it while it matters more to him. And I know what he has to do rather than what he wants to do. Which isn't desire, discovering. He's not compelled to put his crusty mouth on small dick and undropped balls and traveling tongue to cheeks and again back to erection. All because he doesn't like what cunts do rather than fit. The impulse is to take the spoiled option that the language, in there, around the rape, did what there was to do, has been done before. That's, fuck me, just not sunk or violent enough until you start going over it too much and too often. I hardly ever forget it. Perfectly, I love not forgetting it. Wish it was there more, want to know more about just this all the time, smelling like alcohol and grease and the sweat that comes up from everywhere fingered and prodded open for more tongue, better than two fingers in now, and just have that done for him, for you, for the rules. What else can you do. What else do you want to

do. It'll all be over soon enough and you'll see it didn't count for shit. It really didn't until you say. And you have to answer it out loud. It has to be outside of your repulsive grasping corpus. Until you say, like any other slithering faggot; I honestly thought I was doing more than masturbating. I never considered I was simply alone when I was jerking off. Not so you can hear how stupid you sound. So stupid you were then. So stupid you are now to have to answer. The stupid reason you especially loved one select part of that one pushed forward fucking evil photograph. It will never be something that had actually happened. Ease insertions. Put greed there. Not unnecessary. I can't tell if he's drying up or digestion fluid is sliding out. You always put your mouth there. Put shit tongue in. Just because I drift ahead there at every queer call instance isn't even a problem in psychology until I'm convincing some complete degenerate of one of the manias on every list everywhere, entirely common. Don't want to anymore. I'm not allowed to get better, let alone prove it. What I especially want to hear is the complete lack of cynicism. That fragment of the photo you craved for is equal to the amount of stupidity it takes to explain it. Your interviewer will accept it. The industry will not ask you anything past the idiot science of you and your victim both imagining that you pulling on yourself while looking at something specific equals a relationship. Confess what you did before you had to answer in court to the presented evidence. The material you chose when you hoped or guessed or dreamed you had a choice. They, above all, do not want you to report cynically, it won't do anyone any good. Good is both of you being finished with your jobs without arrogance; your self-esteemed damage versus their tireless, dangerous, self-sacrifice. The victim. She can think like you.

I've always sexually self-reported. That's all I've ever done. I'm not deluded enough to not know it full on when others act like there's something else that was secret or will play that could be more easily discussed after shit sifting. I know that's as true as anything more importantly true. Since I'm not a faggot like I'm not a lawyer. I'm not quite the learned over gene cocksucker you think I'm less than. Just not that consistently enamored during constant thrall. No worry to filth. This is highly selfish work. Given to liars. Those far uglier than me. Not because they're lying, or only lying. Has to do with a certain rank defeatism on their part. The questions peg me wrong but start at correct. This is unmistakable and yet gets bandied about as some great insight it is supposed to reach rather than is. Identifiable. Something some proud moron tells others who already understand what's going on as if the whole of any discussion at all is best. Swerving upmarket from digging faggot crotch tuggers. Isolating the doctor's questions is not my intention, or my interest, and I'm quite fine with his hypocrisy being him unable to get better than himself. I don't intend

on halving the interview to denied queen and lucky fucker. If I pin the plunge well enough to publicly demand that he own up to his level, that he wants those details as bad as I do. Color it brightly, slob. Show love. Some smart aleck loss who doesn't know how to work to a perfectly legitimate and highly worthwhile trade. His lack of compassion isn't as clear as his supposed lust for what he sees shamefully as the erection relieving hog. I'm the one who's asking questions as well. And his stretch of resistance to his own anterior aim for the details he'd transpose; you can't say that this doesn't work for the fuckwit who finally gets an intelligent crowd to listen to him. To list, occupy. Even though, here, intelligence is suspect. Since it has an awful lot to do with grubbing. Mutual. Fucking universal men. Wanting to fuck and not ever being able to block the thoughts of plan rather than deed. I don't want to get stuck here and it's a mistake that I'll try to resolve badly by telling you what I was looking for again. Stumble in anecdote. Or rather, what I did. More how, rather than why, I seeped to fucking and why I attached it immediately after straight back to pornography. I live that very well. Remains obvious. A few levels that I'm quite pleased work in the vivid, reworkable sense. Since I was working within that movement. I always am, of course. Like the doctor. And very much like any other non-predispositional. Murderer by default. Who also said that he was trying to understand himself. This is exactly the same thing. Same sexy bow. Understanding himself is where he finds himself explaining. While all others tell him he's sick but helpless or not. Not quite is his explanation. You tell me how to understand what I'm telling you better than the way you can hear it because only one of us is completely allowed the excitement of this very conversation. The brightest light is mine. I was looking for the small where he says he was inserting things into himself. This makes sense, yes? I wanted a boy who had cocks shoved and slipped and bent into to take slowly like one does when he wants adult cock to make even harder and full inside his mouth like the best moments you can rewrite. The ones that times in masturbating to settle and quiet and actualize. Then twist into fucking yourself. This is a very pretty event. Bread prostitute in front of his webcam fucking himself with a dildo and sucking on those cloud guys who appear more centered than him. Even more direct, even more focused, even more hung with intention and distaste for what a young skinny boy should do when he's alot younger than he should be in public, knowing what he knows more. Starts being abused. Starts abusing himself. When it's hardly abuse since the body doesn't mind as much as the conversation does. You learn this anyway. Here's a mistake I make. This is a mistake that I try to keep from making again. It's mistakes like these that I've been working very hard, it seems, fails, works against very sick fuck perfectly working and transcribing beautiful comforting mind, to not

keep making. I'm trying not to remember the films and photos I've seen and the ones I want to see again and want more of but brand new. This would be a good life. To have a stream of these. And I'm only forced to think that why I want them is engendered because I know I'm missing what I've seen and what I should stay away from. I've been told. And, seriously, that really does make sense to me. You can't keep fucking these ills, asking them to prove something you already know and my bloodline doesn't allow for either indulgence or strength. It's an ugly divergence that fucks up the photos. I know where I'm happy and that gets cut in two and, I swear I know this, eschewing the outside conversation for a second or two, I truly do believe that I don't want to think for a second that this is an alright way to be, behave, think, perform, drive towards. It doesn't end there. And I ruse into lazy; elated and found dumb. Knowing that this pain I caught should be the pain I want to see. And make it worse. Make it definite. And I could be one of these toilet sitters. Waiting and promoting myself for the next plug to fill gump. I don't think that as often as I do it. It makes no difference. I try to forget those images and remember them all the same. Always. It's a good thing. Not a torture. I can be very quiet. One makes that happen. One wants to.

There is a line in, to, that photo of the little unnamed standing at the very named's sympathy memorial. Misty. I'm thinking the line runs under the evidentiary pictures that Eric Cross produced while he was in jail by hiring a professional photographer to get soft-core nudes and next to Charles Roberts picking out the blondes he knew from his rural Pennsylvania nightmare and the narrowing space in what would otherwise be the significant differences in what they caused to happen washed within the arguments and specious if not angry conclusions set forth in the Butner prison studies. She gets a beautiful name, Amy, because she is the sexy informative dripped from Paroline v the United States and all she had done was stare at the flowers left by some people who cared about the sex crimes against the children in her neighborhood. What I like best about that photo, other than her butt, obviously, is that I named her. I'm saying obviously so that you know I know what you're thinking. I know how I sound; I'm telling you. Too. And I'm willing to suggest that I'm lying through my firmly clenched teeth. Because you're listening like lice. And Amy, sweet dear, didn't do much more than learn. She got talked to. The Amy that gave this new doll her name was from Pennsylvania. She gave me her name, didn't she. She's known in the court transcripts as only Amy to protect her true identity. She is still being harmed by the pictures that her uncle took of her when he raped her in Pennsylvania. She is asking for significant amounts of money from those men who keep her photos of her rape because she and her lawyers contend that there is still harm being done to her

by these photos being sought and extant if not prized. She has therapy that has helped to a point and will need more. And the wall that shuts out some of her therapy that can't ever right a wrong whole is larger than her body since grown accountable men are, we presume, masturbating to her violent famous sexually abused pictures. She, you'll have to understand, is a child forever in those pictures and not an adult that chose to have her pictures taken and sold and traded for free on the internet. The arguments for laws and recompense statutes that Andrea Dworkin gave much of her name to when she brought forth the idea that pornography, images, caused harm, real harm, whether body or psyche or oppressive intent, find firm footing as long as it's children and protection of children in the mouths of the government. Amy was not the name of the file that our girl was traded inside. Amy is named by her protectors. She was known as the girl in the Misty series before she became of complicit age. There is also a Vicky. Duane Morrison picked a different age. This picture is one of those girls not at all. This girl, with her lousy stupid unshielding parents, isn't all Amy. I needed a name because I was using the picture so often. I called her Amy due to what starts here and ends up barely moving, despite my considerable effort. I called her Amy long before I came up with the art and political excuses that are hardly invalid.

The Butner Study is a brief of sorts, handed suspiciously to aid lawmakers and judges to assist in sentencing possessors of child pornography. As a study it was designed to define the statistical probability that viewing child pornography might be an indication of hands-on offense. Possession of child pornography, often referred in defense arguments as "mere," may well be a taste formed or encouraged by a history of sexually abusing real, rather than found recorded, children. The results of the study, completed in Butner prison with its large population of sex offenders, and originally published in *The Journal Of Family Violence*, successfully linked a larger degree of hands-on abuse to those inmates who were previously only sentenced for possession of illegal and heavily punished pornography. It was, in effect, an attempt to find support for the reasoning behind harsh or, perhaps ostensibly, lesser judgements by assessing potential risks in reoffending. The results of the study are highly contested due to its review and selection methods as well as its initial publication and quick release to judges and governmental officials before it had been submitted for peer review. Researchers asked the inmates to self-report within a voluntary treatment program and didn't account for the possibilities that inmates were capable of making up stories of victims in hands-on offense to win favor for cooperation within jail programs that might lessen or soften sentences. The Butner Study had its preliminary findings presented to the annual conference for the Association For The Treatment Of Sexual Abusers in 2000

after discovering 1379 previously undetected crimes from sex offenders already in the treatment program at Butner without threat of additional charges. The study compared two groups of child pornography offenders: men with no known sexual offense history other than child pornography (distribution, receipt, possession) and men convicted of similar offenses but with documented histories of hands-on sexual offenses against at least one child victim. The psychologists behind the study continued their research to eventually release their expanded findings in 2009 as *The Butner Study Redux*, and again, without academic vet. The brief has found its conclusions relied upon in many lower court cases as justification for following longer sentences mandated by federal and state law. In many instances, those very laws were passed and sentencing guides extended by citing *The Butner* results as key to proving the general fear for high recidivism threats among pedophiles as correct. However, careful arguments against its methodology have also ensured that the study has been used significantly as judicial dissent towards draconian sentences for newer criminals. In short, the argument that viewers of child pornography are likely to be past, present or possible child molesters has had an effect on judges actually refusing to follow the guidelines previously set by politicians and thus refocused the emphasis of the clogged courts back to the initial reasons for anti-possession laws and away from populist fear and outrage. Judges directly involved with the criminals, victims and lawyers have started to resent the governmental grandstanding and, more importantly, the autocratic hum of hired experts.

Eric Cross was introduced in the 1986 *Child Pornography And Pedophilia Report made by the Permanent Subcommittee On Investigations of the Committee On Governmental Affairs United States Senate* as an example of the inextinguishable nature of pedophilia just then gaining popular currency:

In Tampa, Florida, Eric Cross, who had been convicted of molesting young girls in four countries, was indicted for allegedly distributing child pornography while in prison on a molesting charge. He was convicted on 19 counts of distributing child pornography and other charges and sentenced to a 95-year prison term.

His worth to me now cheaply based less on his inability to stop his habitually psychotic need and more specifically his abatement to only seeing pictures of naked children. Post arrest, post experience, post actual hands-on memory. From jail, he created a fake film company to hire child models to appear in his mythic "Susan's Magic Carpet." Then he approached a proper talent agency to sub-contract a professional photographer to take casting shots of the models. Nudity would be required for authenticity as the characters in his movie would

visit other cultures where different states of undress were common. Cross received some photos, in positions he requested, before the scam fell apart and helpful associates scattered or turned evidence. The photographer refused to take some pictures and even delivered some others in purposively bad quality. Cross' life as case finds him mentioned again in a prison memoir, pornographic, fantastical, egotistical, written by a fellow floridian inmate, murderer, rapist, as well as feminist websites supporting Andrea Dworkin's work and exposing the crimes of men only claiming to be nudists rather than pedophiles. He's often depicted as desperate, the lowest example of his type available, highly manipulative, dedicated. His answers are fantastically complicated beyond recognition. Though whittled; he'd rather be seen as a prison rat to his jailers while a businessman to his fellow inmates. According to Tim Tate, Cross is responsible for most of the pictures in the Colour Climax/Rodox magazine *Lollitots*, dating back to the beginning of commercial child porn magazines. Indeed, the initial first wave of popular internet pictures were scans of the paper magazines that Cross published through Rodox: *Sweet Linda*, *Sweet Patti* and *Sweet Linda and Patti*. Certain picture collections became well known in the early days of the internet due to a relative paucity of material. Cross' had been printed, sold, collected and, hopefully, fondly remembered. The idea that you could publish your personal snapshots for more or less than money took awhile to catch fire.

Unaware that the photographer recording the news has selected her. Unaware only in that the photo is meant to look authentically documentarian. She may well have been told to stand there and wait or pose or mother encouraged and compensated. Her parents must've wanted to bring the little girl to her friend's murder memorial. The parents of the girls photographed by Cross' professionals signed releases for their daughters. This one, in her tights, would not have had misuse explained to her.

Amy was molested by her uncle who then traded out the shots. Having sex with, on, Amy was or wasn't his primary interest according to which introductions you come upon. Amy's uncle's name isn't included in any of her court transcripts when seeking restitution, or the news feature pieces, for obvious reasons. Doyle Randall Paroline, it being his case that finally challenged Amy's claim rights, is the name now attached to precedent review.

I am surprised and confused by the Court's decision today. I really don't understand where this leaves me and other victims who now have to live with trying to get restitution probably for the rest of our lives. The Supreme Court said we should keep going back to the district courts over and over again but that's what I have been doing for almost six years now. It's crazy that people keep committing this crime year after year and now

victims like me have to keep reliving it year after year. I'm not sure how this decision helps anyone to really know if, when, and how restitution will ever be paid to kids and other victims of this endless crime.

Doyle had told the judge, before being sentenced to two years in jail and ten years probation for possession of child pornography, that he wanted to help other sufferers like himself. Paroline's remorse sounded "heartfelt," the judge said. And Doyle, from jail, granted interviews with the Dallas Morning News just after the verdict. Told the reporter:

"If this helps one person stay away from this stuff, it's worth it. It's something that's so hard to talk about. There's so much shame and guilt."

And

"I'm still trying to understand all of this myself."

He had been arrested after fewer than 300 images on the computer he gave to a technician to fix had alerted the authorities to them. Said that he believes God sent him the computer virus that caused him to be arrested. Amy had been saved from her uncle years ago and the legal proceedings that would make her new name and cause public had already been cemented in other cases.

Two images of Amy, then Misty, had been found in Doyle's collection. Amy's lawyer, alerted, filed for restitution on her behalf and had it attached to the possession charges against Doyle pending decision. Amy was asking for over three million dollars. The judge "wisely" split the case into separate judgements, went against federal sentencing guidelines for child pornography cases, and paved the way for Amy's demand to travel to the Supreme Court. Doyle gave his interviews to the Dallas Morning News fully aware that Amy was attaching his name to more than a local crime story.

Ownership and licensing of the brandname Amy is an issue that blurs the cause from our Amy to their Amy. Whereas Doyle Paroline, in this case before the Supreme Court, before precedence can be justified rather than set, can be seen as defending his rights as a single citizen seeking shelter from vengeance, opportunism, vested generalities beyond that which has already been established as punitive and just. Amy, her, as the victim deserving people's justice and protection, would say there hasn't been enough of either. Further complicating the arguments are the frankensteining of objectivity to form a singular perspective from the diced and jumbled subjectivity of victim, offender and community. Roleplay pervert to moralist, not quite parent, method disgust to paranoia. Amy owns victim and when her lawyer's motives and her benefits and pains are meshed, considered, her voice writ large, the Court

and the news need to temper cynical insensitivity as guarded suspicion. The same is not applied to Doyle, his true name. The bedrock of child pornography seizures and possession sentences has always been "harm of circulation" over "harm of creation." Especially since the internet destroyed market controls. However, defining the continuing harm in circulation requires that a psychological theory be assigned to the victim as quantifiable. If not identifiable. And the language that was once used perhaps vaguely, perhaps lazily, as sympathetic in previous judgements must eventually be deconstructed or appraised to be pronounced actual. Solid edges that are expected and relied on to take advantage of the precise language of law create a feedback loop when details and summations move from the court to the general public. Someone sensitive; morning readers, school kids and the officially recognized victims are always getting protected. The "emotional" content of the case is referred to in nearly every single article and transcript that one can review; almost always as a home concept meant to display absolutely compassionate concern for the girl who is named Amy as well as the difficulties inherent in deciding a case that looks to push the bounds of such a sympathetic response into dangerously overbroad and chilling judgements within the hard reality of dispassionate justice. The American Bar Journal in 2012, headlined its overview of the many difficulties in the history of the case to date "Pricing Amy" while extending "Should Those Who Download Child Pornography Pay The Victims?"

Berman, who runs the Sentencing Law and Policy blog, adds that the incentives created by restitution in child pornography cases could create further harm to victims by keeping reminders of the abuse alive through new restitution cases. Though he doesn't intend to cast aspersions on victims' attorneys and experts, he notes that they get paid more when they demonstrate more harm to victims.

"I don't want to suggest that there's inappropriate behavior going on, but I do want to suggest that the more [harm victims show], the stronger their case for restitution becomes," he says. "And the more a victim says 'Don't inform me,' the less basis there is to claim restitution."

Berman and (GWU law professor) Turley both express concern that restitution orders pile further penalties onto an area of criminal law where very long sentences are already routine. In fact, appropriate sentencing in child pornography cases is a widespread concern among criminal practitioners.

The defense lawyer for Doyle Paroline echoed a bit louder when writing about his strategy before the Supreme Court in his column for Voice Of The Defense Online some two years after the ABA article:

Note: When I first read Marsh's request for restitution, I could not believe that he was seriously arguing that Paroline should pay his client the \$3.4 million that he was requesting for Paroline's possession of only two images of Amy. And, as we continued our journey through the court system, I continued to be amazed that sane prosecutors—who did not share Marsh's financial interest—could make this argument on Amy's behalf.

While it might just about shy away from what would be otherwise specific blame to the lawyers that represent and bring these cases to court, abutting the lay cynicism against lawyers' rights and fees to thinly ostensive public concerns, the real blame is more likely directed to the horse show that plays to a public preference of emotional over veridical.

The brand gets protected. The brand begs for protection. All efforts now must serve the brand by delivering the protection that hadn't been provided previous. The brand pays. And new understandings must be patiently explained. In reading the court documents, it is not that the facts and figures add up but the melodramatic self-sacrifice. The intuition that forms from a tacky prejudice in spotting the repetition of distilling the brand at argument to the person at hand, well underneath the impersonal to the highly personal, gives into the mistake that certainly those in position to pronounce judgement must also be tired of the mercenary subtext. The courts know jobs and funding and charitable campaigning. And. How repulsive would I sound if I acted dispassionate or impartial. If I pretended to take an objective position to side for the sake of the pure legal language and the fatherly desire of the landowners to provide for all sorts, whether victim or sick, criminal or opportunist. To say, after that kind of shit, that I still care more about everyone somehow. To be so simple about lies and liars. The Amy case is about restitution for past and future losses. Not about the ineffable delights of masturbation. There are constitutional privacy rights that also provide safeties against the government from attempting to police and judge thoughts. These rights are largely but inexplicitly lost when possession of child pornography charges are weighed.

In 1969, the Court held in Stanley v. Georgia that even though obscene material was categorically beyond the scope of the First Amendment, it was nonetheless unconstitutional for government to criminalize its mere possession. "If the First Amendment means anything," the Court declared in an opinion by Justice Marshall, "it means that a State has no business telling a man, sitting alone in his own house, what books he may read or what films he may watch ... Our whole constitutional heritage rebels at the thought of giving government the power to control men's minds." So when Clyde Osborne was arrested and charged under Ohio law for

the possession of child pornography in his home, his lawyers might have been reasonably confident that although Ferber had several years earlier declared child pornography categorically unprotected by the First Amendment, Osborne nonetheless had a right to possess this material in the privacy of his home. Any such confidence, however, was misplaced.

(...)

The Court found firmer ground for distinguishing Stanley in observing that "the interests underlying child pornography prohibitions far exceed the interests justifying the Georgia law at issue in Stanley. The Court accurately recounts that in Stanley, Georgia sought to prohibit the private possession of obscenity because it was concerned that viewing the material would "poison the minds of its viewers." In contrast, the Court emphasized, Ohio did not rely "on a paternalistic interest in regulating Osborne's mind" but rather has enacted the ban on possession of child pornography to "protect the victims of child pornography; it hopes to destroy a market for the exploitative use of children." And it was "surely reasonable," the Court continued, "for the state to conclude that it will decrease the production of child pornography if it penalizes those who possess and view the product." Finally, the Court credited Ohio's argument that since Ferber was decided, "much of the child pornography has been driven underground as a result, it is now difficult, if not impossible, to solve the child pornography problem by only attacking production and distribution."

In 1982, Ferber v. New York held: State interest in protecting children allows laws prohibiting distribution of images of sexual performances by minors even where content does not meet tests of obscenity. It is important that you do not believe you may have an argument on context, nuance or struggle. This is not snide. You will have it explained to you that you do not have any reason to have this material. And all arguments after this classifiable crime have been established certain while left to more and more egregious examples of harm as new restrictions contra damages are piled to keep the worst in check. Further attempts to reclassify the material as something other than what is criminally prohibited have resulted in emphasizing the government's interest in declaring the protection of the children in the photographs as opposed to the existence of the photographs as the necessity of placing child pornography outside the protected realm of "speech." This includes, now, the concern for the victim's wellbeing as she considers her history in present tense of men viewing her history of abuse.

There are pictures of boxes and shelves and large plastic barrels filled to overflow with the open envelopes and read alerts that the FBI must send the victims of child pornography every time one of their images are rediscovered in some pervert's collection. See it as the victim sees it. Overwhelming, painful reminders that don't stop stabbing, mounting, into suffocating sickening numbers; each letter a war that the tiny can't win to keep losing. See it as a shyster sees it. Each message a chance to make money and there's too many notices, too many chances. All you need is one to work out well so in your favor to file for each and every one, cover the chump cost, until the lucky one or more hits pay. See it like a greater example of all the men who haven't been caught. Of the exponential interest of so many men that these buckets must represent only the few unluckies by comparison. As encouragement, not fear. See it as every dirty image is a legal obligation and if one poor sad fuck had ten images, or sixty-two, it caused ten or sixty-two separate letters.

Misty, the famous Amy, according to the Amicus Brief submitted to the Supreme Court in aid of Amy's team argument by The National Center For Missing And Exploited Children (AS AMICUS CURIAE IN SUPPORT OF RESPONDENT AMY UNKNOWN), was a brand whose ownership was understood at the outset and had to be won back. This concern is behind every acknowledgment of the personal details of the individual cases brought before the court system. It is never simply an argument over the law or the poor girl who still must not be forgotten or side-lined. Nonetheless, the read of the case history is never vague or unclear about the essential need to politicize the stronger strategy within the weaker obligations (citations omitted):

Despite efforts to stem its tide, child pornography remains a pervasive, and indeed growing, problem. The United States Sentencing Commission and the Department of Justice confirm that the quantity and severity of child pornography on the Internet has increased dramatically. This trend is dramatically illustrated by the sheer volume of files submitted by law enforcement to NCMEC in which Amy is pictured. In the first seven years that NCMEC reviewed files depicting Amy (November 26, 2002 to 2009), NCMEC processed more than 35,000 files in the series. In the four years from 2009 to 2013, this number has now doubled, to more than 70,000.

One reason for this dramatic increase is that child pornography is now a crime of international distribution. Images are transmitted to offenders around the world via the Internet; once distributed in this manner, it is impossible to eradicate all copies. International law enforcement, including agencies from Denmark, Germany, Canada,

New Zealand, and Australia have disclosed to NCMEC that Amy's image and video files have been seen in their criminal investigations. In recent years, the demand for child pornography files has found increasing outlets in technological advances, including the move to digital recording devices, more storage capacity and faster Internet speeds. The ready availability of digital cameras (with no need for an outside developer), recording devices, and smart phones has facilitated the creation of new child pornography, while increased storage capacity and faster Internet speeds have permitted offenders to view and share larger numbers of photos and videos. In particular, the growing popularity of "peer-to-peer" file sharing, which permits direct, anonymous file-sharing between two or more users without cost to either user, has made distribution a common aspect of child pornography offenses. It is estimated that 57% of global Internet traffic in 2011 was peer-to-peer traffic. Collectively, these technological changes have distributed offenders' ability to create, possess and distribute ever-larger volumes of child pornography. The U.S. Sentencing Commission has noted an "exponential" increase in the volume and ready accessibility of child pornography. Alarmingly, this increase includes graphic images involving very young victims, a genre of child pornography that previously was not known to be widely circulated. There also has been an increase in the distribution of images depicting violent, sadistic acts. U.S. Sentencing Commission data between 2002 and 2008 also show a 65% increase during that period for sentencing enhancements due to sadistic, masochistic, or violent images. Reflecting this trend, federal prosecutions for child pornography offenses have also increased steadily in recent years, and U.S. attorneys prosecuted a total of 8,352 such cases between 2005 and 2009. The number of child pornography videos and images submitted to NCMEC in connection with the process of identifying the child victims concomitantly increased by 432% during this same period.

Viewing of child pornography also directly harms additional victims by "driving" a market for the production of new content and thus encourag[ing] production and direct exploitation and abuse." High demand for child pornography leads individuals to sexually abuse children and "commission" the abuse for profit or status. Rising demand is often channeled through online communities of child pornographers. These online communities both desensitize offenders to the reprehensibility of their actions and encourage the participation of new individuals. Often, participation in these communities requires the victimization of ad-

ditional child victims, because the communities "value the production of new child pornography images." There is evidence that offenders produce new images and videos in order to gain access. In one investigation, the Federal Bureau of Investigation interviewed a man who admitted to molesting his daughter and videotaping the sometimes violent assaults. He told agents that he did this because he needed "fresh" images for other people on the Internet before they would trade their own newest image with him. His daughter was nine at the time and said her father began abusing her when she was five. One examination of three such communities found that there was a definitive hierarchy with "producers, posters of new materials, and prolific re-posters at the top of the pyramid." Thus, child pornography files are used as the coin in trade to rise in status within these communities, a process that often involves harm to additional child victims. Even as it offers a community for offenders, the Internet also offers perceived anonymity. According to the Department of Justice, child pornographers were previously "lonely and hunted individuals because the purchasing and trading of such images was extremely risky," today, however, the child pornography market has "exploded."

Misty is how pedophiles knew Amy. Paroline searched for child pornography using Google. He never traded, bought or sold. Only had two of the likely sixty-two shots of Misty then available at the time of his arrest.

Paroline admits to being aroused and sometimes masturbating. He insists his attraction wasn't pleasure but revulsion. "You feel better about yourself," he says, "because you've seen some horrible thing. That probably sounds pretty bad."

And.

But Paroline stops cold when asked whether he'll call himself a child-porn offender. He says he prefers not looking back at what he says amounts to 15 bad days – the days that authorities found he'd looked at child porn. He recoils when asked if he thinks about the kids in the images, or what he'd tell them.

"I don't remember what I looked at, and I don't want to," he says. "What do you say to a 6-year-old, other than, "I'm sorry I looked at that; it wasn't about you?"

His interlocutor and our reporter did not adduce or declare that he masturbated while looking directly at our Amy. Looking then at pictures of Misty if he knew the same name the investigators did. Paroline jerking himself off while at the offset of orgasm staring at the pictures of her getting along with

her uncle; intently or stupidly. At pictures of lovely Amy or repulsive Misty. How he looked at the pictures, what he thought, is not of consequence when fighting or pleading against possession charges. He and the victim are allowed to voice their thoughts in court; Amy as the victim impact statement and Paroline as an attempt to explain how he came to have the images on his computer.

The crime is judged on whether or not the pictures were in his possession. If he was responsible for having them there. The faulty personal reasons he may have while he looked for these specific now itemized pictures is not an excuse in court. When he may have been looking for acts and not favorites.

How did you get it.

There were postal inspectors, customs agents. I wouldn't get it from the States. They'd, even back then, if domestic, likely be sting operations. That was how the police here did their jobs. The same jobbers who released some of your material onto the net, Amy, used to print the sets to entice and advertise and catch those stupid enough to mail away for it.

I was the opposite of a pedophile back then. Those with ridiculous excuses. NAMBLA eventually turned into B4U-Act. There's a different language for rights now in that it sounds like help. I've watched it change. It makes sense that it would move towards pain, rather than demands from within.

A reporter from the NY Times interviewed Amy about her past and her semi-public place in the court system. If Amy read the piece, she would learn that, as Misty, she was well regarded among the small or endless scrounging pedophile community that exchanged messages and interacted amongst themselves as one of the very few girls whose popularity was in part due to her smiling affability. This is not to suggest that the little girl performing could have enjoyed the sex and time with her uncle now or argue obliquely for a lowering of age consent laws. Her enjoying attention and games and beef jerky as a child are what she has had to rethink and forget and especially detest. But the terrors that came later, that demand restitution, those spurned on by betrayal and ridicule and graphic base acts now acid memories can be made less with therapy. The court is told. Where love can be genuine, worthwhile, subsistent. The pursuit of which must make life worth living as recognized and promised by the judges who serve the constitution. The mere tourists who search out the photos can ask themselves within the same theatrical structure. Is that what you were seeing. Were you aware that the pictures were records of a perversion of promise, not a display of taste. Therefore a threat to all others, under the same contract of self and societal recognition. Looking at her smile. Did you find yourself drawn to the future, or a past, that would tear apart the very things you weren't finding all those

years over her age of grand assurance. Not yet dissolved. Were you not watching a movie where you found yourself worse for the sin you knew wasn't a lie from personal experience.

Marsh suggested that Amy see a forensic psychologist, Joyanna Silberg, who evaluated Amy and said she would need therapy throughout her life and could expect to work sporadically because of the likelihood of periodic setbacks. Silberg attributed these costs – Amy's damages – to her awareness of the ongoing downloading and viewing. "Usually, we try to help survivors of child sexual abuse make a very strong distinction between the past and the present," Silberg, who has given testimony on Amy's behalf for restitution hearings, told me. "The idea is to contain the harm: it happened then, and it's not happening anymore. But how do you do that when these images are still out there? The past is still the present, which turns the hallmarks of treatment on their head."

The concept that law could divide the thoughts into a freeze of pinpointed guilt is absurd and not applicable to any court case other than my own pretend circus. Paroline's thoughts, and the quantifiable nature of thoughts, are not presented as legal arguments within the defense of the case. Paroline, unlike so many others faced with restitution demands attached to their criminal cases, fought the law rather than the settlement. The universality of Amy as worth, as social response, as more than her own suffering, brought contention. Tort law and the supporting rights of the public had to be addressed and explicated. And Amy's personal health history along with Paroline's citizen history were highlighted instead of backgrounded. As examples of impact, of what was expected from great thoughts, plans and handshakes, rights and responsibilities. The case histories that littered the arguments and decisions charted back to Stanley and Ferber as well as, while unnamed, Dworkin and MacKinnon, to whom the clause for restitution demands within the Violence Against Women Act they conceived and that allowed Amy's lawyer to begin his campaign for litigation in nearly every case that contained a single photo of his client. Here circus includes the disappointment inherent in finding an adult bookstore with a slapdash stock of adult aged pornography and searching for those that, I tell the gloryhole waiters and tremblers, cunt hands-on hoppers, prove the disgust for the women on their knees every time the actor aims his cum onto the parts of the actress he or the director, speaking for his distributors and markets, likes best. The last one I bought from the sales bin. I tell my therapist about watching a tranny whore, hideous, beaten into a lump shape certainty that recommends less pain than regret, masturbate onto film and mimic what it likes about fucking women and the clothes she mistakes.

And I've been told that another didn't like the way her director fucked her, chose her asshole, when she took herself to not audition but appear in his porn film. And any of the pop shot compilations that aren't worth slowing down and the switches from numbers of cocks in her single face to single cocks I like better after a quick enough dismissal over how much I spent back when you had to buy and didn't care to revisit. Back when I was reading the newspapers and recording the talk shows and saving those before I hardly had to work at understanding what was especially offensive about the little ones with names and details of their bosses.

After losing what he thought was the winnable strategy, Amy's lawyer angrily wrote about his personal understanding of the latest Supreme Court decision:

In order to obtain restitution, child pornography victims in the Ninth Circuit will now have to prove – in addition to the confounding Paroline factors – “many [additional] factors” such as:

- *the egregiousness of the original [sex] abuse;*
- *how a victim can (or does) cope with that kind of [rape and sexual abuse] abuse when distribution of images does not follow;*
- *and the particular victim's own reactions to the various traumas to which the victim has been subjected;*

As a result, federal district courts will now have to evaluate each individual sex act perpetrated upon children to determine the level of “egregiousness” and how well the child “coped” with the abuse and other “various traumas.” Courts will need to formulate a barbaric hierarchy of victimization in trying to decide, for example, whether a six month old forced to suck on an adult man's penis is “more egregious” than an eight year old being bound and anally penetrated. How well can that six month old infant “cope” with such abuse compared with the eight year old girl? And how many other terrible traumas might have occurred to mute or blunt or increase the trauma caused by the original childhood sexual abuse? “And how, exactly little girl and little boy, did you react to those traumas?”

The lawyer, in setting out to win money for therapy and healthful opportunities denied by the lasting effects of the crime essentially created the list he passionately writes as demeaning. The court, correctly in keeping with the standards set against policing extended thoughts and negligible contexts by establishing child pornography outside the protection of the First Amendment so that even obscenity arguments couldn't apply, reified those rights to stating that the psychology within the victim's testimony had to be included as a factor

in findings of restitution payouts. While still in keeping to the chance that the victims are telling the truth decades later about their inabilities to function, the court refused to allow for generalized campaigning when attached to a single defendant's responsibility. Relegated the degrees to the lower district courts to be decided on a case by case basis. In this way, it is an attempt, however literally impossible, to answer what exactly is reputation and harm. What is psychological damage and how does one count on it. If otherwise applied incorrectly, a sweeping law for personal damages might travel backwards to the charged declaring previous causal abuse as defense as well as extending actionable responsibilities to news services for reporting and thus propagating harm.

Answers this. Amy, like Vicky and initially Masha, receive through their lawyers, notices of alert whenever an arrest is made of someone who had kept or viewed their individually owned pictures. In fact, Amy's parents shielded their child from the knowledge that her uncle took photos of her while raping her until the FBI addressed one of the many alerts to her then seventeen-year-old self instead of Mom and Dad. In at least one example, Amy posed in front of her uncle's video screen with stockings pulled down to exhibit her vagina and placed next to her was a note saying hi to the man who had asked her uncle to undress her in just this way as a favor. This picture was the one that allowed the FBI to locate Amy and arrest the uncle who lived across the street from her.

The experiences of "Amy" and other child victims provide apt illustrations of the unique harms that are suffered by victims of child pornography and that Section 2259 seeks to redress. Amy's abuse began at the hands of her uncle when she was only four years old and was recorded in a set of images known as the "Misty" series. Between August 2002 and September 2013, NCMEC received over 4,900 submissions from law enforcement that included images or videos from the Misty series, most of which reported multiple images of Amy. These 4,900 reports contained a total of over 70,000 images of the Misty series that had been viewed, traded, and collected by offenders for their personal gratification. Law enforcement from all fifty states, Guam, Puerto Rico, international U.S. military bases, and Canada have submitted media including images from the Misty series. The Misty series contains still images of Amy being forced to perform a series of explicit sexual acts, including oral copulation, anal penetration, and masturbation. These images are crime scene photos memorializing the criminal acts committed upon Amy.

In her victim impact statements, Amy recounts how the harms inflicted by the abuse itself are perpetually multiplied by the continuous circulation of her images. In her words: "I am being exploited and used every

day and every night somewhere in the world by someone. How can I ever get over this when the crime that is happening to me will never end? How can I get over this when the shameful abuse I suffered is out there forever and being enjoyed by sick people?" Amy explained that this debilitating trauma and constant fear of being recognized have severely impacted virtually every aspect of her life, ranging from obtaining a driver's license to maintaining a job and building relationships with other people.

"Vicky," a victim depicted in another widely circulated series of child pornography images, has attested to similar harms. In her victim impact statement, Vicky tells of chronic nightmares and panic attacks so severe that they forced her to leave college, stating "[e]very time [the images] are downloaded I am exploited again, my privacy is breached, and my life feels less and less safe. I will never be able to have control over who sees me raped as a child." Certain viewers of Vicky's images even have sought to contact her directly, further illustrating the lasting harm caused by the proliferation of child pornography.

Another child victim, Masha Allen, testified before Congress that "because [the abuser] put my picture on the Internet, the abuse is still going on. Anyone can see them. People are still downloading them—we get 20 notices from the FBI every time someone is arrested for it." The words of Amy, Vicky, and Masha are emblematic of the profound and lasting harms suffered by many victims of the child pornography escalation.

My snake primer now suspect for pasting the clippings over the specious prejudice that would see me arguing for pedophiles' rights against psychological truisms.

Now explained that Masha's former lawyer is Amy's present lawyer and that he wrote and published his pedantic screed after Amy's case was only half lost in the Supreme Court. The government allowed for restitution rights but not in the landslide amount he wanted to win only for his client. He had to argue for the full amount of restitution and bogged the justices down to aggregate punishments. Before the Court's decision, it had been suggested by journalists interviewing child health experts and law reporters that a larger fund might be set up to allow more victims to receive restitution equitably. A syndicate of possibly countless child pornography victims symbolized by the few semi-vocals that signed on with indefatigable or otherwise lawyers. A comprehensive response and approach to an issue that maybe shouldn't, by definition, rely on one person arguing for single restitution while sideways standing for others like her as a them. The current argument before the court allowed the defense to look deeper into Amy's past, to create a finer investigation of facts over sympathy. Psychology applied as firm rather than speculative, key details

questioned enterprise after welfare. Paroline's lawyer filed a motion to collect and understand the full picture of harm and health within the possible ramifications of law and worth as implied by the scattershot reasoning of Amy's protectors. Paroline's team could compare Amy's post molestation past to a reasonable accounting of proof. Amy being found wanting.

It is here that we see our cynical attitude winning favor over sense. It is here that we need to stop arguing. As it is here that the entire voice of everyone hits hardest back. It is here that all sides know plainly whether suspect or denied. Forum arguments around the case, usually with clearly vested political interests from the sides that aren't considered in the courts, drew analogies that sunk to pedestrian cell phones recording terrorists attacks and the broadcasting of those images without considering the full responsibility of all possible viewers in mind. Or the victims, first to last, litigating the newsworthy. Here, also, the culture where concrete requirements for self-report, ultimately used against the conclusions set forth in the Butner report, contradicted the sympathetic give to first person blur:

Early on, I concluded that Dr. Silberg's report and Amy's victim impact statement simply didn't pass the smell test. After negotiations with Marsh and a hearing before Judge Davis, we reached an agreement that required Marsh to provide to us all of the underlying data that Silberg and Smith relied upon in writing their reports. We received this data and forwarded it to Dr. Proctor. We were also able to obtain a copy of the contract between Marsh and Dr. Silberg. She was hired to write a victim's impact statement for Amy that Marsh had used some 250 times before it was presented in Paroline's case. Dr. Silberg never provided any psychological counseling for Amy and there was nothing in the record to show that Amy had received any psychological counseling after she had retained Marsh as her lawyer. The damage model that Marsh used to support Amy's claim was prepared before Paroline was even arrested. We were able to review Dr. Silberg's notes from her interviews with Amy and point out for the Court discrepancies between what Amy had said and what Silberg had written.

Dr. Proctor's Criticisms of Dr. Silberg's Report:

Dr. Proctor submitted a five and one-half page report that was critical of Dr. Silberg's methodology and conclusion. These were his five areas of concern:

From the information reviewed and analyzed, concern appears warranted regarding the extent to which in this case Dr. Silberg successfully served as an objective forensic psychological evaluator which appears to have been her express intention.

Second, although consideration of objective sources of data is the hallmark of a forensic psychological evaluation, it appears based on the materials reviewed, that Dr. Silberg relied very heavily on Amy's suggestive self-report.

Third, as was already demonstrated to some extent in the previous section, it appears that Dr. Silberg inadequately considered alternative hypotheses and overly attributed problematic behavior; for example, academic problems, vocation problems, alcohol abuse, to Amy's sexual abuse history, without fully exploring alternative hypotheses and considering the cause of behavior is often multi-faceted.

Fourth, psychological testing is typically of great value in forensic evaluations. Unfortunately, however, in this case, Dr. Silberg administered only a very small battery of tests, that is two, that were inadequate due to the absence of well-established validity scales and because the tests were overly specific in nature.

Finally, it is my opinion that Dr. Silberg's conclusions regarding the impact of Amy's abuse history over the course of her lifetime and regarding the amount of treatment she will require in the future is highly speculative and seems inconsistent with the results of her prior period of treatment. And continuing with that, given that Amy has no history that I am aware of of having received such services in the past, I am unaware of what the basis is for the speculation that such services will be needed in the future. Indeed, given her history, including her prior treatment history, it appears unlikely that such services will be necessary in the future.

I'm not wrong in remembering the strippers in aged booths trying to fight back at the men who masturbated in front of them during the jobs they worked for that reason. The men who would record the girls on hidden recording equipment whether now phones or then tiny cameras. For themselves or sharing. Or the many men now posting photos and films or keeping privately the snaps they take of nice tight butts in stretch pants while following those wearing them in public. Or the pedophiles who far earlier loved the private pictures they'd keep of pretty children with their mothers and fathers playing in parks and, especially, locker rooms and swimming pools and schoolyards. The barest definition of prurience that more impolitely matches the very same in fantasy. Victim says. This didn't happen.

I would have scratched out their names as a favor. Appreciating their worry over what others call shame. As if compassionate. Though it would have been misunderstood. They're still largely indiscriminate. And rather exactly like those who've sought to do more legal or physical damage by investigating and registering and hounding the names, I'm excited by the wider deeper tunnels

straight down. All aggressive forms of personal responsibility. Self-recognition, aggrandizing and pity aside, the prop that I'd be giving them their names back to own, shared by other status, shortcuts all cunts. To keep the acts as theme. Over the personalities. I want to keep the problem. The angels seeking back innocence mix with the creeps searching for escape, short or long, settle into the clamor that only quiets at pride and shame. Unless the victims tell the truth. Since they don't, even when anonymous. The excuses coming up from the bickering are always the same. Frustrating enough to rethink and undo the initial idea to do any and all of us a favor. I left all names in. They have to be this way. All sides will have to agree with this. I have to leave it as it is. And compile the details both fucking liars keep to themselves while talking as if they're divulging or confessing or bragging or investigating more. Hard to deny the pretext this way.

It bought an embarrassing dildo. I wish it didn't. Have to. Some dating prick with a girlfriend used candles and had the common convinced that he needed someone else to see it while he experienced what she didn't know yet. I've had sick men with angry hard cocks who didn't want anything else in me other than themselves. Too difficult to use your own fingers sometimes. Some dumb greaseball with a larger semi-softer cock fucks you harder because he's happy with the thick wide buttplug he's using inside the backend of his own while he pumps alternatively into you. Fat filthy faggot grunting and pigging, what, himself. Fingers feel the ridge and I'll have to ask him to jam that into his mouth, not mine, queer. Fats rub the let of my asshole and he'll have his rat in there immediately.

I'd already prettied as much. It's impossible to miss when you're this age.

I'd already been talking about memory. Caught out pervert plausible and legitimately trying to remember and having a difficult time; I don't think for a second that he subconsciously didn't want to remember. So he effectively couldn't. It doesn't work that way with me. Fucking won't pass with him then. You always worry that you're getting it wrong. Certainly this is the industry that flourishes so gracefully for those on either side of the opportunity chain. Grace coming from the joint as magnanimous and impractical. Another very nice, very appropriate, confirmation for those who shouldn't be encouraged. Me specifically. I'd like, first off, for him to remember the details as clearly as I can. And, secondly, for these memories to be more important to him. Next, I have to keep in mind, I'm the one listening. So I have to have more and more details. I want to know what he did specifically. Like some collector who can't compare notes. I simply know where I stand now versus where I stood then and where I'd love to recall, hardly perversely, from what we both remember when we locate what we can trudge up or stay away from

those acts we've seen vividly detailed. Vivid enough to test cum. I know this part is true and damning and kept best to those who wake up in nigger. It's not velvet, rat velvet, it's not velvet at all. It's not a touch. And anyway, he's talking about forcing things. Big things that can't fit inside little things. Little slits. These are not welcoming ecstasy and, more to the point, it is absolutely designed, when listening, to express that a pain was felt and meant to be felt. That's why you do this. No matter how slick. How simply it slides when soaked and loose. Easiest, Halo, does not suggest natural. For example, before I get to another part that may be more interesting to me, when I watch these porn performers get fucked in the ass, as is now the most current taste available to those of us who purchase the amount of pornography that I look for lopsided. Things have changed in the market. And the slippery cunts that you'd have to guess felt good around the showy hard cocks of the beginnings of the star system have mutated, as it would have, into larger thicker cocks and smaller assholes. These creep pornographers who barely sell gape videos to men like me don't understand that it isn't an obsession with what the body looks like. Pornographers always assume obsession. Low moment collectives niched. I remember rosebud videos from the gay hide rounds back when it was first discovered as something you could pursue instead of a mistake, a shock, some proof and before it became cocky palaver about nerve endings getting licked and the pain traversing around pleasure. I had a bit of a boyfriend back then. Poor thing. Poor absent beast. Memories like these don't quite trip what was my intention here or my trajectory. It shouldn't be obscured or left to pig licking doctors to say later that it's important or disturbing to notice that the first immediates I've ranted over went directly inescapably to sucking on crying hardened meat. Instead of general rape in parts where someone gets fucked, penetrated, in an orifice that has little to do with placement and everything to do with communication. Your doctors will be pleased to know that when I was a young adult and had my first cock stuck into my mouth against my better instincts, soon to realize better is negligible, soon to realize that this wasn't quite as abusive as the embarrassing concept of consent would obviate in those selling sex stories like my mother could have kept from court, would have very little to do with any kind of exploitation or disagreement at all. And so the fuck what if it did. Remodeling regret as memories as reality are only proprietary arguments. I'm thinking now of masturbating when I think that this man should have fucked me the way I often enough like to get fucked well after. And I am certain that had I stopped sucking on his cock, I should have licked it more, and clenched pants to show him that I was hard and about to cum without even stroking myself and was then begging him to fuck me while I bent over, that I could cum best with this very lovely ped's

hard cock into my ass, that it would have felt much more violent and wonderful and lost there when he cummed into my ass and I cummed onto the floor because getting unstretched and pulled and pumped that way is what I wanted as long as it hurt. When I masturbate now. Or think that I'm glad he cummed into my mouth like I remember. And I wished I had seen him cum. With that criminal hard cock. And licked his fat balls while he pulsed all over me and thought this had to happen as well as I found. Every time I feel like bending over and it happens more and more these days as I get sick of looking at women offer asshole and cunt because the design for that, whether they admit it or not, and I'm not working this out of sympathy, is them puppeting the wrong advertising to something that does in fact despise them. You might like fucking idiots. Not my thing, frankly, but they all end up that chimpanzee pretty quickly. Which suggests something more about fucking than it does idiocy. And I'm thinking that every guy and what they think about what they want and what they do and should know now is definitely not my concern. Same for whatever other miserable tattooed gender there is crawling across the floor for a paycheck or strip otherwise still sale. I'm aware that I think, I hope this is true, memory or damage or not, that I'm right that I cummed in my pants that day without touching myself one second. That first. And then. Before any of this happened, I only just figured this out, he'd come to meet me and his way of coming on to me was by wearing tight pants with all his impressive meat pushed up fat to one leg. Since I was too dumb or too uninterested in cocksucking or fucking men, he had to trade to let me know what I was fucking with; just as stupid as I was then. But he knew. Not what he wanted to turn me into. Would be nice. But what I was. Which, most of all, was too dense to know it by then. I really don't mind. Seems recent. I didn't care enough to make it seem like I do now. Here's the sickly thought he was so sure of that it was more than a guess. And I didn't know, I was so naive. One should thank him. He could have been kinder if it weren't, he would have known, that my defenses would've fronted and screamed. Here's the sickly thought that was wrong more than that. He was wrong. About me. My inaction came from disinterest. My disinterest came from understanding faggots more exactly like him than myself. I wasn't actively disinterested.

I would have had to cut out the names in every article. Or I would have had to take a black pen and cross them out. Can you imagine the sort of person that would do this and then present it to someone who might like, after the initial spark, this sort of collection. With all the names carved out and censored as if to show some niggling point about the nature of such reporting or the nature of such mental diseases. A sympathetic definition to humanity. A collection of insults begging to find even more sympathy from a surprised and

impressed and sick cunt dick pulling or brain mulling audience. And I'd have to be the tight sweater that would think that there was a design big enough and impressive enough, behind such a disgustingly low level of conversion, to look for their attention. And can you imagine how the collection would look this way. As if it wasn't a very deep, myopic, highly specific collection well before it was presented as some repulsive current of research or before seeing the conclusion as some cast back to formative mistakes in contemporaneous group think.

I could tell you that I bought backstory's dildo. I would see it in the shop I go to give back head. I'd have to say that I face there, because I do, but I'm not quite as cartooned passive as you might think. I go there and, if I have a preference, I'm not sure I do except when speaking, I prefer to get head. Because I can see what these animals do. It works from the other side, the other point of view so to speak, just as well so these positions are quickly fluid if not excusably indiscriminate. It counts. I can make kneeling sound more, as I said, passive. And standing or spreading more sadistic. Wide spread. Truth is, neither is true. It's all the same event. Involving nothings as others as picturesque. All the same thought and intention. A difference in skirmish. I despise these men. Not just because they're degree negotiators. Hagglers, queers, grotesque infinitesimal unwanted worriers. Fiddlers. I think that's important. Takes an appropriate amount of the hateful or sadistic element out of it, in fact. And nature. These cunts, all of us, are bent. Inverts. I'm no degenerate cocksucker. Or inveterate masturbator. I would, again, prefer to say that I enjoy seeing men reduced to this. Crawl. Act like infants. That is what is happening during sex. Always. All this adult consent and erotica and love garbage, all talk and refurbished concern, not as bad as when you're inside the time, perfectly stupid as you'd have to be. This wretched idea that I'm going to experience a feeling. Feel an experience, experience recognition laced with preternatural communication. It's all pronouncing spirituality for stupidity. You'd have to be sick. You'd have to be lessened, to take the drugs that someone else gave you that you didn't even have the brains to go look for. Turn around, one hard cock says to another and you do. Or you argue. And you boast contact, empirical, you lapse into rote, you perform and swallow all the little texts you pull together and act them out for an audience of what you'd like to see. Your bowered braggart market. The texts, if they mean anything better than your miserable experience, as ploy, wouldn't be remembered, wouldn't be performed. Fucking exhibitionists. Every time someone mentions sensation. Like the director here. I'm talking more about the director than the idiot with his cute not ever young enough full on boyhood mousing along as if he's doing something other than posing for the cunt, the cocksucker, who's telling him fucking mouse because,

obviously, both of them know how to mouse pretty fucking well by now. It's their life. Not their paycheck. Although that's irksome as well. Because one of these animals will say to the other that they know what their audience wants. They both say it. They're both wrong. In these places, like where I bought that nine inch dildo shaped from hung's hard-on in a brightly lit room somewhere, what happens is miles of pacing. The waiting doesn't matter. The history does. In that you're pacing through a current history. And you can feel that instead. All these men gobbling the same shit and saying it all doesn't taste as sour as cum. It doesn't matter sounds more fucked up when you assume something is supposed to matter, you know. The reason you'd have a favorite dildo at home in a drawer or a queenly prop on the mantle that you'd invite your holes to see first thing in the door has nothing to do with how it feels peeling against the careen above asshole more than it hurts clogging your gut. While you beat on your hard and harder cock. Invertebrate. I could tell you I bought this fat thick dildo because it was clean and smoother than most of these idol replicas. And you'd know it because of the name on it, because it was a replica of his pretty cock still sold after he murdered that old child pornographer. Whom he had nothing to do with murdering. But who was close enough to the makeshift child molester to make decisions to stay and later publicly avoid. A perfect seventeen-year-old with a cock that big, why not. That I wanted to get desperately unfucked by myself feeling what it might be like when some fat old faggot closes his eyes in fantasy and imagines, not really, getting world fucked in the ass by such a rough hot fat seen cock. None of that is true. I didn't buy the dildo and I wouldn't because of its smooth form. I don't want to get fucked that way. I don't stick things in my ass when I'm alone. I don't like how it fucking feels. Seems lack, stupid, doesn't dwell as much as you'd want it to. Swarms dumb because you're fully aware of how it looks. You're doing this and you'd have to imagine someone looking at you absolutely because you are completely utterly aware of what you're doing, digging in your unimportant ass and staying private and sick and less than aware of what you'd seen since you're more than aware of what you're doing. Your focus has to fight. You do it because you're squatting in and over what doesn't read when someone is licking away and pumping hogging inside and pushing in, on and it doesn't reek ecstatic or sexual or anything like the reason you'd like to do it to them because they'd take you doing something like you to them.

I did cut away the writers' names. I don't care about their side, one side only ever, even when praised as dealing in a complex, difficult subject that seeks to present all troubled sides by way of intensity. This is untrue. Compassion defines the side exclusively. And the lies are easy. The solid voice of simp justice and the slippery acquiescence of sexual debt. It's not up to me to fuck up

the amalgam by doing a self-conscious favor that would be misconstrued by that level as kind. The reason behind my concern was simply to narrow the acts to taste. The collection is old and I've kept them. I've ignored the writer's intention for all these years then.

You'd do this. Could also say that I know what you'd do now. I envy fathers, saying that, I understand what you'd do. When you find your child masturbating lying on his bed. His little cock now hard and he's given in and forgot to hide because he was that rape imploded. You'd stop. You'd not yell at him to stop what's he doing. Not quite as religious and moral and the good father that would sit down and tell him it's nothing to be ashamed of and you're glad that he's discovering the difference between appropriate times and behaviors and the joys of being able to stop and then start on again acting like a pig. What about your mother. She wouldn't understand as well as I do. We being men and once boys and still, you'd be surprised, acting the same way with and without the years of experience. You'd stay at the doorway and quickly determine losing it all. You'd masturbate yourself. Think you should enter in. Tell him what it looks like when his father understands. And his father isn't teaching him a lesson because his father is primarily an oral degenerate. This is what listeners do. Perverts become smarter, not more desperate. They don't give up like a child does when he's imagining something other than what he feels but what he likes looking at. Oral degenerates like their fat cock fathers have choices too, then. They force the little poor thing with his tasty cock in the hot air and start hurting. You would know that it feels better when someone puts it in their mouth. Looks better to watch. Looks better when it's a girl. You should see the little girls I've seen do this. Show. Can't tell. You can show him by making him suck. Just loll. Or you, you can, keep your erection in your pants and tell him how good it tenses and he shouldn't push you away or then it's now his chance to learn what it is to have some pleasure like his older caring father who's a faggot like every single heterosexual I've ever met and start sucking on his nice about already to cum erection. And he'll cum in your mouth but you didn't want him to cum that fast. You have another choice. I want to listen to him decades later. I have more choices. I want him shut up now when I explain I was out of my mind the same way he was. This is what you need to control and being human, staying animal, and harm isn't what others will tell you, it never loses quite as much as these psychotics who can't socialize correctly and need problems to talk and scribble on endlessly about, you'd be surprised, it won't be abuse, please don't say that or anything, it won't be abuse until you take someone else's piles of shit and lies and start repeating it when you're too imperfect to make your own decisions and bright choices as an adult who's really just a sad help me faggot. The other choice is you want to see the film. The one that

you bought. Where the father stitched his memories into the time he saw his kid jerking off and has it committed to a narrative that shows the old man pretending to be the young boy's father now. Markets are better for pornography and taste prohibits this work to a larger audience and you'll still be able to work out the playtime. One goes for truth, doesn't one. Reruns to pornography. Then can't distribute. Worked out the play on his own. For himself. Has that. And masturbating will no longer be key. No longer demanded. I'm glad I have the film. I think it really was his father. I think his father filmed it. The boy was a runaway. The story came as help. When I needed it. And these men preferred to make a film. Of their experiences when they were children. And the boy was far too young to be paid. And only a christian father would listen to these nuns and babies say that something always rotten happens when they're taking the time to build a story around the simple act that these childwishingfucks think is unnecessary when they want to look at a boy. Naked. Getting hard. And I prefer the men. Getting the boy hard. Until the point of sale for the film, ask any fan, is definitely that the boy took that known old cock and learned better than he knew to suck a bit and lick more.

A police investigation determined young Jesse was repeatedly raped over a period of hours, including with foreign objects. While enduring this ordeal, his ankles, knees and wrists were bound in duct tape and he was gagged and blindfolded. He was tied to a mattress. He may have been drugged, police say. A sedative called amitriptyline was found in the home of two men – Joshua Brown, 22, and Davis Don Carpenter, 38 – along with Jesse's body. There were other drugs, too – and items commonly used in sexual bondage. Apparently the boy was left bound and gagged after the last rape, while his attackers went to get a sandwich to eat. The cops say two men raped Jesse at least six times. Brown and Carpenter have each been charged with six counts of rape and capital murder. Hearings in their case are set for Dec. 8 and Jan. 13-14. The trial is scheduled for April 10.

I don't have much room to move. The meta-analysis of the self reports in aggregate has been mostly rendered obsolete. The practical applications of the scientific and academic opinions can't yet account for the drastic changes in exposure. Whereas those who would've previously been classified as non-offending, non-harming viewers of pornography, requiring a significant motivation for their tastes and searches, and countering the harmful hands-on child molesters with a mindset possibly not dependent on motivation but facilitation. The present easy and earlier access to this material via the web has caused reviewers and practitioners to question the offenders who only

collected pictures in much the same way as they would question the offenders who've only sexually abused their own children in their own homes.

Put this down. The ride that Larry Singleton and Mary Vincent took together was so long that they had to talk a great deal. I imagined back then. Mary had hitchhiked a ride with him in his van and was fifteen years old. A few years younger than myself at the time but far more adult. There simply had to be more to what had happened. Though the news was adequate in details. Larry told the arresting officers that brunette Mary was a prostitute, had no money on her, and he was drinking while they drove. There had been a lot of lies back and forth between them. There had to have been. Before he attacked her. I remembered, years as I thought about it, that there had been two sexual attacks. Kept thinking of the multiple rapes and the space between. The in between of pick up and sex rather than sex and evidence. I was excited by what they confessed and chatted about. And the sex had to be made graphical from what I had seen, looking down. Degrees are not available and wouldn't be trusted. By the time Larry left her for dead, it was alcohol psychosis that had necessitated the rape and brutality. Allowed. Drunken lonely lost worthlessness. Before that it was possibly intention and gene stupidity but facilitation well over motivation. Rage began with the sexually familiar dogend that, frankly, peaks well before you have to finish doing what was started without enough to know not to. Though she didn't die when he cut her forearms off and stamped her into a culvert off the road, he was certainly only interested in destroying the evidence and testimony of rape.

The details are sickening: On Sept. 26, 1999, Jesse was at the Rogers, Ark., home of a family friend, 39-year-old Davis Carpenter, and Carpenter's roommate and alleged gay lover, 23-year-old Joshua Brown. According to a local Associated Press account, prosecutor Bob Balfe told jurors Wednesday that "the boy had been given a strong sedative, then restrained while his own underwear was stuffed into his mouth and held in place with duct tape. Brown then folded Jesse into position atop a bed while supporting the boy's body with pillows."

"While Jesse was bound and helpless and naked in this position ... he was repeatedly raped ... over a period of hours," Balfe said. "Jesse slowly suffocated and died." The prosecution says Brown raped and sodomized Jesse with various objects, including food, while Carpenter stood in the bedroom doorway watching and masturbating. According to a police affidavit, Brown took a break from the assault to eat a sandwich. When he returned, prosecutors say, he discovered that Jesse was not breathing. Carpenter then called police, who found the boy naked and near death on a bedroom floor.

Police gathered evidence from the men's apartment that included lurid drawings showing a bound person, written descriptions of a homosexual assault, pieces of paper describing objects with which Jesse was sodomized, and a printed grocery receipt listing duct tape and other items found near Jesse's body. The defense will argue that Jesse – outnumbered, overpowered, overdosed, and strapped helplessly to a mattress – was a willing and consenting participant in this sexual torment.

The attenuated applications of the reports as issued have been publicly affixed to risk and recidivism potentialities. Privately, the offenders were offered help by coming face to face with their own words. To challenge what they either outward lied or fooled themselves about when siphoned through professionals who had seen and heard it all before. Or could present deeper understandings of cues and mirrors within denial and damage and conduct expectations by studied ideal. Meaning that the promising grasp in personal therapy may well have significant worth beyond the therapists' obligation to provide help, as required in law, or, snidely, job security as political advancement. The offenders could see a healthful way forward that erased the past from the pain they may have been failing to understand or cope with correctly.

Mary Vincent's mid-life consisted of a level popularity as a frequent guest on talk shows. Seen as an expert in pain. Victimhood. She'd often be moved to rage after tears, one particular episode stands out. She struggled out of her sweater to display the mechanical arms and hand hooks that had been attached to her elbows to replace the beautiful young limbs that Larry Singleton had chopped off. She screamed directly at the camera audience as if she was shrieking directly at Larry. Look what you did to me through red-faced tears and gasps. She would talk about her health and difficulties in earning a living, how she taught herself to paint and was also selling the paintings to people who enjoy art and/or crime. I don't think the talk shows had degenerated to the point where all was seen as vulgar yet. I was still green, perhaps. Not every subject was treated as an exploitation of the audience and not every guest was suspect. It seems that simply using the phrase victimhood suggests a sarcasm when, I want to be clear, fuck my present or later jaded sensibilities, Mary selling her paintings was the only thing she had and, if not legitimate on a desperate level or the sadness we were looking for, it did appear that it was a direct result of her continuing tragedy and the harm that had been done to her stopped fifteen-year-old life. She talked about her nightmares, squashed dreams and bad luck in finding the right man, tried to look strong about the trailer decisions she'd been boxed to make.

Brown could face execution if convicted of murdering the boy. Testimony in his trial began Thursday and is expected to continue into next week. Brown suggested to investigators on the tape that the young boy participated willingly in bondage games that led to his Sept. 26, 1999, death. He also said that the boy agreed to at least one act of sodomy. Brown said that he and the boy "played around" all weekend before Jesse suffocated. "The night before, he had hog-tied (me), so I thought I'd get him back," Brown said on the tape. "I left him for five minutes. I didn't think I had tied anything that tight." An autopsy showed that Jesse died because he was bound in a position that kept him from breathing. Prosecutors said that, regardless of consent, Brown committed statutory rape because of the boy's age. Jesse's mother, Tina Yates, also took the stand Thursday. She said she let her son spend a Saturday night at the home shared by Brown and his gay companion, Davis Don Carpenter, 39, who also faces charges over the attack. Yates said her three children had regarded Brown and Carpenter as part of the family.

He's a cupper. He told me that. That way he'd get it all. His words, his translation. What passes for anonymous cock in his mouth and balls pushed up in his palm. He just, he'd say, want all of it at once. I can't really say this, I want to, but it's not entirely true. But, in fact, it was just one other instance. Listening to that was deeply offensive, I should say. How could you put yourself in such a situation where someone would say that. Him, specifically, but not nearly enough. Shit like that, open mouth and brain to the floor. To mash your face in that, in that way, and come out with even more filth. It should have been the end of it. It wasn't. So it doesn't even matter that much. He couldn't even register. It's a mistake in my own thinking, maudlin, cheap, that I'm making, failing, to make more of it. Now. To have made more of that then.

When Carpenter was back, Brown untied the boy's wrists and secured them to opposite sides of the mattress. He positioned Jesse on his stomach, placing pillows under his stomach. Brown then proceeded to penetrate the boy's anus with various items, including three fingers of his hand, a cucumber, a sausage and a douche bottle, to anally penetrate Jesse while the poor boy was immobile and defenseless due to the bindings. Brown also prepared and administered an enema for the victim, using his own urine as a liquid. Carpenter himself used some of the purchased items to rape the boy.

And finally he had performed anal sex on the victim for the first time. Brown told police that in sex acts up until this weekend, his penis had

never penetrated the boy's anus. While Brown was having "his fun" with Jesse and repeatedly raped the boy, Carpenter stood in the doorway naked, looking at them, and masturbated.

Brown told the police that as he was using the cucumber to penetrate the victim's anus, Carpenter stood in the doorway trying to get his attention without having to speak. When Brown walked to Carpenter, Carpenter showed him a note indicating that he should not put the entire cucumber in the victim's anus as it may harm him. Brown stated he returned to the victim and duct taped the cucumber in place as it penetrated the victim's anus approximately one half inch. After positioning a cucumber so that it was penetrating Jesse's anus, he secured it with tape.

Not one mention in everything I've read that they were filming. This smarm about the older selfing queen standing in the doorway passing notes, after going out to the store to get more tools to shove in that thirteen-year-old's hot comatose asshole. Make it bigger and stayed after he'd only gotten sucked on all the time before that. There were scribbled notes because the tubbed older beast was filming. Directing without stopping. Watching while pulling tough and slick. More scribbled notes and stories if plans were found. And, perfectly, some involved a ten-year-old girl. What script isn't a love note. What script doesn't transcribe lust. If they were smart enough not to film.

The little girl was wearing her white school polo shirt, black trousers and her mother put a purple padded coat on her little girl, with fur round the outside of the hood, and zipped it up. Joyfully, with a big smile, she ran out of the house, picking up her pink bike on the way, opening the wooden gate at the bottom of the path and went out to play with her friends.

Mark Bridger was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder and abduction of five-year-old April Jones. He was not charged with rape as the child's body, believed to have been dismembered, burned and sunk, hasn't been found. During his police interrogation, Bridger told investigators that if they found April's DNA on his penis, it would have probably been caused by him "having a pee" after killing her and destroying the evidence. He said he remembered nothing but had dreams of murder after his initial excuse of running her over in his car by accident.

There is no doubt in my mind that you are a paedophile who has for some time harboured sexual and morbid fantasies about young girls, storing on your laptop not only images of prepubescent and pubescent girls, but foul pornography of the gross sexual abuse of young children.

What prompted you to live out one of those fantasies is a matter for speculation but it may have been the combination of the ending of one

sexual relationship and your drinking. Whatever, you set out to find a little girl to abuse. I am not sure you targeted April specifically – it was probably fortuitous that she can be seen on some of the images, which you stored on your laptop, of her older sister – but you were on the prowl for a young girl.

I don't have his personally irresponsible declension. So effeminate that he took well to dealing speed smarter and sexier than the hillbillies who didn't care to draw lines at what they fucked. Didn't think more about getting fucked than fucking with reasoning and taste and chances; never more than being fucked-up. Return to beaver shots. The hillbillies who'd buy them in magazines that sold less than the ones where pretties showed less personal distaste. That have me telling more about myself because the doctors and lawyers can't have the single only answer they're determined to separate. They, you absolutely have to keep this forefront, will pick the one they understand from the one they like. This, they'll say, may be abhorrent, but the return figures are unmistakable. They write that the parts that were hard to listen to were the parts they had to repeat so that the report was succinct but detailed. But the bent happened at the parts they recognize. And it tends to travel deep. They do have to keep pretending once they selected the language. There are full academic works and large job description manuals that offer treatment options for their own health problems by exposure and circuitous vicariism. Men were available because they had a place to go. Places that hid homosexuals behind walls of women. You want to put your face in there. Your loathing seconds your repugnance. This is what happens. You want to eat cunt. It's oral, best. It's pornography, second. It'll change when it gets even worse. What is less abhorrent, I ask myself, is fine, first. What kind of salesman only wants to stick dick. What kind of heterosexual from whatever decade works his way into the photographs and says she's like the one I used to fuck and I remember sucking her vagina because I liked putting my face there. This is reasonable. I told him I was thinking of Eric Cross. I made it sound like he was a boy. I didn't let him know whether this boy was a murder victim or a name of a famous child pornography victim slash model. I was really thinking about the photos of a young man that had been beaten before he died surrounded by his family in hospital. It wasn't me that put sex there even though it had been more central than hatred. It's very close to Haleigh Cummings, I said, as there was probably very little sex there other than the vulgar backwood stories you get when investigating drug sales and deals from white people. But you can't resist the pictures. You have to work on resisting the pictures. You do that; you decide she's not as pretty as her tragedy. She's typical, you tell her, she'll follow a trail and you can see that already. And you explain what pretty means. Eric

Cross is the example that works immediately, best. And the police footage of arrests made and released of men having sex with men in restrooms. These cuntlappers that want more pictures of women splayed as wide and hairy as the cameraman and publisher used to easily convince. You put your mouth there, not your cock, no one's interested. And no one is going to take the side of underage Misty Croslin and her drug deals and her disinterest in the child she babysat when they can chew up idiot crawling garbage like Valerie Solanas and Aileen Wuornos. These were the men who would get sucked on and off by the dregs. The ones that wanted to lick up cunt, look at wide cunt, and get away with rape in the fog form of scum who love sucking on cock so much they've created great histories of freedom and digest stupid memoirs and pride. Do repeaters understand that she is still being laughed at and put up with while the spread legged animals go on about their smarter worth. While you are listened to. Stupid women who sound stupid. Listen, I know that I couldn't do what I did back then because of the cameras on every block now. The cameras that are certainly between the apartment buildings that changed the neighborhood I used to know where to walk from. All the glory hole joints and adult bookstores are shut and you don't spill the way you could. It was never about spilling. When I was young, it was, I lie. When I was learning. When I was thinking about fat naked models with their tits out first before they spread their legs and didn't touch so you could see that thrush covered gash. The film of me masturbating in an alley, not pulled from some sick nigger whore or horny young hooker or old man who knew how to pick up suckers at the bus stop because you looked like you needed a blowjob, would put me in jail now. That footage would make me look sick and sad and meek, gross. I've always known, though, that I looked that way. I did well imagining the cameras that didn't exist watching me and stopping me. The stills, I know, I'm wrong. The stills wouldn't have looked as bad, short form. The cunt shots were me looking at the fake smiles, old man tells his therapist, it's not something you could miss developing a taste for. I didn't believe it back then. It's crude to imagine that part of the conversation could include what you're doing for the other person. I could never explicate myself from what I was seeing happen, you know this. And the mention is beneath what a therapist would think let alone ask. They're told not to smile, idiot. They review themselves and embarrassingly admit the hairstyles were in fashion but the blank expressions on their trowled faces were forced on them by doltish workers siphoning off any possible escape of genuine personality. She knew she could make more money on the strip circuit if she avoided the splash cash of porn and refused to work the peep booths that many of the strip joints had for the other girls. Those that didn't win wet t-shirt and bikini contests before the bar managers educated her about the

body she knew about and the places for those big natural things she didn't. One of the photos I had when I was arrested, the one that wasn't smiling when her father told her to mimic the shots he grew up on and probably married. It would be a radically different smile. Still, I don't think she was told. She didn't know. And her smile was, what, genuine.

By referring to himself as a "true sex offender," Terry relied on a generalized body of knowledge to construct himself as a specific class of person and offender. Placing himself in this category, he expounded on the nature of true sex offenders and how they should be managed in the community. He constructed himself as lonely: "Because almost all sex offenders that I know of, myself included, um, were isolated or lonely when they committed their, it was a contributing factor in their crime." Invoking a characterization of himself as socially isolated, Terry identified this loneliness as a causal link in the offending behavior. It was a cause not just for his behavior, but for that of "almost all sex offenders."

Identifying himself as a "true sex offender," Terry created a narrative that was designed to explain a series of events and repeated behavior pattern, rather than an isolated incident or situation. Other than the description of the first incident in high school, the details of each offense lacked richness and read as reportage of bare, official facts. Instead, the complexity of Terry's narrative concerned explaining the fact that he was a sick individual, someone struggling with an illness experts have officially identified. Linking himself with his "true" label mitigated the extent of his wrongdoing by placing him in a category that links him to people who struggle with various addictions, as well as other psychiatric disorders. He described himself as taking actions to seek treatment for the problem, which he subtly constructed as something for which there may be a cure. Thus, his sick self may in fact be a transformable self.

Cheap and convenient as cover. The newer form of science or determined threat. Involves the doctors tracking your computer data for coded content to see how many times you returned to the images you downloaded. After they've taken it from you. Provides a more accurate counter to your hazy specifics within the single images as used. The more violent images or the taste identifying preferences can be enumerated and eventually put forward to jibe with others convicted of the same watching crime. It is hoped that comparative longitudinal surveys can then be further expanded upon to predict recidivism threats as favorite images are tallied against more popular contact crimes.

Pictures of Larry from his Mary arrest to his final trouble decades later were always the same. Old from the beginning, bloated, fat, balded and a large

bulbous nose like any aged mean macrameing drunk. Leave the condom on, leave it on, can't fit a soft cock in a condom until it's done, Doll, and then it's when it looks best. I remember and track. Mary had initially been called Marie as she was underage and hadn't gone public. I recognize this, grew up with all of it then to now. Larry, after settling in Tampa after his eight years in prison for the attacks on Mary, was arrested again at this home. He answered the knocks to his front door, from a neighbor with the cops behind him, completely naked. His neighbors had seen, after hearing, him beating a woman through his front window. Naked except for the condom he still had wrapped around his dick.

From the stipulated facts in this case, the Court makes the following findings. Both defendants induced, enticed, or used minor children for the purpose of producing visual depictions of those minors. Defendants took a series of pictures of two minors in June 1984. Of the 22 photographs admitted into evidence, 21 of them (Government's Exhibits 2a-10a, 12a-23a) are of one subject, a girl whom the defendants knew to be 14-years-old at the time the pictures were taken. These photographs were taken by both defendants at defendant Dost's residence where he had the nude girl assume various supine and sitting poses. The one other photograph (Government Exhibit 11a) is of a 10-year-old girl. The girl is nude and sitting on the beach. Defendant Dost had the girl pose for this picture, and defendant Wiegand took the photograph. The undeveloped film was then mailed to a photo processing company in Hollywood, California, and, after processing, was mailed back to the defendants. The stipulated facts establish that both defendants conspired, used minors as subjects of visual depictions knowing that the visual depictions would be mailed, and knowingly received visual depictions through the mail.

The critical issue in this case is whether the pictures depict the minors engaging in sexually explicit conduct as defined in 18 U.S.C. § 2255:

- (A) sexual intercourse, including genital-genital, oral-genital, anal-genital, or oral-anal, whether between persons of the same or opposite sex;*
- (B) bestiality;*
- (C) masturbation;*
- (D) sadistic or masochistic; abuse; or*
- (E) lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area of any person;*

The photographs at issue here do not meet the definitions contained in subsections (A), (B), (C), or (D). These photographs depict "sexually explicit conduct" only if they contain a "lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area" under subsection (E).

Instead this Court feels that, in determining whether a visual depiction of a minor constitutes a "lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area" under § 2255(2)(E), the trier of fact should look to the following factors, among any others that may be relevant in the particular case:

- 1) whether the focal point of the visual depiction is on the child's genitalia or pubic area;*
- 2) whether the setting of the visual depiction is sexually suggestive, i.e., in a place or pose generally associated with sexual activity;*
- 3) whether the child is depicted in an unnatural pose, or in inappropriate attire, considering the age of the child;*
- 4) whether the child is fully or partially clothed, or nude;*
- 5) whether the visual depiction suggests sexual coyness or a willingness to engage in sexual activity;*
- 6) whether the visual depiction is intended or designed to elicit a sexual response in the viewer.*

Of course, a visual depiction need not involve all of these factors to be a "lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area." The determination will have to be made based on the overall content of the visual depiction, taking into account the age of the minor.

It gets ugly, all this, it gets hard. It doesn't start out as ugly. Part of my recovery is that I know it will get uglier because of the way I keep remembering. This is what I do and what I want to do and that's what I'm supposed to change. Not can. There's no more qualification than, it must be obvious, it must be a problem then, that this, if not the best part of my time, is all I think about all of the time. I enjoy blaming myself. Keeps things quiet as well. Splitting the conversation between two men on opposite ends, pushed apart, isn't going to happen when I do it. I'm unable as much as unwilling. Too used to answering others' questions myself. Agreeing with one side and taunting the other. Limited on both. Stopped a long time ago. Simple men making the same simpleton mistakes is me mimicking to become both. I'd have to do this, think it through and away. All the time. The one asking the questions under the guise of tedious. Hypocritical. Jobbing and baying for morons, lustfully impossible understanding, is the easiest to dismiss as lying. Which is necessary. For both the fucks. I won't, I know, spend as much time there since I confess all the fucking unbearable tautological fantasy beats. Another with the answers as long as there's an ugly cum to prove it. And the repulsive stupidity, the laziness

to agree to answer in the face of such thin insult and sleazy pretentiousness, is where I spend most of my time cutting off. If it needs explanation, and it does, the one asking questions has no real reason to ask questions if he pretends that he's trying to help the other in understanding. Some tools might be useful once the interviewee has decided he doesn't want to act like he is. And therefore isn't what he thinks. Because it's all going to be about stopping. The questions won't help. It's so easy to think you're worse than you are. I'm done, I'm capitulating, you're correct and this is a mess. There's so many more examples of me being able to control myself than the mistakes I've made and the mistakes have always been due to the wrong understanding of commitment over reward. Fucking count on that, cunt. I have never worried that I wouldn't be able to control myself. The fear of such a thing wasn't part of the fear I dealt with perfectly fine. It was never a worry for me. Safety and cowardice take the life away from those in need of recovery, those who allow themselves to go through that. Those who answer the questions. Who recognize some worth in the misunderstandings. I know he was masturbating over his little girls. The ages he raped after abducting. Found his cum in the back of his van. Still pulled himself off and cummed on the floor next to the exposed body. Groped and positioned and stared, maybe licked. He was buying more pornography from Kings Cross. Traveled to collect more. It's not fair of me to finish what happened. Every thought creates an image, back. I'd rather not remember but this is not true at all. I want to pull them together and create the incidents as more than stage crawls to flesh and care. Honestly, I'm fairly sure both have me disgusted. I told the guy that I was okay. And kept drinking. I'm alright is what I said. And I doubt that I've ever not rubbed someone's crotch if they did it first. At the bar, feeling his cock and I'm thinking now that it wasn't hard but getting larger in the way that I engage, it still wasn't enough to get me to follow him into the john so I could suck on what he wanted sucked. I patted his full pants and grabbed around where his balls shoved and turned back to the bar. We kissed before that, actually. I was still rubbing his cock. I said I'm going to have to leave in a few minutes but thank you. And he was harder now. Grabbed me around the neck like a buddy would if he was suggesting you want this more than I do. And I took my hand away and put it on the bar. You be good now, okay? He licked my neck and I patted him on the ass. He grabbed my hand and put it back on his crotch and I grabbed that blood fattened cock harder and pushed my face back into his. I got up, turned, and let him tongue around my mouth since he was losing it. Took my hand from his sac and pushed it around his ass so that we could grind each other. He started to feel around my pants to see if I was as erect as him, to let me know that I wanted this now, and that what he wanted was working. I knew to stop this. I didn't

want any more of it. And told him to knock it off by whispering in his ear. We have to stop. We can't do this now. I stuck my hand underneath his shirt and went up his back instead of down to his ass. I pulled away and rubbed his spine closer to a pet than a grab. And wiped my mouth off. Adjusted my pants in full disclosure of the bar, said whew and smiled and thought better of kissing him on the cheek. So I patted his face. He was an older man than myself. Acting sexy. So one takes care of these. C'mon, Doll. I'm done. Thanks. I'm done with these men. I have proof. Nothing that was going to happen would have been alright. It would have been better if I asked him where he lived or told him that we won't be able to go take pisses anymore with everyone watching, would have been worse than any other time and orifice or trade. I'm not one of these queers who hears himself say he had a great dick, that's why I went, why I couldn't stop myself. Or it got me hot. Or I couldn't imagine myself now ever turning down the offer once we started and I wanted his hard cock in my ass or I told him that I was going to cum in his ass after I fucked his face since he was so demanding, tiger. You get straight, faggot. I would have looked like the ones I see in the flaming strip bar just down the block. You have no idea how much worse that place is when the old men get drunk towards the end of the night and how the bar, now half closed off, hires more boys to walk around in their bikini briefs and wait for their turns on the small stage than ever before. Old men making out with the young boys while they grab jock strap ass and tugged out balls and the soft heads of pricks. They don't work for tips. A woman wouldn't have acted this way, they being more desperate at that hour but almost always dream smarter about how they would appear and what that would mean personally. This is why I pick this bar over the joint with young dancers. I like all old faggot bars, can't stand the ones that have a young clientele. Gay bars. Loud, mostly silly and preeny. Drinking bars. Viciously cruising. An older woman with a younger boy under two old men thinking it was their right is as repulsive to any patron as even thinking about it proves. Don't let yourself get over it. I remember this. You would encourage them. You would tell them so what, who gives a fuck, it isn't any big deal, go ahead and enjoy yourself. You'd lie and say you look fine, you don't look pretty, you look like you're enjoying yourself. If it doesn't matter, don't do it. You do either yes or no, or please or here, often enough and you see that's when it doesn't matter. It's so much work to make it matter as if you don't want to, as if you're not always better this way. It doesn't look the way you listen, this, at least, is more true.

End up noticing the cock watching. I'm right for despising it. For putting it further from myself and insisting that the ones I see doing it sicken. It's clear that I can't stop. Though I can. I take the wrong view of denial, I'm just

as inconveniently sure that this is where I'm closest to pedophilia. Where the history is clinical and all industrial treatments are proven impossible as sicker capitalist lying fantasy. The wanting to stop, fuck knows why, the constant nothings and hideous vernaculars over violent small obsessions. I'm even tied to the look of a nice cock peeking out from beneath loose shorts leg. They do this. I don't as much go looking for it. I saw it in the photos, I've seen it alot more where I go to see similar and, as it turns out, these deep homosexual suffering stereotypes, I can't see them acting different. Talked myself into being a pedophile. Told myself that I wasn't attracted to children because I didn't fully understand what attracted meant. My experience with the little pricks and comely innocence was entirely formatted through seeing them in timed positions that had nothing to do with cute, naked, thoughtful, very clean, composure. I don't know what hairless or innocent means. The cocksuckers that I'd heard drool over them were just cocksuckers, that's it. Cuntlappers and jagoffs. Thin chests and darling little bottoms had an appeal that demanded someone else explained what it meant while I was watching. Even, as director, if they were well off my grasp. I knew how to look at what was bought. What was intended for me as a customer. I started, early on, receiving the details and I'd prefer to ignore the families and unkind selfish fathers until I experienced the same words from the cocksuckers who'd follow me around in the places that were sold as gay but propped as filth. I never once thought I should be voice for these sorts of pig and still don't. I'm very pleased, however, to say that what I recognized as far beneath my vaunted low level of chronic gaze and open mouth was very much in quotidian keeping with what they would, more than say, pin me to the fucking wall as exactly the same. Their pain, small, inconsequential, is their own. It doesn't register as high as you'd like. Found those eventually. And it's where I stopped moving. Those others are fine with that place and it's best to watch those. There's the difference, no huge difference, not enough to placate or discern. You lean in afterward and know that it's not going to come out of your own recalcitrant mouth. The differentials in what's available and what's penetrated by lugs is too wide and timely. You never find something attractive. Unless it's speaking like gender. Repeating, guessing what you want. They're disgusting half humans that got the shit half correct and ruined it by staying fooled full stop. This is what you'd like to say is gay pride and what I'd like to say is what I'd do to control my fear of arrest for raping children and smelling women with their legs spread open if that could be done by giving them diseases perfectly captured in places where viruses should seep and flit. The reek of the stalls of what you wanted was bound to force itself over the design of what they knew. These men created

this place, not the proprietors. I knew it was getting to the point of problems when I started turning down men. Soon those would be chasing after them. This is only sensible. You stop counting damage as you get used to what little there is. Yet you sell the damage as clear only to you until you work out the time it takes to write it down and get it out to those who'll disagree with you after they've done the same. You'll meet them. They count. They know how to act. They become aggressive and friendly and conspiratorial. You become thankful you don't have to work so hard at the game after awhile. You've got balls down there too. After I explained I didn't want to drop my pants and just wanted the blowjob with my hard-on stuck out of my zipper. I learned to like having my ass rubbed with both hands while they sucked and let them finger asshole for their pleasure issue not mine. It made me pump harder, cum quicker, push more and grab his head when I told him to get his finger wet so that he could taste what he didn't know or care he was fucking around with. I learned to do the same except I'd go from asshole to mouth a lot quicker than he did and turn the old threaded obloquy around to jab more fingers, more tongue in whether or not it was going to get fucked. I'd lean over and spread after too much finger fucking, if I hadn't cummed. Getting fucked that way felt better than a blowjob after the first few gobs and I'm not confusing the sensation for the act, not ever, not once. You'd suck him on his way up off his knees. He'd often let me finish if I acted rough and stopping that for a different position seemed more intense than the small repositioning would delete. I'll lick your ass while you cum. While you tool off. I'll take your cum. Just lick my balls, I can cum if you lick balls. Lick ass. Let me get more. You pull yourself. You don't cum. You save that for me. Let me cum in your mouth and I want your cum in my throat. Stomach'd. I want your cum. Say something extraordinary happened. Say it will.

Say something other than cum, something other than hard cock. Say the woman that pulled her shirt off so that you could see her tits bounce out of her bra and see herself exciting you was something other than another hard queer with a lifetime of this over and over again so it looked and reeked and wretched tasted like a new hole. Say something other than old and pliant. Say this hasn't changed and you're fine with that. Say act like a man. Like a girl. That this isn't helping you stave off wanting to fuck the child it keeps at home when it gets like this and can't stop. You don't act like that here, not now, not in this knees down face up ass twisting pit you are. It never stops, fuck you, it always does. That's what comes from the language you learned, woman. I've never seen anyone as pretty as you. These men in the seats away from the door towards the back; that's what they say and I hear them. I don't know how that's not right, how that's not a very good idea. My mind has always been closer

to the side that stays convinced. That I've been teetering nearer to bent from how much I saw because how much I had to see was what I was looking for. If I learned to shy away and yet caught the theme but didn't dare anymore, I'd find the same elsewhere if I didn't cave. Caving wasn't particularly attractive either but edging was ridiculous. A coward when a coward was voluminously represented in every single shot of pornography I've ever seen. The single idea that defined this apparently undefinable genre of *vache et cochon* was far too easy to define. And even that, among the arguments in favor of splitting up the differences into consensual and rape, fine and rotten, were so perfectly in keeping with each other.

This can ruin what I've done. If the minds of others are so pure and yet so worrying to me. I've always thought that the strength of what I've done is that something else, which I'll define, happens after I've moved point to point. It's not a hope or a technique for improvisation, translation, I know that I control it before and after. I think this way all too often and I couldn't deny that. I've never wanted to. It's too important to me and most likely all that I have in the way of spending worthwhile time tracing time imperfectly. But, continuing on from where I've perverted the options I may have into reductive psychological problems of the blind and desperate comfort that I do also take very seriously. I can say that while each successive paragraph was built on inferences, better memories, to pile on what the truth of the initial echo might be, I can also tell you that the entire thing is clearly what the doctors studying such problems as mine, to wit pedophilia, ask for. That is if all those suffering don't offer it up to themselves well before finally being asked. A masturbation diary. None of this could, at base, be otherwise. And then if it works. Even if the way they say it can if they weren't actually listening. It'll be more than that. More being a pathetic understanding and entertaining release where the guide can stop teasing. Every mention of that little thin blonde beast named that over those that I was masturbating towards on my screen because I thought he looked enough like naked holes not crying was hardly an excuse for being a closeted fearful fag. I can tell you how I discovered the poor shit. Where I was when I started our descent. And every time I'd return to a scene, this must be obvious now, I'd be completely inundated by the littler, smaller, largely unseen pilled rape of that darling Jason Swift naked toerag lying atop any powder and spunk splattered kitchen table. With all those men around, like me over dumb paid actor not quite, masturbating and tugging and looking for spots to cum at while we forgot others were watching. I'd like to tell you something that happened. I'd like it to happen again. How is this different from staving off what I'm told I want to only see and how I'm supposed to behave and what happens when it is in company, in country. The doctor would ask. And I'd argue that it doesn't

matter. The point is that I was in the guy's bedroom and I'm standing up next to him while he was sitting in his comfortable usual chair in front of his own computer. I dropped my pants only to my thighs because I was doing it quickly. I had already showed him I was hard, pushing the bulge in my pants up and muttering about how I can barely stand how childish and uncontrollably I get a hard-on. I'd initially not tell how I know this guy, how he knew what I liked but it would eventually come out. I'd not say when it happened. I would have hoped that saying that I wanted it to happen again would cover my guilt as guilty. I've read enough about the problems with self-report criminality and, if nothing else, my concern over new charges should be ameliorated slightly as my need for help found study. I've carefully read the court reports and political arguments and an opposing idiot would only demand that my work be seen as forearmed and forewarned. Not only ever the only design possible. No matter, it would be presented as obvious to those who would agree and declare themselves pretentious, knowing, deeply foolish and egregiously more reductive and vulgar than I would ever hope to be. That the arguments against these arguments would be the usual complaint of search and confusion doesn't help. I'm certain for more. And that is impossible as anything but a sounded out lie. Stood there while he showed me the things he was worried about keeping. I cummed looking directly at the screen. It had nothing to do with what he was going to see and how I would have handled that. This was a chance to get this done and if I hadn't ignored him or let him feel my ass or catch my cum, it wouldn't have meant that I wasn't still excited by what I was watching. It had nothing to do with him but I didn't care if he knew that. I wouldn't have glanced over at him and encouraged him to do the same. I wasn't near wanting this to turn into something between us or share even a crime. My sort of soup slurper has been whipped off the face of the planet. This is important when considering what sort of land pornography you like. The acts are available and those who prize personalities, specific body types attached to faces, are more like pop fans and fame idiots. Following a series created by a specific director sells the acts over the personality inasmuch as the genre exists for the degree of humiliation or repressed, cartoon anger. There's the rare version of someone offering more than you paid for. Spotting this, like Times Square, Gold Coast, North Beach sub rosas, comes from a mindset that is prone to illegal interests. You had to work in the original days to know where to find this and it came from following those distributors of materials that were not for general stock. Once found, a collector's mentality found paid in the men offering more than you could usually dismiss as you trawled through the degenerate lists looking for acts. I wouldn't know how to jerk off to things I thought were pretty. I wouldn't buy clips or packages based on the size of tits or the country

of face and the white flatness of heroin or cheese infected asses. These poor men I watch, used to, shop alongside me, not getting enough cute or young at home, are no longer, like me, browsing the shelves or following the new shots just released by a new magazine spread. They're masturbating at work. Scrolling for a certain look to heft and the pigs who suck on big black dick, take it in their asses and probably being slightly but insignificantly disappointed that the actresses will keep saying they're free to do what they truly enjoy. The typical is also more important now whereas I'm stuck with thinking that it is all far too special and telling. I'm old and sad and desperate and they're not looking for dick as much as I think. Three joints still on 8th Avenue as of this week. All three now selling more ugly ladies under animals and under shit than they ever had to before. No Box DVR's from behind the Hindi security and past them, scants of men waving their dicks out at you in full capture of the surveillance cameras.

I had made the decision to stop quite awhile before that and I say that it was a decision because I really did have to stammer it like some backward religious cunt. Making deals with myself against another self and I had to imagine, also forced, that I was talking as one single want. My balls even hurt and I figured that it couldn't be biology. I could get worried about the masochistic come to enjoy that, that it was better and even if it wasn't psychotic, then privately embarrassing. I also didn't want to believe in self-respect, especially when such a construct requires someone watching, or a greater fear of exploding at the wrong or correct moment when I'm finally out of control and getting what I really want like a nigger that doesn't know instinct otherwise. I know this still. That the prostitutes who I'd read every diary entry of and follow every release of their cam lives disgusted me in the way they talked about what they didn't find grotesque enough to stop. I enjoyed finding them hideous and stared at what they did and said more often than not waiting for them to realize what they were doing to their audience. Not themselves. Too far gone and stupid to admit it. Plus there were sales to consider, lifestyles that had little to do with what they allowed themselves to do, not create, let happen to them while armies of men masturbated directly onto them. Close your fucking mouth, slob. Literally and figuratively and politely. A cam girl that I was buying. Told me I should write down the things I was saying to her. It wasn't psychiatry. I told her she should. Directed me to where the girls write about their customers and, still, fuck, I told her, I knew it would be written as if the audience was watching for more. Getting less again. She agreed and I asked her what else was she going to say. I picked her because of the age she looked. I'd picked older ones before. They'd also want to talk. And were more cynical. I wasn't lying when I asked this one to keep her clothes on. Explained it wasn't to hear

her talk though. I wasn't interested in seeing her body just then. Not while she watched me masturbate and cum down away from the screen that she watched for. I asked her not to talk when I finally started pulling on myself. Initially, through my pants, until I knew that by taking my cock out of my flashers zipper, I could cum with just a few strokes and I did. This would have happened if I stayed as stuck as I think I can. I found this in a book recently. Came across it because I was following a trail from this lunatic who writes obsessively about the damage that Alfred Kinsey has wrought. Charming, she starts with child sexual abuse within her family. This is how her broadcast path started demanding more and more research to more and more campaigning. She has an influence and an absolutely insidious presence in this book on sex related crimes written by a former police investigator whose background, I'm pleased to say, is now obnoxiously suspect. Not withstanding his current position. And this book written as it is from a perspective of sexual disgust about men, chiefly, who've let sex overrun their limited or confused and confessed capabilities, is page to page sex crime cases. The photos the author has included are the sort of thing I'd do phenomenal work to find back before such things found mainstream scatter, whether it be the internet or the contemporary cast of criminal literature fandom. These photos are in color whereas they used to be black and white. And they no longer employ the maddeningly smart censorship that used to prevail whenever you were lucky enough to find one of these photos from police files through academic steal. You see the vaginas and nipples now to put a fine point to it. Before you'd have a photo of a bloodied corpse with its clothes pulled up to expose breasts and pubic and then a black bar obscenely stuck over the prurient obviates that might offend those watching for the wrong person watching. One particular police snap in my newly acquired elder wretch sees a yellow fat breast rudely placed atop the woman's face after it was severed from her raped murdered shape. Bloodied and boned deep holes where you would draw her big tit had it not infuriatingly demanded to be removed fucking completely for once. Other pertinents include a baseball bat shoved large into a child's anus and spread wide rapé shots where the women, especially, have been splayed and spliced but primarily discarded wide mimicking pornographic shots from the days when it was exciting to see just how far a pig would pig. These, as a child with a mind for such, always struck me as the most exciting pictures because, at once, soon, it defined audience and object. Unimportant men who needed to see these ghastly wounds, pre-crime, had to be sexually othered by the intricacies, or the truth, of these messy hairy cunts and I was perhaps, probably actually, more interested in the men who loved seeing that. And would buy that. Find themselves worthwhile when locating it. Than the great chasm of filth that was

female if I had to consider it as anything but the dregs level she'd reached by doing what the photographer paid her less than what he would pay someone else expressly not to do. Clinical pornography sold in every store in smaller pressings but shipped far wider than you would have imagined. And these new versions of those old crime rape scene shots are something I could have spent my life constantly running down and collecting. But as I hadn't. I'm now in the position of reconstituting the obsessive search for such things. Safe to say there's no nostalgia there. As well as no realization that I've been missing what some other lizard form of condescending philosophy had denied me. Is this what I wanted, am I happy again, fucking myself. What I'm pieced thinking when I masturbate to these rape pictures, these sliced women in deep pools of old blood and these beaver shots of murdered and picked trash and the fact that there are some pictures where the faces are censored not to shame the families who might not appreciate still what academia and criminal profiling research has done to their painful lives, is whether or not the doctor would demand to know if I masturbated to these pictures as an adult. As if this would change the picture or my countenance. The argument against me is that whether or not I'm always looking for these shots and whether or not I'm always going to find them is going to be that I've continued responding like an animal licking its balls whenever it has a chance to stop looking for something to eat. They'll always find me since I've never quite stopped looking. Although, I assure you, I did in this case. If you don't make sacrosanct that the thinking involved that should have brought me back is essentially monomaniacal and circular. These photos of our young proxy shaking his nice jumping cock at me isn't always going to be me summing at dick and balls and firm thin ass. But then it is, no matter what I'm thinking or being told or suspecting quite beyond my undependable labor.

How to make it so that I sound as if I'm seeing myself as depraved as those old mothers who've spent their lives grieving. Emphasis on old. My antelapsarian problems that I can do much better at by shutting down and shutting up. Again to grace. How do I explain that I've been enjoying grievous choices without coming across equally frightened and juvenile and temporary. How does one sound adult and display the glories of indurate maturity when one can't resist pulling one's dick, correctly or constantly, as is demanded as the single answer you have when you consider the life lessons of mental health in lieu of tragic compliance. I do find us sick, darling. Not hurt. Not like you. But contorted like you. Warped and unfair as it all is where you only wanted so little as long as it's god at the top and family flowers down below. How do I keep turning dirt. Real dirt. You fucking know the partners you have see through you. You know they can hold their liquor better. And still get you home screaming.

I really do remember again. An older gentleman who bent over naked having walked from the shower to the locker room in a place that was created solely for the money strangers who'd go to have sex with sub-equal strangers. Some artist must have known that these were ugly as lonely people he was meant to corral. And so what, there's ugly people in this world. You wouldn't ask him not to do this. And he'd answer, yes, it would be best if such a place didn't serve a need. Maybe it's not for you, not being as crippled as those who deeply need the service we provide. So that they don't end up losing even more control and sucking on my daughter. I can't pinpoint an event where everything went hideous and unfair. Sex offender reasoning. Everything that I can bring up as a particularly calamitous or a monstrously cathartic drop and stop is only one in the middle. Where it started doesn't exist because the very first arrest, the very first point of recognition that this was indeed beyond my grasp, was already further down from wherever I made the first decision to start following. Wasn't stupid enough to think backwards and forwards, you understand. Mutters came after. All these parents and cops and helpful healthfuls don't have anything ever to replace that somewhere nothing happened except an initial indecision that was placed over me by the real me. Terminals don't matter and don't count. You stop counting and you don't see gentle encouragement the same way others tell you. Unfair talking only about what's fair. You walk into a great breach of grunting cows and get to pick out the one you want to lift out, help only the sad fuck that asked you first and you can't get them all to safety or explain how to crawl up a wall of mud to escape. And one slow answer from high above is that you're supposed to settle down with the rest and give in like all them have apparently better. Just burp along with the rest of the beasts. Who are you and how dare you. Which fuck, what image. When you think it would, simply, be easier to start beating them. This is vivid. And therefore, better. You don't want to prince fuck that. You want to stop, the doctor told me, all this about points and you're looking for pretty nylon to keep you away from any younger. You don't jack off thinking about the mother, you stay away from fucking yourself while you hope to see her child. She wants you to stop. She can't hear you. You want to do exactly what she doesn't think you really want to do. She wants to tell you why you're wrong and you're listening and fantasizing helping her. Everything you do is you wanting to stop doing this. This is nothing, you've already stopped. I explained what really happens. There's no voice for others he immediately countered. You aren't a voice for anyone that sits in a bar and talks your ear off or writes about her sex experiences online everyday as if you have something to say that no one else has to say or sell. There are men, there are transcripts; there are worse examples of the men I've been with that can be easily encouraged to masturbate onto the pictures I loved like a child. And when I proved

it, when I knew that sex was just an act of secondary ease, I understood that I was the one who was listening to all the wrong directions. I was that sucker. I've watched sex conform to what I was at sick all these years while I aged and I knew it beforehand. It stops with a young man exposing himself to children through his window at home. His co-workers at work. They didn't stop getting worse and I'm no murderer, no molester, no fat idiot who can't stop himself rubbing his hard-on through his pants while sat on the el staring at a child just sitting there in her winter coat and doing nothing but wondering straight ahead. Smile cunt. Look at this. Stare back. I'll read for you. I understand, I told the idiot this, that I wasn't going to have to cum there and then. And the child wasn't showing any skin or posing with her stretch pants legs spread though I knew she certainly must have had stretch pants on underneath her obnoxiously bulky coat because all children do. They don't know about me. What I'm doing as I run to wherever I'm going as soon as I get off the train and, honestly, a full fast harder pull into a urinal is all I need and shooting function into the drain with all the piss and iron stains. You stick these men in jail and they don't stop talking about it and they don't stop looking for cock to suck and ass to lunch and none of that is anything ever but compulsory. There are better precedents. Seriously. I can't think of one that isn't mouthed one hundred percent in color by what the family members have talked about since it happened and then over the years as it does not stop either. They age. And I forget about them. I can't care enough to get sentimental any longer, any more, not after what I know is coming.

Hypersexual, you have to piss, not cum. I don't think that all the men that I could have taken names away from would be different or scarring versions of the same personality that I secretly or wishfully possess. If I removed their names, the subject won't sing any less damaging than my own interest in the subject. If I presented it as if to say that I was showing as many different sides of the subject as my overriding interest damns by obsession. If I didn't leave the names in, I'd be pretending that the project is more conflicting or wider than the impediment of my research blocks. I'd need a controlling script. Like the liberal complaints against the Butner study. I'd need a fucking subject. My including all these very interesting men might be mistaken by assuming I see them as whole representations of tiny desperations. My editing them together might be mistaken as separate moments of myself. As a list of sexual acts performed by others and not myself at exactly the same fucking time. All view slits. They'd all become cocks for the pits I made, whether I want it in my asshole or someone else's so I could cum while I told them what to do or where it would have been better to stick imperative than there, idiot.

It's not reviewing records blind. You can't say there's only one answer, one person, and definitely the only thing you can conclude is that fantasy isn't as primordial as the nondescript victims. I'm missing something comes on the tail of fear. I'm reading the fucking transcripts and seeing why I keep going to the arcade for the same thing every time over and over. Written down. This is all. At once. It's not even open. I intended, at first, to keep the triggers, the bits of headlines and text pulls that I had used in another book, to put me in a frame of focus so that the answers wouldn't be dramatically ourselves or fluid fucking wretched spontaneous imagination praisers. I knew I could pin myself to fuck. I did do that. No one else can get it. Worse. It was done as a sexual as well as introspective exercise to nail predisposition down and I did it so I couldn't lie anymore. What did it stop. Because it wasn't really an exercise. There's no such thing either, is there. It is absolutely ironfuckingclad. The police will tell you the same thing. So you have to find out who their boss is. Who they're talking to, those idiots; you likely know. Paying cunts to come back with something from what they send gorillas out to do. That runs through this shit all the time. Creates it. They'll come back and say you're clearly very angry. Have said this. You're clearly inadequate. Defensive. Lost in fantasy. Just as sad as fantasy, I understand this. This is yet another not terribly difficult question. You end up coming off like you're impressed by your own prescience. You end up a marketer. When the work is greater than that. The work proves that when I look for proof. And finding a way in that's still the wrong thing over and over and I have to listen to it while I know what you think you can sell to me after I had higher hopes for what you were working with, just selling to the wrong plugs who've dragged you far further down than I ever would have. I'd rather not continue. I'd like to stop. This was the original pull; the very first one that began a different listen than the repertoire I own. Some other cunt would tell you it's a disaster. Meaning that he gets the wrong encouragement as well as the wrong sale. I do not think that I'm that particular brand of cunt. But I've been performing the same dolt, disposing of the self-aggrandizing worry and grey deleting the voices of said cunts as much as I can. Still there though, still game, still listening to cunt. I'll tell you what I do that sounds exactly the same. Then hopefully fuck it up by explaining that I don't think it has as much to do with an inclusive submissive pain or a flattering workable honesty. Thereby making both sound still the fucking same. Most cunts would then deconstruct the language, widely pronounce it as their obsession, and I'd get lumped down to the mire of options that make up boredom outside patchwork authority. If I stayed there as a fabulist researcher over a contestable offense. Problem. Churn and release.

Models don't get names. The arrests are too few and the real stars too rare. The perverts give them names. Not the ones they are called outside of the films. After the criminal's shaming, efforts are made by workers who deliver their stories to me and the questionable courts who, even to the jury, keep the victims' names from the levels of public. This is an important distinction. Which name was the file in? And these photos became known as the Peach series? The victim was referred to by her name since the defendant addressed her by that name on the audio? Yes, but I didn't know if that was her real name because sometimes they use different names because they're often play names. And adopting characters or mimicking other sisters or whomever. And sometimes they don't know if they're being filmed?

Start here. Rest.

I've been selecting my purchases from whatever happens after the early morning walk to the open 24 hours adult bookstore. I've chosen the earliest hours I can, usually around 4 to leave my place and head downtown. Because the store might as well be closed and most of the gloryholing in the back of the single reason this place still stands is virtually nonexistent. The clerks have more problems with the begging, thieving bums than shoe gazing cocksuckers left alone to wank on the floor or dirty piss in the bathroom off to the side if not inside assholed peep show stalls. Preview booths as they've been called the last twenty or so years since I learned them as peep shows. It's not that anyone bothers me. I'd go too easily. So I prefer not to have those options either. The coincidences that are there early morning are far more aggressive than the ones acting like they have better choices during the downtown business district employment hours. Again, easily agree. I would prefer to think I acquiesce. But the truth is I let it be known that I'll make the move to follow with the slightest bit of eye contact. And, in fact, if that doesn't work or happen. I'll go to the back on my own and wait for them to choose the booth next to me like they were supposed to. It's not that I want to be picked. I don't enjoy that at all. No one does. And I know my place. I just don't want to play those games as long as they take and I can barely keep my mind off of anything else if the fucking smell just starts to waft or looks like it will. Revolting that way, you understand, and this is why I go when the place is most likely empty. The mexican is supposed to be mopping instead of wiggling.

It's wrong to think otherwise. Wrong being a problem in thinking. Doesn't make it to my fingers. Worse, these ideas, when sounded out. When a concept is worked through in thought only to explode it as only thought. To keep it away from your fingers. Your fingers primarily. Not mine. Turn it into a phrase directly for an example. Less than demand or consequence, I've been trying my constant hardest to stop all that shit. Long life rivers of it. Being fucked up the

way I was. Working against myself. It really does mean that I shouldn't. I resent it. And even the suggestion that it'll piss me off makes me think I don't want to think it through. In fact, I don't want to think of what I've done. That, I know is wrong. I shouldn't think like that. Kind therapy. With compliments. And dreams instead of drives, suggestions over and under rickety hope. And, this is also a fact, it was never wrong. If I say it doesn't matter. The way absolutely everyone else will say that I shouldn't make something more of it than it is. That this doesn't matter. That masturbating is personal and tedious and frightened and talking about it isn't important and boring and all of this boredom or worry is pathetic and psychotic. Less than noble, pragmatics, responsibility, self-assured and prepossessed. I know that's what's wrong. It is absolutely important. The single most important act in everything I've read and done. You only have to read so much of the literature around those who've done the things I've done and even watched the things I've seen to understand that the entire health industry, the whole sexual past and future transcription, interview, spreadsheet is never better than a work-through of what men masturbate to. What they think and what they look for. Comes down to what they're remembering for guilt. I hope you'll find it tedious. You'll be lying. And lying so badly will do you better than you've been doing. I do absolutely understand that. I do absolutely love that. I do absolutely want so much more of that. And than that. But it stops, that part. So more than becomes more of. And what is truly significantly pathetic is the difference between a demand and consent. A perfectly good definition of pornography, legal, sold, is anything that has you spotting the edit where the actor had to pull out and yank on himself to cum. Wherever stupid. If he wasn't quite able to use her body the same way.

I have nowhere to go. Not anymore. And this is not a problem I saw when I remember the contempt for the old men who I'd sit beside and listen to and keep my hands to myself. The contempt that I was correct in keeping up to and including the present where, instead, I'm supposed to admit the squabbling defeat I didn't see coming in my youthful egotism. Something like the very insult that I still keep for those younger than me now. The loss that they're too full of themselves and clearly stupid not to see twisting behind their insect narratives. I edit both sides and refuse to accept the art that is supposed to offer voices to such voiceless sads. I've never thought that having sex with either those ever younger or far older than me was absent the repudiation for those who don't need a voice. I too often wish they'd shut the fuck up. I hear that in the back of my brain while I listen. Not one of those old queens who sucks cock so he can look for the tiny cracks in gorgeous statues. I repulse the old men who think this is a thought worth telling and they're voluminous in literature as well as drunken confession. I prefer the ones that don't separate

the violence that is there from the violence supposed to come. Which should tell you, I avoid the bums and crusts and flattered just as much. Takes some time since, obviously, my dibs are reliant on exactly these thoughts and hubris and unremarkably thin on the ground. I'm offering virtually nothing. This sort of creep is hardly an advertisement for anything. If you want a bark, suffused with shame and tragedy. I've got one that offers nothing else or more. I would guess. The most successful brand of creep, if your impaired definition of success is getting an evening at home remembering all the nice cocks you had stuck into your pug like a gleaned faggot or into your abyssal ass like your soft mother, is the one that pays and doesn't worry about how much that costs. I offer that I know. As one would. You learn how to listen. Lie better and, gloriously, how to avoid the subject of being lonely like that rather than this. It's nice. Doing that for them. You give them money to help them as one would have to as one is showing that he's listening carefully. You want one to say: I like doing this. I'll be doing this for as long as I can. Until you, impaired, stop me. And you'll tell him that if I had a body like him, I'd most likely say the same thing. That you can enjoy having beaten human beings, mentally deficient, socially absent and empty of anything but sex, stare at you. It's nicest not to believe this common crap about wanting to be something other than beautiful or wanted or just, really, a nice cock. You could tell him: I was thinking about how many men I've been fucked by and how many men I've fucked and, after awhile, I had realized that it never had to have anything to do with what or who they were. What was happening. Was going to happen with or without any of us. I just had to be there so it was me and not an idea. Think of it like this: sucking on something. Stop. Just sucking on things. Any anythings.

I'll tell you why that doesn't work. There's too many examples. Too many to even have favorites or essentials. The language alone is a fade that destroys any chance at perfect target, answer, cool reason. Specificity is left to the cops and critics to use the still examples that you wish you hadn't used. Because they're not all-inclusive. The madness – that list of bad decisions repackaged as selfish lazy impulse – was separating the multitude of lists and recalls and never once is there a single memory that ended with perfection. You don't tell me. And you don't sound like this: I know the best sellers in pornography. I know what the men are buying and what they're watching and where they stop when they need to cum after searching. I also know the girls and boys, I prefer boys these days, who sit on the employed side of computers and are paid by negotiation after friendly tip. I know where to find them and the ones that you can never quite get to because they're busier far more than the other ones who are working very hard at attracting you to what they can convince you is as just as good. Or as you'll not want to later learn that you've been missing this.

I have two examples. Before I tell you who I think is especially pretty.

I've been trolling back to this strip joint simply because I've had that little boy in my stagnant.

And.

I've been heading back to the adult bookstore downtown to look through the huge tumbling walls and stacks of dvds still on sale, looking through the breast sections, which do not stop so they belong to every series, nearly every brand, ever made because of those photos I've seen and continue to prefer of these older women rape victims with their clothes ripped down or pushed up. This is true. I love the facts over fear that she wrapped those things up and yet drove someone to do this. That she covered herself and her attacker knew this was more important. This isn't all that was happening. Then cunt was functional, rape was relief, casts stereotype, inevitable, unmissable. This particular photo. Is a very enlightening, reductive, documentation of a stop in action. Action being those thoughts. Stop fucking and look what you did. Pushed your little bland brainwaves to nonsense where you can give up. For a little while. Next stop is formulating schizophrenia. If race no longer carries.

You have no idea how much work it is to get rid of these lately ubiquitous pictures, do you. People like that. I'll get told that I'm lying. While I wouldn't think of telling you that I think the same of you. The first step to social worth is to believe you in complete constant character when faced against all rancid evidence that all you want is so little that it's created god backwards into you. Add a code of safety. And I've never believed it works as well as you think it comes off, so just fucking act like you, fuck, cunt, talk.

This is not true, actually. The turn is towards story lines. Which suggest or may prove that women look like squeezed pigs eventually. You'll need to place better thoughts in your head, well over the paraphilias and pretty aesthetic burs that probably remind you of something other than what you grew up around, work around, were taught by or let get away. God told you it would be this great for the rest of your life. Always a recent, ridiculous, base that you'll have to contend with. When arguing with yourself in the absence of a real jury.

I've made deals with myself, standing in for watch as a hum that splits down both sides of all sentences and I'm sick of it. I've decided that I'll try something not to get what it is I'm supposed to want. I won't go to these places for weeks on end. Stupidly, I've also decided that I'll try not masturbating for at least a month at a time. This, if it works, would seem to be the wrong disaster. Or the correct pose for human. Caring, concerned, controlled. Above my greater self and lesser instincts. More to the point, better than the charitable problems I have in mental instability and sexual castration.

If there is no one to protect, as in a case of murder or a missing child where the intense focus is on finding her, then the name is used. And the family's suffering is allowed highlighting in soft focus. You'll have to ask, how many of the names here are worth remembering after starting the next clipping. While one act follows beautifully from the one before. So many more possibilities have been dismissed as contrary to a refined progression. Removing the criminals' names would be misconstrued as me substituting collectives underneath each black scar. And matching the overwrought sympathy of the censored victims' contact fear. My using this hacked up shit as a self-report shouldn't beg for a worth above pornography. I've been fingering shit since the early days. I've added a second section to provide a somber populist melody. Please don't remain focused on the number of cases; it's the wrong statistic.

If I hadn't been drawn and played by these fucking mouths and cocks back then, I wouldn't be able to say that the switch I saw in others was not the same. I'd walk in these places, frightened like everyone always tells you before they recount their education to freedom and head to their abandonment as aged. I'm not really talking about that but I'm afraid I won't be able to avoid the undercurrent. The stupidity comes from me, terribly charming not overly anxious, thinking I, typically possibly, wanted to have sex that involved others and didn't realize that most were there to put things in their mouths until they got a chance to fuck an asshole. Fucking was where they became aesthetically sentient, complete, sucking was appreciative and yearning and difficult to a point. I was set on. And available as silly. There's the one bar in particular and, more than that, an alley just behind. There was a truck that I was driving that allowed me a cab with room. But I was younger than most there except for the boys who were gay and didn't act like it so they acted like hookers. Hooking made it easier for me. I don't think chicken was a concept I grasped there as well as chicken hawks but I was hardly the age that would have fit either. I'm glad that I was so adolescent to pay these boys, one especially, to suck me. I wanted to cum, I thought, this was a place to cum, and I wanted the faces of those who were ripped up enough to do that. I did, and do, think it's an infantilized recollection. This was supposed to make sense later and it never has. A self-hating worry but with enough experience to be perfectly correct, dear. It's not only me that says that. Encouraging children not to commit suicide and letting them know they're loved as a whole is the speech I'm supposed to suffuse when impossible commitment and history speaks another angle. You'll get better. More your self eventually. Lies to impossibles. I enjoy, mimic and avoid whenever the possible comes up speaking to those crybabies who think crying is more attractive than we can both admit here. I stood in the alley one night, away from the gaggle. I believe I was more concerned with being robbed

or copped than overwhelmed with delight and accomplishment. And a young boy, younger than me, got on his knees and sucked hard to make me fast cum. My pants around my thighs and I remember little about the blowjob and the licking right quick and wrong places. I do remember how hard he pulled and how later on this would be important to me. As much as hurry up for him, certainly not a cockhound or cutie, I can say I responded exactly like I should have. Meaning it works and I prefer that prostitutes show some resentment and anger and force and get as close, I've asked, to punch me and slap and grab as hard as their often gilled hands would. I like the violence, loss, and only an idiot would imagine that it's masochistic. But few things work in limited circumstances and actually being attacked is a better position when picking styles in sales. Fuck, I hated this cracked kid. And I'm glad I didn't realize that the appeal was turning him into something I was supposed to turn around and fuck so that I could prove to him that my sucking his big white fat cock was all I was and all he was good for. When I remember the ex-faggot now, the money grubber, the moron no longer with us, I can't do otherwise but recall him on his knees and him probably thinking dumb if not embarrassed. Since I figured I must be with some girlfriend or black meattruck whore and I didn't know enough yet to suck what he was selling and worth. You can't say later that the pictures I have of him are laced with his nice cock and firm beauty. I certainly fucking didn't see that. Drunken, drugged, sold and living that way until he wasn't; made sense to me as I was then, found, looking for that sort of experience since I despised, rightly, the place that you could go to find people who are humiliated and despicable. You had to be worried. And, makes for a tedious anecdote, I was right with no change whatsoever as I remember what I wouldn't have done if I was a gay man looking for gay experience and finding myself blanked in the face of all the offers of combined acceptance and tolerance and unnaturally gifted nature echoing unique accomplishments. This concept that they're not rotten meat eventually, during sex I should say, especially when you remember that the face you can see in pictures, I've seen his shrieking fat short mother as well, this homosexual acrid bucket of lies and apologies and empathy, is nonexistent to me outside of currency. I do know that I avoided the men who were only slightly older than me and packing heavy cocks out cockrings in tight jeans looking for play and bondage and lifestyles and trimmed comic cruelty. Enema clubs, fuck's sake. That guy had a huge hanging cock that I never thought would fit in if it weren't for the poppers he shoved under my nose and the headaches that didn't excite as much as pragmatically make me concentrate on the spinning instead of the tooling and fingering and prying. I'm not disgusted by that enough. I suppose. Think of the way he'd walk naked back and forth when I could watch dangling dick and

kindness plus obsessive psychosis like the teacher he was playing. Glad I could help there too. Having Jason on a table or that thirteener on a bed getting notes passed to the anal obsessive behind him fitting in larger and larger chunks of meat and vegetables until cock, these men are bound to see this all as something to have to clean up after they just give in to what happened to the boy dying rather than themselves. I do understand, yet not a voice, of what they were going through as the wet and fluid disgust seeped back out of the drooling thing they were pushing in and back in and on. It just lying there. Working up a hard-on. When I think of it, hard now, I imagine them largely unable to get final full and I like that part better. Those porn shots that are half-hard, aesthetically, is what I'd start looking for. I was buying fag's porn back at the time. Up until now. Bought ugly women in porn. Sags that would do this and men who forced it. I was seeing very little difference but there was enough transference, I see now, I understand now, not to have destroyed it back then and that's, when I recall what actually did happen, is what I'm talking about when I think, thank fuck. At least. The young man that I used to work with. Started hanging around with; I roll over and take the sheets off him and then licking soft cock to see if that languid thing will get hard and nice and I can crawl up on him and not push it hard up my ass while I beat off on his tight chubby stomach to chest but instead move my ass up to where I'd normally be cumming and place my hard dick, now, into his mouth because he got longer and he's a cocksucker and he prefers being fucked and swallowing cum and I prefer cumming in a beautiful much missed mouth like his and I'm glad I woke him up by kissing and licking his thickening cock and expanding balls and would have made my way inside his asshole if he let me know he liked it as much as I would. I get to hear about this all the time now. How nice it would be to be in a dream daily. Waking up next to that body and the daily cocksucking we can share and mold together every single happy morning. Coming out mother's garbage. This is what he wants. This is his biography shit, adcopy. She believed him. Can I think of both things at once, you scumbag. We'd wake up bad. Full of alcohol burn and mistakes and his hard ignored HIV. I'd as much as look for that if I forgot the way you frame it. And we weren't exclusives. If I say that most of the night before he'd be squealing like a teen with a girl crush and I suspected he was even worse than that and he'd shown me the photos of him eating fat ass and shit smiles and we'd traded masturbating and licking cum that was entirely pus over photos of our favorites, like camp faggot old queens, his old boyfriend with the dick he liked before he said he liked mine and a cunt that you couldn't see because it was clothed and illegal and he wanted me to prove who I was just as much as who I could be when I cummed. Fucking idiot. Dead now idiot. You think I don't switch from his

face and how sad a waste that all is to that face open and wet trying behind me to stick a finger in my grotesque asshole so I can cum quick while he loses himself moving from my pisshole, I've pissed in his mouth and he in mine, when I cum now looking at any dick that should be hard like his and how I was filled with, what, love, are you insane, instead of, what, hatred, rather like pity that I'll now end up taking care of. You want a faggot. Listen to these miserable cloying half-men cry at the same bars later. Listen, sweetheart, you might not believe it. But I keep my mouth shut. And then you turn it around and get all faggot too. And I just keep listening to you and not fucking adding it up. I'm as sick of the cartoons as the offers and still I keep my teeth grit tight just so you can keep going from cock to cock just inexactly like me until you demand that I see it from your perspective which is far more ridiculous than me remembering him fingering his own ass, getting fucked by the photos I told him he could cum to if he got his mind off his mouth for a minute or two, fucking gnawing inching soiling worm.

Self-report may also be an unreliable indicator of past, present, and future thoughts and behaviors because of the offender's desire to create a socially desirable image.

Charles Roberts killed himself after shooting ten little girls; the youngest was six, the oldest was thirteen. Five of the little girls died, four have been struggling to normalcy with difficulties and one, a six-year-old Rosanna at the time, has very little chance of moving beyond locked to a wheelchair. Charles left notes for his kids and his wife before he entered the amish schoolhouse and created this last bright day for himself and for Rosanna. Charlie's mother, since, decided she had to take visiting care of our Rosanna after the five from eight of ten murders. And it is she that has written about the child's lifeless continuing state. Call this, for report purposes, recovery. With religion, call it healing. For guilt, call it hope. Or give, tragedy and responsibility. And, of course, her understanding of what happened with her own just over thirty child and the surreal hatred of the act not the person, mellifluous or proportioned sacrifice, again, then approved survey, no longer banal, still god serving, that she and others and, especially, this poor metallize'd Rosanna, lives with. Frame pulling against need against any purposeful movement. Isn't living in a way that allows her thoughts, if she has them, to find voice. Amish or unconditional. The shot into her head destroyed her brain. She responds occasionally, apparently, with a small smile or a giggle, we're told inconveniently. Also cries out. She can't move much at all. And the impossible concept of progress is emphasized by infinitesimally minute reads, chances, hopes. The privileged confessors for her trials for the best language possible to create something more,

whether painfully or beatifically selfless, of the honesty that can't possibly exist from her. Or our inconsistent brimming situation over her less.

The self-report, here, has sex formatted to its miserable existence. A week before Charles lined up and shot his girls, Duane Morrison had done similar with different results, in Platte, Colorado. Morrison only murdered one girl, the significantly older than thirteen, Emily Keyes at sixteen.

Charles Roberts' function was to give names to these hidden amish. The christian rebels from Platte were given first names only as Emily Keyes' grieving family thanked and prayed for them. The non-amish ones from Platte, the ones that were raped and not murdered, are spared the hurtful stories attached to the names they continue to own privately. The rapist Morrison tried to attach names to portraits he found in yearbooks and the stares he ruminated on while peering outside the school before he finally entered their classrooms. The amish girls, sadly, are not captured in photographs due to the religion. They were photographed by police and medical staff, certainly.

Important to consider the holdbacks from Rosanna's amish community when lighting open her wheelchair helotry.

Would you repeat their names as you masturbate?

I don't remember their names. Not important. I resent the ones that have names. I'm not like that.

Think their names in circles or utter them out loud before you stop?

I go looking for them to find more photos of them. Yes, of course, there are names attached. I would admit to their voices being more important. I like the way they sound; that high squeezed excited voice. I'm more attracted to girls, actors, on film. Just films you happen to find anywhere.

Would that change things?

Does it matter what I do privately?

Do you enjoy talking about this?

About masturbating to the words, not the photos?

I'm not the only one. Does that change things?

Do they have to know?

It would be better for everyone if I didn't say anything, that is correct, isn't it?

Is it possible that I'm talking for others?

I'm not sure how to work this part out. I don't know what you would like me to do privately.

That may be like me?

Am I encouraging others to do this?

Keep seeing it? Prefer, in other words, a different word, rather than an experiment to just see what happens and then make a decision? On something previously unseen or unknown? This is public, I don't use the word "prefer"

privately. The same exact way that "containment" isn't used then. I hate both words. I can always tell if it's wrong, if it's a lie, when others in our position say they prefer anything other than a still. They don't, they can't, you shouldn't ask. A still is history. The movement is always in how it has stopped. You're wrong for asking.

Would you like to see someone else do this?

Masturbate, just masturbate?

While saying their stupid names or staring down at a photo of the cutest one, fully clothed, this one not pornographic until I felt so much compassion that I stopped or enough regret that I knew that what I was doing had to stay in the room where I did it. And then started to troll about how I might lose the way I really am but also why such a stupid thing had to happen. Like why did I feel to, privately, alone, think that I had to cum directly on her photograph.

Certainly they are all the same after these things happen, don't you think? I mean you see clothed women and their children all the time, right? It has to do with what happened, not the way they look, is that correct?

That has to be absolutely true.

It would be worse to do this and not talk about it, that has to be more true than anything else.

I have examples. I'm not ever in the mind to keep these thoughts to myself. This is social if desirable and works against me just as much as for me. There's an instance that aside from my screaming little thoughts, those I wouldn't agree with as torturous or tedious at all, a little puddle of suspect well out of my reach is what I find slickly purposeful. I'm not a sex offender. Yet I can't imagine a more sensible prospect. Offense caused to those who don't matter in any thought I can track backwards. Unless I imagine and reimagine to deathless degrees that as soon as I get a picture of it crying, it's a bit more exciting than when I first had to expect it wanting to cry. There's a fucking huge black hole to that expectation. A very worthwhile one. As soon as the outside creep line is drawn on who you've actually penetrated, fuck me, you can include groping now, masturbating in alleys when you get caught or thinking you've been doing it so long that it really doesn't bother anyone but the fear of cracks in your brain and the coming embarrassment when the pictures are eventually released as an attack or a laugh or as proof of how legitimately frightened you really should have been or permanently are. The pedophile asks next. To the ones that won't admit thinking what you say. Just not do. Or do and not confess adequately.

Examples work.

I'll tell you differently later.

For my purpose, this is how they found Daniel Heinrich's child pornography.

A new team of investigators, along with a dedicated blogger and a helpful local author, reviewed Jacob Wetterling's high profile missing child case and compared details with an unsolved rape case of a young boy named Jared Scheirel. Close to thirty years after the fact, and now aided by technology advances, a likely percentage of Heinrich's DNA was discovered on a cap left near the scene of Jared's rape, and then on the boy's sweatshirt that had been kept all these decades in cold case files. Jacob went missing in October of 1989, Jared had been raped before that in January of the same year. Heinrich's name had been given to police as a possible suspect in the early nineties by convicted child molester Duane Hart during some sixty hours of jail interviews. Police had asked Hart if any of the boys he had assaulted were likely to have done worse than him; maybe he thought one of his victims had gone on to attack Jared or Jacob. Hart then confessed that he had molested fifteen-year-old Daniel Heinrich but was never charged with the crime. Hart had dated Danny's mother and further confessed that he molested Danny's brother while initially denying that he had molested Danny at all. Hart was serving time for molesting four boys, 11 to 15, had been arrested after Jared and Jacob's assaults but cleared as a suspect, and has since been "civilly committed" to a cell in a sex offender program in Minnesota as a "sexual psychopath."

Daniel Heinrich had actually been arrested in connection with Jacob's disappearance in 1990 but prosecutors declined to charge him, citing insufficient evidence, though they did take hair and DNA samples to keep on file. After reopening Jacob's never officially closed case, discovery of the DNA and piecing together even more similar but circumstantial attacks, a 2015 search warrant was issued to locate more evidence from Heinrich's house. Included in the warrant were eight incidences of tackling or groping assaults on boys that Heinrich was suspected of. During the search, Heinrich offered up his child pornography computer files and binders and told the investigators that he was "*a dirty old man*." Eventually charged with twenty-five counts of possession of child pornography. Heinrich's lawyers pled not guilty and asked for a delay in the case to file suppression of evidence motions as well as a possible change of venue for the trial. Heinrich ultimately cut a deal with prosecutors to plead guilty to only one charge of possession in exchange for immunity from prosecution and an open court confession to the details in the Jared and Jacob assaults.

THE COURT: I'm going to start with a number of preliminary questions before we turn to the plea agreement.

First, let me have you state your full name for the record.

THE DEFENDANT: Danny James Heinrich.

THE COURT: How old are you?

THE DEFENDANT: 53 years.
 THE COURT: And where were you born?
 THE DEFENDANT: I was born in Paynesville, Minnesota.
 THE COURT: Have you lived in Minnesota your entire life?
 THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.
 THE COURT: How far did you go in school?
 THE DEFENDANT: I have a GED that I obtained in 1993.
 THE COURT: All right. You went to, you dropped out of high school?
 THE DEFENDANT: Yeah. That's correct.
 THE COURT: During what year?
 THE DEFENDANT: 10th grade, Your Honor.
 THE COURT: Do you have any difficulty reading, writing or understanding English at all?
 THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.
 THE COURT: Okay. Where have you most recently been employed?
 THE DEFENDANT: Buffalo Veneer and Plywood in Buffalo, Minnesota.
 THE COURT: What type of job was that?
 THE DEFENDANT: We make wood products for the cabinet industry.
 THE COURT: I see. Okay. How long were you employed there?
 THE DEFENDANT: Ten plus years.
 THE COURT: That's in Buffalo?
 THE DEFENDANT: That's correct, Your Honor.

The Good Lives Model is based around two fundamental therapeutic goals that are inextricably entwined with one another: (1) to enhance the offender's ability to achieve human goods in personal ways, and (2) to reduce the offender's personal and environmental suite of changeable risk factors (i.e., criminogenic needs). The assumptions of underlying the first point are relatively simple. By virtue of possessing the same needs and nature as the rest of us, offenders actively search for meaningful human goods such as relationships, mastery experiences, a sense of belonging, a sense of purpose, and autonomy (Deci & Ryan, 2000). However, sometimes, offenders do not possess the requisite skills or not provided with adequate opportunities to obtain these human goods in prosocial ways. For example, a child molester may not have the competencies necessary to manage powerful emotional states and so may turn to sex with children instead to soothe himself. In terms of the second point, we argue that a focus on strengthening offenders' abilities to obtain human goods prosocially is likely to automatically eliminate (or reduce) commonly targeted dynamic risk factors (or criminogenic needs). In the above

example, then, increasing the child molester's emotional competencies (internal capabilities) and providing him with social supports is more likely to reduce his emotionally driven episodes of sexual offending. By contrast, however, focusing only on the reductions of risk factors (as the RNR Model tends to do) is less likely to promote the full range of specific human goods necessary for longer term desistance from offending.

THE COURT: Have you ever been treated for any form of mental disability such as depression or attention deficit disorder, anxiety, any form of mental illness?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. Have you ever been treated for any form of addiction to drugs or to alcohol?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Do you have any physical issues that are affecting you in any way?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. So your mind is clear today?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: And you're ready to proceed?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

Calibrating the Butner Study conclusions, Danny Heinrich would be a confessed but uncharged hands-on offender, only arrested and found guilty of possession of child pornography. He progressed from assault to murder after being investigated for the attack on Jared. Interviewed by investigators and placed in a line-up where Jared hadn't been able to identify him with certainty, he was arrested again as a suspect after Jacob went missing completely. Rework what you can't have to the evidence you'd leave to hang you. Let's start with getting kleenex before you sit your badgered old ass down.

Also a case study in the one of the concerns made explicit in the legal reasoning for the possible traumas induced by child molesters. This reasoning – that molested children may go on to become molesters themselves – finds Heinrich as a fifteen-year-old boy, older than Amy and Vicky when they were sexually abused and recorded (whereas Danny was not), as an unrecognized victim of Duane Hart and offered little therapy or judicial concern. He may well have found his comfort or excitement, salve or pit, unconsciously kind or cruel indulgence, in reliving his experience to the point that he made his victims younger and even more helpless than he had been or simply discovered a logical, selfish, way to proceed without following psychological pejoratives. Wanting. Danny progressed from “at least” to “non-life” and spent his time

reviewing the Jacob Wetterling case in the newspaper clippings and broadcast videos that he collected along with the child pornography he would search for, keep and even print out to place in one of nineteen binders. He also filmed newspaper boys, kids playing sports and young bike riders from his car. The eight incidents of other suspected attacks on boys from the areas near Jacob's murder detail a pudgy man knocking boys off bikes or otherwise bulking them down to threaten them and then groping their penises and testicles over and sometimes under their clothes. The pornography of children that he kept was not exclusively male, in fact the single charge that he was finally sentenced for was female. Likely chosen due to known and established digital identification records. The arrest report contained the following exchange and was a matter of contention by his defense as to the legal standing of the search warrant:

HEINRICH: "Well I'm, I'm a single man naturally I'm gonna have pornography..."

OFFICER: "Is it regular pornography?"

HEINRICH: "No, it's, it varies all over the board."

OFFICER: "Is it on a computer or paper or?"

HEINRICH: "Paper, computer."

OFFICER: "Well like I said Dan, that's not the end of the world. We're not here, we're not looking because you got child pornography okay?"

HEINRICH: "Well, there's, there's some..."

Jacob's mother briefly explained how she thought her son's rapist and murderer existed during all the years that she tirelessly and publicly searched for Jacob:

The likely years in prison notwithstanding, Patty says Heinrich "sentenced himself" nearly 30 years ago. "He's lived a life of isolation, he's lived in fear of being caught, he's lived a really sort of hellish life – or a non-life. He didn't have any friends, anything he regularly did."

And again later:

"He had no friends. He had no meaningful work. He had no co-workers," she said. "He lived in absolute silence after he took Jacob – and that's a lot. And now he's looking at 20 years stacked on top of that. Federal prison can't be a happy place to be, but it's well deserved."

Within the judgement of Duane Hart's appeal to his civil commitment:

In 1990 Hart pleaded guilty to six counts of criminal sexual conduct (ranging from second to fourth degree) involving four juvenile male victims. The evidence at the commitment hearing showed that one victim estimated that Hart sexually attacked him five or six times a

week for six years. Hart used bribes, chemicals, threats, social isolation, and religious preaching to victimize this juvenile. Other victims also testified as to numerous sexual contacts, most of which did not result in convictions. Two brothers estimated that Hart sexually assaulted them between 400 and 750 times over a four – or five-year period. The hearing also included expert testimony. A court-appointed examiner, Dr. Harry Hoberman, and respondent's expert, Dr. Douglas Fox, recommended that Hart be committed to the Minnesota Security Hospital. A second court-appointed examiner, Dr. John Austin, recommended against commitment. These experts provided extensive testimony on the relevant commitment factors. The district court, in two separate orders, found that Hart met the standards for commitment as a sexual psychopathic personality and as a sexually dangerous person and committed him to the security hospital for a sixty-day evaluation. The court held a review hearing after the evaluation period. Staff from the security hospital reported that Hart had declined to attend treatment, and that his condition had not changed since his commitment. The court made Hart's commitment indefinite.

And:

Hart challenges the merits of his commitment as a sexual psychopathic personality. The state must prove the need for commitment with clear and convincing evidence.

The sexual psychopathic personality commitment statute, as interpreted by the supreme court, requires

(a) a "habitual course of misconduct in sexual matters" and (b) "an utter lack of power to control ... sexual impulses" so that (c) it is likely the person will "attack or otherwise inflict injury, loss, pain or other evil on the objects of their uncontrolled and uncontrollable desire."

You need a solid definition of clinical. From the photographer to the lawyers writing scripts, the mother of three kids that kept those things behind her, the one who insisted, certainly, on her drinking, paying, conversing neighbor wearing a condom and leaving it on, soft, Sweets, drunk. The feedback loops who list every and all straight down to the finely impossible to mistake, misunderstand.

None had their eyes closed, did they. I'm remembering that had to be true. They weren't told to shut their eyes. You'd remember. So they'd just keep their eyes open, why would you say to do otherwise. Act like they were cricking back somewhere else special, god, you'd ask them afterward. Was it ok. Did you have fun. She had her eyes wide open, which would have made sense, then

at that age, unless you didn't want her to see what you look like. That would have told her how bad this must have been and she'd intuit it, I'd think.

First, a habitual course of sexual misconduct is evident in Hart's convictions for six counts of criminal sexual conduct and the numerous other incidents of sexual misconduct.

Second, the district court determined that Hart exhibited an utter lack of control. A trial court must consider several factors to determine whether an individual utterly lacks the power to control his sexual impulses: the nature and frequency of the assaults, the degree of violence, the relationship between the offender and the victims, the offender's attitude, the offender's medical and family history, and the offender's medical evaluation.

A cognitive myopia may well exist. Now that I've put it forward. An arousal that responds to sexual cues but misses non-consensual cues. Add this to a graph that concentrates on the severity of likely recidivism offenses rather than simple base recidivism risks. Criticizing the prefiguring doesn't exclude the very bright histories. As self-report, the seemingly scattershot approach to all these arrests would, one should insist, be, in fact, as specific in conclusion as it is in selection. These, in point of fact, were only piling into one if, in aggregate, the graph would compare it against each hour of my life. It's always been constrained and that would be the controlling factor to itemize. The tracking would necessitate impossible demands for definitions of capacity. I've left some of the clippings as precious, minded and tested, whole; succeeded at not offering up a single choice as thin and convenient as the wretched that fill common academia as footnoted, anemic, predications. These are not examples and have not been presented absent extensive annotation.

Hart committed hundreds of sexual assaults on at least ten young boys. He is a patterned sex offender whose victims are boys ages eight to fifteen. Hart repeatedly fondled, performed oral sex or made boys perform it on him, and performed anal intercourse. He used isolation, bribes, threats, force, and alcohol to commit these acts. Hart was often under the influence of chemicals during these assaults. Hart has refused treatment, has no relapse prevention plan, and minimizes his role in his sexual misconduct. Hart's problems are longstanding; he began drinking heavily at age six and was placed in residential treatment at age nine, where he was forcibly sodomized.

The expert testimony further demonstrated Hart's utter lack of control. Dr. Fox testified that Hart would be inclined to offend if he

were alone with a child, that Hart cannot control his urges consistently, and that he acts impulsively when alone with children. Dr. Hoberman testified that Hart lacks the ability to control his sexual impulses, fixates on young males, experiences intense urges to sexually offend despite a victim's protests or resistance, and has profound difficulty controlling his behavior. Although Dr. Austin identified greater difficulty in controlling actions, he did not describe Hart as impulsive. All three experts diagnosed Hart with pedophilia. Two of them also diagnosed Hart with anti-social personality, and Dr. Austin found that Hart had "many signs of anti-social behavior." The three experts also diagnosed Hart as chemically dependent. They agreed his dangerousness would be reduced by treatment, but Hart will not undertake treatment.

The court found that Hart is currently unable to control his sexual impulses or overcome his intense, fixated, and dangerous urges. The evidence amply supports the court's findings on Hart's utter lack of control.

Hung the transcripts in a gallery, wall to surrounding wall, with a bucket fit in about the middle of the room. Grown men rehashing their political struggle and sex memories when it worked for them. AIDS talk. When it worked against others, not enough like themselves.

Hung the transcripts in a public park restroom, wall to surrounding wall, with a bucket fit in about the middle of the room. Not for the men who conversationally revolutionized their recognition to general, compassion, finally. It is here, instead, for every old man who hated himself after he used one of the braggarts and mouthers. Because these old men, lessened, were fully aware, worse, of what they used. Who would be even lower than their worst moments.

MR. SCHLEICHER: For the record, I need to describe the particular image, which again you have not had access to, but the image depicts a minor female, meaning a female under the age of 18.

She has long, brown, curly hair, lying on a bed on a beige blanket. Her head is resting on a pillow. She is naked, and her genitals are fully exposed for the camera.

You're aware through conversations with your attorneys that the government has in fact that image and has identified it, correct?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I'm aware.

The fathers who don't record, I suspect, are laying on top of their babies, whatever sense, and staring down into her face like he's supposed to at his age to enter and pump to cum. Enough cut-rate examples of it not being shame and self-loathed weakness, I'm sure, but not in the trades. Conflating

the crimes, motivation and facilitation, is a form of only initial worry for the professionals and a constant form of revisionism for the offenders. The trash perform the poses and cam lessons to the only garbage they own or can borrow from the drinking or working neighbors. The quality of the proof, like a Dworkinite argument on nude model positions in seventies pornography where highlights and focus destroy arguable aesthetics and appreciation, is evidence of more violence than sex directly within the image. The seasick lobbies, the fathers and daughters who aren't providing and selling, have nothing to do with me. Because you don't get those, how could you. Fucking prefer it now. Pseudo-recidivism is the term used within risk surveys for previously undisclosed crimes coming to light as victims are located, or present themselves following arrest and conviction publicity, and additional charges and convictions against the offenders are added to research. Changing dramatically the assessments initially presented. After viewing pornographic photos, one particular study contends, participants who then viewed neutral photos of men and women were quicker to pick up on or create sexual cues and innuendos. You can see I've done the work, more fop than pervert, prurient take only, and that I can hardly bring myself to edit the outside texts for brevity. Understanding the damning delight and overwhelming importance in every single radically pointed flatfaced utterance.

MR. SCHLEICHER: And among the images, you would agree that these included images of prepubescent minors under the age of twelve, true?

THE DEFENDANT: That's true.

MR. SCHLEICHER: They also included images that portrayed what is called sadistic or masochistic conduct with respect to the children. I'm going to define that term for you. You know, specifically as to sadistic and masochistic conduct, images of a minor being penetrated with an object.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: I understand.

MR. SCHLEICHER: You also agree that those sorts of images would have been present on your computer or in the binders?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: You do not dispute that what was portrayed in these different images were in fact real children?

THE DEFENDANT: No, I don't dispute that.

MR. SCHLEICHER: And you would also agree that the images include what we would call images of morphed child pornography, meaning that you actually created certain images by cutting and pasting the

photos of what would have at that time been real children onto the nude bodies of other real children?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct.

MR. SCHLEICHER: And the resulting image showed then a child engaged in sexually explicit conduct, is that right?

THE DEFENDANT: That's right.

MR. SCHLEICHER: All right. Your Honor, the United States is satisfied as to the factual basis for the count of conviction and at this time would like to move into the factual basis with respect to the relevant conduct.

THE COURT: The Court agrees that there is sufficient factual basis for the conviction under Count 24, and you may move to the additional conduct.

The detailed confession in open court was most likely performed to secure civil commitment containment, similar to Duane Hart, after Heinrich's sentence for receipt and possession of child pornography (twenty years) was served. Patty Wetterling explained that the family backed the plea bargain after the family's lawyer and the prosecution detailed the difficulties in finding enough evidence to charge Heinrich with murder as well as the fact that the statute of limitations would have made prosecution in Jarod's case for rape nearly impossible. Patty told reporters that the family were kept aware of the intricacies during the investigation and negotiation, including that Heinrich was hoping to find residence in federal medical prison by confessing.

"It was heartbreaking, but I also knew the rest of the story," Patty said of the plea deal. "And I believe that anybody who would judge whether it was the right thing to do or not wasn't in the room, wasn't given the information that we had to act on."

Include what little it is that I'm overly concerned with, within Charles Robert's crime. And then how it plays back into the precedential *Ferber v NY* case that saw judgement in child pornography litigation by splitting the material away from obscenity by declaring such material completely outside of first amendment protection.

The search warrant, if thrown out due to its mishandling of procedure, exposed as a ruse to force a confession or apply undue pressure, would have allowed Heinrich to walk free even though the police and family had their details. The police hoped more than circumstantial evidence would be confirmed. He hadn't been charged with anything but possession.

Because Jarod had gone public in 1990 with the details of his assault, the court included the graphic reiteration of what he disclosed against Heinrich. I get viciously stuck here. I prefer that Heinrich did only what he said he did to

Jacob. And that the entire crime centered on watching Jacob masturbate with no other offense to his young body from the old beast that stood before him and then murdered him merely to hide evidence of such an act. Much like those who love him would hope. That this was all that Heinrich was interested in seeing not feeling. Grabbing, pushing, not mouthing. It could make sense. And somehow lessen the worst thoughts of last moments. Could even cast the rapist as more pathetic, definitively worthless, so desperately sad. So kept with pornography.

The pornography described as court charge 24 details a single picture of a naked pose. Spread, one assumes, aimed. Penetration isn't discussed until the end when the Judge considers federal sentencing guidelines and explains that an anal penetration shot in the greater collection constitutes sadistic or violent intent. Remember perfectly, Danny also had images of children exposing or being exposed where he morphed, or replaced, the original model's faces with those specific children that he would have preferred to see that way. The child that he had wanted to see on the officially violated body must not have been available. Perhaps the faces were taken from the boys he followed staying unaware or innocent or, reeling, took the cuties from the illegal positions and made better positions. He liked one boy in particular. One boy's face on the penis he could hope. Combine, finish. Eric Cross juxtaposed older vaginas next to his maybe perfects. Another took adult pornography, hard hung cocks, glued them next to the children that hadn't been presented as fact. What hadn't happened or what you wanted to see safe so badly that you had to prove it yourself, at first, then recorded how you decided degrees as the days and work it took changed the discussion. Repurpose: A collection of printed court transcripts published alongside facts as described not illustrated or especially annotated. The official charges affidavits include Jarod wiping his mouth on his sweatshirt while he "sucked" Heinrich and that Heinrich was "hard." While is during. Within this collection of mere facts are photos of Jacob from the newspaper. And Jarod as an adult giving interviews about what happened to him and how he felt, how he changed, how it never went away, what he thinks should be done now. Knew exactly why he was featured. Or just pictures of boys playing on the streets and parks and playgrounds, delivering newspapers or riding their bikes. This is two girls who are tortured by thoughts of men masturbating. In different cities and in every single court district. They weren't only looking at you, only, but, listen, think, that is what is central to letting you know how rotten the delivery system is and how frequently it must be happening. If I didn't talk about it. Took the public record as I found it. Didn't stupidly or willfully confuse the discourse for the passionate excuse for moral hypocrisy. Kept quiet, kept you from learning. Stuck the links to information where your preferred audience does. You'd think the wrong parts.

The *Ferber v NY* decision was reached after a NY porn shop operator, Paul Ferber, sold two film spools of two different underage boys masturbating and was arrested for obscenity. The Supreme Court eventually heard the case and overturned the obscenity conviction that the NY prosecutors won. However, The Court also clarified its stance by stating, due to the State's compelling interest in protecting children, that pornography featuring children is created by a harmful act and thus, was not a speech issue at all but of a separate classification all its own. In *Roth v. United States*, 1957, the Supreme Court held "*Obscene material is material which deals with sex in a manner appealing to prurient interest.*" And that charged material under review should be judged by "*contemporary community standards.*" In 1967, *Stanley v Georgia* held that first amendment rights didn't apply to obscene material but did apply to private possession of material judged obscene. The Court here had a very clear view that no outside force should judge or attempt to define a person's innermost thoughts to the worth of the material even if judged obscene and therefore illegal to produce, display and sell. It is in *Stanley* that most defense arguments for private possession begin but, ever since *Ferber*, such a defense had been rendered inapplicable if not completely immaterial. A true, real, victim had been identified and her rights were to be protected from actual harm. The Miller test for obscenity (delineating prurience) had given way to the Dost test (delineating lascivious display of minors). As both tests would have to ask the impartial viewer to take on the gaze of the pervert, virtually mimicking the very worst aspects of what they were looking to avoid, the *Ferber* decision sought to remove subjectivity from privacy and protection rights. This idea was further strengthened by *Ashcroft v The Free Speech Coalition* that denied the government the right to prosecute cases of virtual or morphed images of children because there was no real victim harmed. Arguments that these fake or artful images could be used to seduce children into performing the sexual acts depicted held no sway as The Court also made clear that the constitution did not support suppression of presumptions, tendencies or chances and that such complaints were an "overbroad" application of *Ferber*. Images and depictions of children where a child was not actually harmed were protected under the free speech provisions of the First, Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments. Finally, the Court's decision in *Paroline* upholds the tenants of both *Ferber* (eventually extended from distribution to possession by the decision in *Osborne v Ohio*) and *Stanley* by reducing what may be the stink of subjectivity that most contemporary psychological profiles, tort pleas and victim impact statements had sought to personal advantage by demanding that clear distinctions be made in victim claims versus actualities.

Amy:

Every day of my life I live in constant fear that someone will see my pictures and recognize me and that I will be humiliated all over again. It hurts me to know someone is looking at them – at me – when I was just a little girl being abused for the camera. I did not choose to be there, but now I am there forever in pictures that people are using to do sick things. I want it all erased. I want it all stopped. But I am powerless to stop it just like I was powerless to stop my uncle.

...My life and my feelings are worse now because the crime has never really stopped and will never really stop ... It's like I am being abused over and over and over again.

Vicky:

I am living every day with the horrible knowledge that someone somewhere is watching the most terrifying moments of my life and taking grotesque pleasure in them. I am a victim of the worst kind of exploitation: child porn. Unlike other forms of exploitation, this one is never ending. Everyday people are trading and sharing videos of me as a little girl being raped in the most sadistic ways. They don't know me, but they have seen every part of me. They are being entertained by my shame and pain.

I had no idea the "Vicky" series, the child porn series taken of me, had been circulated at all, until I was 17. My world came crashing down that day, and now, two years later, not much has changed. These past years have only shown me the enormity of the circulation of these images and added to my grief and pain. This knowledge has given me a paranoia. I wonder if the people I know have seen these images. I wonder if the men I pass in the grocery store have seen them. Because the most intimate parts of me are being viewed by thousands of strangers and traded around, I feel out of control. They are trading my trauma around like treats at a party, but it is far from innocent. It feels like I am being raped by each and every one of them. What are they doing when they watch these videos anyway? They are gaining sexual gratification from me at ages 10 and 11. It sickens me to the core and terrifies me. Just thinking about it now, I feel myself stiffen and I want to cry. So many nights I have cried myself to sleep thinking of a stranger somewhere staring at their computer with images of a naked me on the screen. I have nightmares about it.

My paranoia is not without just cause. Some of these perverts have tried to contact me. One tried to find me through my friends on MySpace. Another created a slide show of me on Youtube. I wish I could one day feel completely safe, but as long as these images are out there, I never will.

Every time they are downloaded, I am exploited again, my privacy is breached, and my life feels less and less safe. I will never be able to have control over who sees me raped as a child. It's all out there for the world to see and it can never be removed from the internet.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Sir, as part of the plea agreement, you understand that you're providing a factual accounting for what happened to Jacob Wetterling on October 22, 1989, is that right?

THE DEFENDANT: That's right.

MR. SCHLEICHER: On October 22, 1989, did you kidnap, sexually assault and murder Jacob Wetterling?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did.

MR. SCHLEICHER: I need you to tell the Court what happened on that evening beginning around 8:00 p.m. in the city and town of St. Joseph, that area.

THE DEFENDANT: I was driving on a road, a dead-end road. I noticed three children on their bicycles with a flashlight. I pulled into a driveway, passed – after they passed me, turned around and faced the direction of the road that they would be coming back on.

Approximately 20 minutes or so later, they came back. I stepped out of my car. I put a mask on. I reached for my revolver. I proceeded onto the road. I confronted them. I told them to get into the ditch with their bicycles.

They cooperated. They did. I asked their names, their ages.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Do you recall what their answers were?

THE DEFENDANT: Not right offhand, I don't, no.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Do you know now that the three children involved were Jacob Wetterling, Trevor Wetterling, Aaron Larson?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct.

MR. SCHLEICHER: You indicated that you took out your revolver. Can you please describe the revolver? What caliber and type was it?

THE DEFENDANT: .38 Special, Smith & Wesson, snub nose.

MR. SCHLEICHER: After you confronted the children, what did you ask them to do?

THE DEFENDANT: I asked – well, they offered me a tape, and I knocked that down. They tried to shine a flashlight in my face, and I said, No, don't do that.

MR. SCHLEICHER: The tape was a videotape?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: That they had rented?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: From the local store?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Okay.

THE DEFENDANT: Yes. Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: After you knocked it down, what did you say to them?

THE DEFENDANT: I told Trevor and Aaron to run away, not look back or I would shoot, and I took Jacob back to my car.

MR. SCHLEICHER: What did you do when you took Jacob back to your car?

THE DEFENDANT: I handcuffed him and put him in the front passenger seat of my car.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Did you handcuff him behind his back?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: After you handcuffed him, did Jacob Wetterling say anything to you?

THE DEFENDANT: What did I do wrong?

Katy Beers getting a full gynecology exam. An anal swab. At her age. She had been sexually abused for all her years before this. Her family took her to get cleaned and tested after her kidnap and popular public search.

Watching a blowbang on strangers; all these men shoveling themselves, half-hard due to bad lighting or embarrassment homme, into whatever open is finally turned. Next scenes reflect on the anal exam and the forensics required, outloud, to determine who can the child be released to.

THE DEFENDANT: I drove as close as I could to a grove of trees. I stopped the car. I got out. I opened the door for Jacob. I unhandcuffed him. I took him over to the edge of the grove of trees.

I asked him to undress. I undressed. I touched his penis. He touched my penis. I had him masturbate. In about 20 or so minutes, about a half hour later, he said I'm cold, and I said, Okay. You can get dressed, and I got dressed.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Okay. I need to clarify a few things.

THE DEFENDANT: Sure.

MR. SCHLEICHER: With the touching, this was something you compelled him to do?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

MR. SCHLEICHER: He knew that you were armed, is that right?

THE DEFENDANT: That's right.

MR. SCHLEICHER: And in terms of any other sexual acts performed

by you upon Mr. Wetterling-

THE DEFENDANT: No. No, there was not.

MR. SCHLEICHER: So there was no penetration?

THE DEFENDANT: No penetration.

MR. SCHLEICHER: And no forced oral-

THE DEFENDANT: No.

MR. SCHLEICHER: - sex?

THE DEFENDANT: No, there was not.

MR. SCHLEICHER: All right. After you were finished, you indicated that Mr. Wetterling said something?

THE DEFENDANT: He said, I'm cold. So I said, Okay. You can get dressed, and I got dressed. On the way I said-

Are you taking me home? I said I can't take you all the way home. There is a lot - you live a town or so away.

MR. SCHLEICHER: What was his reaction to that?

THE DEFENDANT: He started to cry. I said, Don't cry.

The story breaks down well after it should have. Shouldn't have reached the point where her thoughts had to be exacted, shouldn't have gone beyond allowing her to talk as if it meant something more to someone other than just her. You don't want her to learn how she sounds. You don't want her to have to hear herself getting away with what she wants to talk about as if you're not listening. Let her keep whining so she thinks you care just dumb enough not to follow up when she trails off. The emotional part she plays then as if words stop. Too hard to go further as bright degrees of logic dull when the difficulty of articulation is overwhelmed by the graphic, hidden, brighter memories. Her limited education, causal. Her indefinable crushing, cutting pain. Her troubles are complex, waiting. They complain, repulsive therefore crippling, to itemize. Just as her life, then naïve, now, infected. Viciously abbreviated. None of it should have made it the place where you're going to have to see what it is you're hoping for. The fine line of reaching brutality within the words when placed to action. Compensation that isn't a hope, a barely understood plan, a lazy follow to a chance at best. Responsibility that has to be rigidly explicated because someone has to beg the same of you. She isn't explaining.

Amy isn't presenting her thoughts. There is always a bridge to her public where her lawyers have vetted and passed. She isn't debating and hasn't come forward with the face of her damage and the stories that tear when forced, again, to explain what the others have been butchering. All sides, she doesn't have to agree, that are attacking her or helping her, badly, unfairly, compassionately, human, until she can't take it anymore. To give up and decide, then I decided, that it had gone too far. And I had to come clean with what has

happened since. I can't trust anyone and. You should be able to trust someone, right. Someone should not want from me anymore. I wasn't even asking for help after awhile because I started to understand what expecting selflessness entailed, what that word really meant and it was no good at all. I've been disappointed, I haven't got enough experience to know whether or not I was supposed to get those chances that maybe I or someone else fucked up for me or themselves. I took myself out of the ugliness. Or decided to show what the ugliness was. More pain, always changing but never not more. I couldn't present myself as the only honest victim until then. I could've made it worse. I started off saying I was hurt and no one believed me. That started to compound. I wanted it to stop. I decided nothing.

Where we should understand the further harm that is being asked of someone to recall. The horrors that are relived while strangers ravish her again. The men that come into her ice cream shop. The men she passes on the street. Unlike her lawyer and the judges. It's a very hard thing to ask me for an answer. I say, as I apologize for being so harmed, so threatened by these fears, irrational but deeply felt, recognized and understood as they certainly are. They came as adults. I've been told the best way to say them -quick and under the part of myself that might hear them. I don't remember much. Not enough. Too much of myself is working too hard to not remember what you need to hear so that you believe me. I am not under attack when I explain that I want to help you. You have to stay safe with me while we get the details out so that your story works for you and all the others that can't even bring themselves to even this point. Be brave and tell me about your suffering. I don't think he enjoys it, I'm not that low or cheap, it isn't part of my best interest beyond that anyway. It's why he is presented here rather than in the Butner Study. He is #2 in DOST. It's important that he see what he's saying instead of lying. This man, as an example of someone who is the Butner proof. Only masturbated. And they let him lie. It's even worse. It's this case that could show, actually, how the Butner conclusions are necessary lies.

I'm not saying he did it for money. Conflating the Heinrich case with James Marsh, Esq. I want him to not know how deep it's sunk. How'd he never do what I'm saying outright or even unconsciously. Without having him knowing, I want to trust that he knows what he's doing and that he's doing it for the right reasons. Pit myself against the court in this instance. That *"Tell me, little girl or little boy"* sentence could be mine if I intended to take the lowest level in entertaining the obvious sleight of hand. Him locating the prurience he'd seek to condemn. To locate the guilt and shame inside himself to cast forward as the guilt and shame he'd like to correct. It is reasonable that Mrs. Roberts disburses the thoughts away from the accounting that she couldn't comprehend.

That Patty doesn't want to hear anymore and won't allow for her son in his absence and his very memory. As if existed whole, not as fact. There can not be a chance for those well meaning sufferers to view the pictures in ways they weren't intended and, worse, are not adequate representations of what exactly it is rather than what it was or went through in truly selfish moments instead of years.

I'm going to be wrong. I'm not going to try and figure out the truth in this story. I can't investigate what's going on here and come out correct so that it proves what I was talking about is what happened as if I knew intuitively before the facts came out. I will be personally guilty about the facts. I can't know and I'm not going to guess to only follow the difference between lies and sympathy and cunt's truth. I'll tell where I'm responsible within how wrong the facts stink within my twisted preferences and jaded suspicions. If this is true then this is completely the wrong case to pin it to. That the thoughts of the victims have gone deeper into what could be possible and must've come out even. What happened. Isn't as bad as this. What you think now. When you didn't know. And now you do to follow. Means you're listening to the wrong person.

I want to know what he was doing to her. Called a cash cow and a liar that didn't even write her own impact statement, her self-report. Didn't know what happened to her. So if this did happen, locked back, and now she'd been to this. Is this what she was then. The kind of person she is now or the kind of person she wouldn't have been otherwise. It's a sad group of people, kinds, or a sad couple, these adults fucking like this. Currently this age. Two very sad people groping and stalling and inserting eventually. And her largers named her and it doesn't matter if she doesn't have to answer for it because they all don't know her real name. It's quiet and she doesn't have to care what is said about that other person that isn't her and being one of the few who knows.

Her lawyer pronounced that he is more actively involved in law reform than civil litigation.

It is often sections from Philip Jenkins' book, *Beyond Tolerance*, that provides the introductory grounding for the briefs submitted to the various courts in these cases. It seems to be a distillation of Jenkins' work that the idea that child pornography viewers are a subculture highly invested in social strata. No fault of Jenkins, who was trolling the user forums, and did a great deal of research on social variables and neutralization, but the frequency with which the briefs repeat that looking for material is a way to receive fame and power and social standing within the "bandit" groups of the internet seem more suggestive of threat for production than viewing. Thus these men are encouraged and supported in trading and finding rape material as a means to supercilious

social goods as more of an unquestioned agenda that, at once, diminishes and recognizes the worth of their efforts. The more ambitious would understand the need to create rather than fan.

Jenkins clearly states that the very first goal of his book was to encourage "efforts to regulate the Internet, to enforce the law in cyberspace."

I've been hearing great stuff about the Vicky movie on abpep-t. Can someone give me a quick content rundown so I know if they are worth my while? Thanks.

... excellent material, basically a ten/eleven year old girl doing some handjobs, getting herself rubbed, doing some blowjob and gets a facial, pity not all series are filmed this way, this is already the new goddess after Helena (hel-lo), that's for sure.

MR. SCHLEICHER: At this time, if I could turn your attention then to the date of January 13, 1989, the abduction and sexual assault of Jared Scheirel.

Are you prepared to discuss that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I am.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Now, on January 13, 1989, did you in Cold Spring, Minnesota, Stearns County, abduct and sexually assault Jared Scheirel?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Who at the time was a young boy, is that correct?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Can you please describe what happened between approximately 9:00 and 10:00 that evening in Cold Spring?

THE DEFENDANT: I was driving around Cold Spring looking for a child. I came onto a dark street, no street lights. I noticed a boy walking. I stopped my car. I rolled my window down. I asked if he knew where Kramers live.

He started to point directions to me. I said could you hold on for a second. I got out of the car. I grabbed him. Opened up my back door to my car. I threw him in. Told him to stay low. I headed out of Cold Spring. I don't know the road, but west out of Cold Spring up a hill.

In towards Richmond, I got on a gravel road. Went down this gravel road. Got to a farm place, kind of a winding road to the left. I stopped the car. I got out of the car and got into the backseat. I asked Jared to get undressed, to pull his pants down.

I attempted oral, oral, oral inter - on Jared.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Oral sex?

THE DEFENDANT: Oral sex on Jared. That didn't work out too good.

So I asked him to perform oral sex on me.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Did he comply?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, he did.

MR. SCHLEICHER: As a result of that, did you ejaculate?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Did you issue any instructions to Mr. Scheirel?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did. I said, Swallow. If you throw up, I'll kill you.

MR. SCHLEICHER: All right. Did you attempt anal penetration?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did, but I stopped.

MR. SCHLEICHER: Okay. After you were done sexually assaulting Jared, what did you do?

THE DEFENDANT: I had to climb over to the front seat because it had childproof locks on the doors. I couldn't open the doors, and then I drove back towards Cold Spring, same direction.

I stopped on the road that went up this hill. I can't - I don't know the street. I, I - well, before that, I told him to give me his pants and his underwear.

He could get dressed. That's right. Then I, then I left.

MR. SCHLEICHER: You kept those items, the pants and the underwear?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I did.

MR. SCHLEICHER: For what purpose?

THE DEFENDANT: Souvenir, I guess.

How much of you is Amy. Near Dworkin. Tell me, Amy, what happened. And the ones who are like you. That the court knows with drug problems they can't control. And the disgust the cops have with drug addicts and thieves and the prostitutes that they have sympathy, obligation and repulsion for at the same time. The johns they don't see themselves in, poor schmucks. Those liars. And the heartless pimps and dangerous customers they warned you over. The money they work for and the cases that add up until they find one that broke through to count more. The phenomenal amount of times they repeat that they have children that same age. The families that created more child pornography than pimps and abductors. The prosecutors who fight the defense attorneys to be able to show the juries the pornography that was found and seized. Amy, how old were you when your Uncle started doing this to you. Vicky, how old were you when your father started doing this to you. They've been asked the hurtful questions kindly during the original criminal trial testimony. You remember those questions and those people. And what was your mother doing at that time. And how much does that trust, that they were supposed

to honor, bother you when you consider adult supervision and control and protection and the drugs you need to keep you back in the school they hoped you'd attend for your future. You wouldn't want your last name known. Your family's name. Do you still use your last name, Amy. How did the family help you. How difficult, at that age, was figuring out who to believe about what was best for the loved man who did what you didn't know enough about to say no to. Yet. Who could help protect you. You had to learn, I'm sorry. Do you know who knows your name, Amy. Your last name. How old were you when he started to look for pictures of others doing what you did for him and he to you. How long did it take for him to decide his have's could be less than unique.

Within the adult bookstore, not worth pointing to the internet yet, are the smaller sections for niche interest. Think harder about the naked women with contorted figures and gaze surgery to secondary sexual signifiers and scan the finer offers. Of note, the new release section has changed since I started going here. Around the time you were born. There's more titles suggesting stories, thin constructs that sell more familial scripts. Stepmothers and stepsisters due to euphemism constraints that the porn industry keeps to in case they cross the line to actionable illegality. Cuckold themes with oily black insults and transsexual miscases seem to be popular as well. But the chief populist shelves are devoted to brief introductions of which voluptuous family and provocative friend has fulfilled the fantasy that the boring sex acts filmed as proof devote to context. Think less of these only because I need to draw your attention instead to the release packages that sell one girl on the floor or table or throne beneath many men. Essentially laying there while these naked fat barely remunerated men fit themselves into orifices for brief minute allotments to eventually tool off on the naked women. Cumming one after another. On their faces, aiming in their mouths, on their breasts and asshole and spread wide writhing paid cunt. Masturbating men, who I watch masturbate. Who cover the women in their cum but not enough to look like drowning or something of so much insult that it can't be wiped off with a towel and then a post check shower. These men, when they cum, obviously, pointedly ridiculously, can't stop their sperm from splashing and dripping and missing. No one watching ignores who they're cumming on, I certainly don't. You want to see men cumming on each other and you want to see that as long as there's a woman to treat themselves to put paid. They don't follow the faggot or female script. Not much bothered either way. These are not men who care about what they are saying to the sexually adventurous and concerned. The way I grew up before I had to listen to the politics of expression and freedom. If they get some cum on them. Or if they might be misunderstood as wanting some cum on them. These are the men that are used to more than the tattoo and tribe patois. She'll do the

bodily acting and sensation preening, it's how you sell the job. Uglier men than youthful, used to being on their knees and assuming less of you in the exact same position. Hypocrites who deeply understand your lies and easily ignore your excuses. I prefer buying these dvds in the shop, I prefer being among the men who find and want for these like me. I'm not looking for company. I'm not there for iconography of any sort, compliance or recognition. I'm not dumb enough not to enjoy the contempt. These are the men you must be thinking of when you say that you fear the men who come into your shop, who walk down the street, who may be talking about you as if they could still recognize you. The pedophile industry that they are not a part of, wouldn't be. The closest rational you may have to expressing the irrational and still hopelessly undiagnosed psychology of those fears that shake and obsess you are here in the shop with me. Looking at all the shelves. The younger audience, who hasn't tired of pretty women, specials, to sink to the bins I buy from, who may or may not be enjoying the stories from rape and revenge movies to sisters finally peeling off the teases that taunt them as teenagers, will see the digression as old and tired. You'll get tired of seeing bisexuality as faggot driven. I don't care what you say until you get old. And sell the last thing you have which, you'll find, is the unfair way you've been treated over the unfair way you've failed. You've been scheming the wrong people, you'll have to make that work for you with the smallest amount of effort that has always protected you better. Vicky intuits better than she has been told to explain.

Start back here.

Male supremacy is fused into the language, so that every sentence both heralds and affirms it. Thought, experienced primarily as language, is permeated by the linguistic and perceptual values developed expressly to subordinate women. Men have defined the parameters of every subject. All feminist arguments, however radical in intent or consequence, are with or against assertions or premises implicit in the male system, which is made credible or authentic by the power of men to name. No transcendence of the male system is possible as long as men have the power of naming ... As Prometheus stole fire from the gods, so feminists will have to steal the power of naming from men, hopefully to better effect.

Move here, stay.

Focusing on sex offenders with child victims, Chaplin, Rice and Harris (1995) compared 15 men who had sexually offended against girls and 15 nonoffending men. The offenders scored significantly lower than the non-offenders on two of three empathy questionnaires. Moreover, scores on the same two empathy questionnaires were correlated with phallometri-

cally assessed sexual arousal to children, such that the sex offenders who scored lower on empathy showed relatively greater arousal to children. The greatest discrimination between the two groups of men was obtained by using stimuli that emphasized the trauma experienced by the child.

Use this.

Scott Smith: So it sounds like we're maybe assessing the offenders too much and not assessing ourselves (therapists) enough.

Dr. Bill Marshall: Yes, I think that's true. I'm not too keen about pre-treatment assessment of offenders, to be quite honest. I think you could waste a lot of time on that, but I have never found information from psychometric tests to be particularly useful. This is mostly because it is very easy to represent yourself in a positive way or a distorted way. I mean, I do. I know when I respond to an MMPI, I try hard to be honest but I cannot resist painting myself in a more positive way than I really am. So, if I do that, a supremely confident person, you can bet your sweet life that our offenders will misrepresent themselves.

Child pornography, pictures of their kids, I always have the ones in mind that I've seen whenever the term even sounds, being pushed underneath and on top adults for clear view. Not always men. And I don't think I have a preference but I'm far more used to one more than the other. Photographs that I didn't take. That I have not caused. Not even by phantom support or fact-based determination. These are records of what happened too similar to mothers' market columns. Still. As full long worthless tread lived that way. Keeps you in the dark fantasizing just as hard but easy. It's not at all in my better interest. Not in discourse, not in private ill-health. I can't help but think films would be better. Because there are more photographs in films. And. Because you have the next step. You will have this long itemized collection. Every single frame instead of every single scene. And more. You watch the movements press and dull, really. Still, I tend to freeze the shots as I realize I might finally be able to cum.

Can stop then. Can't stop at all, can you, filth. Can stop at films. Films are cut and thumbnailed in the wrong forums. Each single freeze grips a widely recognized ID. Listen to the chubby punies that were featured on beautiful repeat as they live outside of their lives. A surreal effect with a liar's truth. She grew up to cloy, dad. Less complex. More than what you need as they continue moving long after you stop. I like this idea of time that explodes everything as stupid as this behind it finally. You can't talk about it. As time. There's something more brutally specific in denying the silly worth of a film, personally. It means that within a film, within the space that moves image to image to pass by as real and forgettable, I'd have to pick a still to define the

action. I'd be forgetting the other events as a list of impossibilities. Not in context. But as worthless save discrimination. I'd like – I'd prefer or I can't do otherwise – to have a single memorial of whatever it is that happened. And then. To be personally obligated with a fake example of shame and an even thinner pretense of apologia. To pronounce shamelessly and authoritatively that, if I could have anything I ever wanted, then it would be a film of this that never ends. I'd have this constantly. I'd have this on. I'd tell myself suddenly and not have to tell anyone else and just stop thinking about it as this: It kept getting worse. For that one I liked looking at. It kept going on and the scene that started with her fat father unzipping his pants didn't end until she was crying in a corner after hours of what he wanted to do during his selfless self-discovery session.

It's not the threat of exposed cock. Not my thought. This is not a moment. Too much of a cocksucker for that.

Two more important facts before you get lost in what a fact is and how that changes as you open your mouth to record it after the fact again: Did he have to unzip his pants, isn't it better that he was already in his underwear? And will you have to describe that for yourself now.

The film turned on while he was naked. First scene. He didn't have to work up an erection.

If he was grabbing it. It was because that's how it felt better. You keen the tension by silently feeling around your erection. If you can, if you're lucky. It was better than not thinking.

Three, fuck: You've done this before, right?

I would only do it at Mimi's. Mostly poles and mexicans. Some trade late at night. Queers who've become fat and can't make it at the bars.

You came in here to get sucked on and to suck. One of the queers at Machine Shop told me that he knew I was there to suck cock. He opened the door to the booth I was in and saw me bent over peering through the hole in the side. He wanted me to go to the open room where he'd let me suck him. I told him there was a chance that there was someone better than him in the next booth. He asked me what I was looking for then. Anything else would have been a better reply but I told him just anything.

You need to hide. You didn't want to be humiliated. No one does and no one else cares.

There has to be such a hideous mistake somewhere in those questions. They are questions. Guides for better questions to finding agreement maybe. Because if they're statements. You'd have to agree with me. You've been there. We already know. I'm fucked there. I don't know how the fuck I would be expected to answer the fucking thing and anything you had to say, say quickly

even, would not be an answer to anything that could work. That could've worked before this either.

"I don't know" meaning "I don't know now." True cunt question. There's your answer. Tell the cunt to shut his mouth and not ask questions that sound like cunts deserve answers. Especially cunts with jobs like his. Jobs as props. Honestly, if we're looking for introspection, even though the question is unanswerable, the cunt, because of his job and position, has the answer he wants when he remembered how to hear the answer to the question he's been trained to repeat to the ones who do his fact checking. Supervisor. Report, second step.

Why did you return to the arcade?

It's an ugly thing. What I wanted to go back for. A deeply ugly creature that has nothing to do with the event, cunt.

Can you remember what you were thinking when you went back to the arcade?

I'd have to set it up for you. Insult you to the degree you'd get it all wrong. Where you'd let yourself become the you that you really are, want to be, can't stand when you're doing well at being better than your lousy protective judgments. I've been going to this bar after work. They have young men dancing, gyrating only barely, on a small disco prayer stage that fills the center of the room that the actual bar half moons. This is a better bar to go to, isn't it. These young men, who I always imagine are younger than they are with good reason for this, are nearly naked but not enough. They should be younger. Teenage though. Not children. Less than college but I'm alright with mid-high school. Usually like that age you see going to school when they're girls. I, like every other man of my age and position, prefer boys when they're half-hard but not fully erect. A stupid life when they look up at the ceiling while they wiggle and turn and don't look at the demimonde. The boys are either tired or tied to the laws that no one might actually try to enforce. They don't get hard on stage. You don't see fatter cocks jutting straight out from the top of their tight white briefs. I've seen a few stroke thick outlines. We appreciate this. Does it sound like I was there only to look at his cock. To wait and see how much of his cock I could see. I had money on me. Fuck's sake, do you think I haven't seen the hollywood take. And the sympathy they mount. So that you can see how truly devastating it is when the father has to identify his daughter's body in the morgue. After what happened to her. Am I so dumb not to know and not to remove myself from the moment market that learns from that tripe.

Obviously. I thought about cutting all the articles away from the pictures of the missing or violated children. I never consider adults these days, haven't for decades. My focus became clear, but obvious pretty much from the start. I could turn it to where it had become conversationally obnoxious. Either for

others or myself, where denial, for others, forced disinhibition, for myself. I would have to answer for it, funnel, because I still had to contend with the legal foil. I'd do it the way I preferred and then construct my reasoning from fear. Not a fantasy. These laws exist. And my priorities were private only until they couldn't hide themselves to those I was in opposition to. This, you can't argue with me about this, was a conversation, more a disquisition than a monologue, that produced active rot results. Split between my own arguments, I wanted, as an adult, to rend the material from the discord. Point to prolix obvious. Like a bullied psychopath who simply and legitimately would not do otherwise.

One of these evenings, one recently when I was sick of myself to whatever degree you'll understand incorrectly, I left after only one quick drink. But I take care of these boys since the bar doesn't charge a cover, just drink and tip rules required by working community. That understands these boys' situations. So, as I gathered myself to make a quick anonymous exit, I still made sure I cashed out the thin packed boy on the stage by dedicated saunter; handing him his couple rather than sticking it down in his full jockstrap. You get these uncomfortable faggot hugs while you grope and stroke and it wasn't my intention right then. And there's no such event as anonymous. The crowd sitting at the bar watch everything that the other men exactly like themselves do. These are smart men. They know how to act. As a result of their lonely degraded worthless intelligence, they creep around their typicals and care, essentially but not primarily, about what the bar is doing around them far more than what the idiot poor boys are not showing, shoving, slipping on that ridiculous little cold stage. Also where gay rights come from. This idea that men can use to inadequately show their concern for what you're going through as if it's what they went through. This is not true in any sense. And completely known to every single liar around me. These fucking sleazes pin you hard and it's a very nice reaction as it turns out, denoting the stupidity and availability of everyone all at once, separating them back to the voyeur's absolutely correct ego as it mashes down to placing a cock in the mouth of those who can open their mouth to take it.

As I left, another dancer, waiting for his stage, was selecting his jukebox songs near the door. They pick such garbage. I tipped him as well. Like some rich cunt, like some seriously drunk faggot, like me not needing to at all, like a sucker, both kinds, one more obvious than the other. Him in his tiny bursting underwear.

You don't want anything?

He asked me by saying thank you. And kindly suggesting he knew. Not really as he was begging in the guise of whoring. Not really begging, working an easy job that he was getting better at. There's no really when it doesn't matter

to him. Wouldn't be one of those older men that bemoans his cute, hung, gay past as those wretched years back when I was letting gross old men suck on my cock in the back room of the bar I used to wiggle my cock around to offer. Gives a fuck about who places tongue to balls or swallows nothing. Gives his youth cum to his boyfriends. Back in those sad years when I was desperately in love with this stupid boy who wouldn't treat me right, was incapable of it, didn't we just misunderstand what we were doing and what we wanted. So full of ourselves back then, it's nice now when I think of it, just sad as well and so dumb, so silly.

The cliches the old men enjoy, both groups of old men turning into one large mass of the same problems, traumas. The hag cocksuckers and the small tit youngsters and this is never anything new to be around at, on, in, even then. Some of these old men, old is wretched, worn, sadder, rejected, would lick at my cock while I was on stage in the middle of this bar. They'd tip me and walk back to their drinks. They'd end up queen drunk in spite of themselves. I'd only dance three songs and absolute animals would wait for my next shift after the next three of four dancers would finish their turns. And they'd be hornier by then. And vie for position. Until they were angry drunk enough and worn through and irritated blurs to just tip me straight out so they could see my cock when they could get close on what would now have to be the last time. Tug the top of my jock and let them see it before they'd offer me more to pet my ass while I showed them free cock or I'd let the head slip out at my thigh. And they'd circle it with their fingers when I'd laugh and stick the band back around the bulge. They'd have an hour or so before they'd finally tip me enough to let me let them place this big dick into their mouths and they'd not even suck it because too many of the other men were watching.

If they wanted it all hard. They'd listen to me tell them to go in the back and wait. They knew what go away meant. I didn't enjoy treating them like dogs. I didn't mind. So many, drunk, alone, can be little else.

They'd suck so that I could get hard. That was the point I had to get to. I know these old guys who'd pull on themselves. While they sucked at my cock. I know they'd go home and think about it again. They wouldn't hate themselves when they were masturbating. I could see the way they'd love looking at cock. Take it out of their mouths. So often just clean and dry. These men weren't slobes all the time. After I let worse suck on me. Paw asshole. After I let some fat school teacher suck on it. After I'd been in asshole the morning before I went to work. You taste cunt, you taste body, you slime in slime, some of the men exactly like you in varying degrees of self-hatred that even then doesn't not go far down enough to lessen your own sagging mental health.

Schizophrenics. They'd taste, if they could, if it worked this way, the powders mixing from both of our medications.

That's not what happens. It's this. Get up off my knees and I'm harder than the joke. I'm pushing fool and more demanding, rude. The cliché, the typical, boring everybody other than the unique that understands the insult of everyone else repeating every answer ever just to get dick in ass finally, some cunt in hand, a long grinding cum, deranged humans and truthful farms. You suck this, you finish your job. And saying that these pantos exist or stop or bother or answer when it becomes just more impolite than the simple place you stand in line at the first nicer bar where you know a little more about different kinds of vodka that the patrons seem to like to ask you about, Charmer. These thin correct demanding stereotypes give way, not when you learn about their classes and apartment dwelling households full of strong women and lazy police fathers, but when the customer becomes more imbalanced. Palsied in brain, perfect in body, culturally dumb under intense personal focus; perfectly within reason. Excused. Allowed. Shared, recognized. They explain what little they want, when sticking the right dick in the wrong mouth is a possibility more than an answer. More contemptuous than just wanting some skin. They have to be told that it really doesn't add up to much. Afterward. Don't add. Remember not thinking. Your sexual choices are nil. I would guess. Your chances are slim. Somewhere you can't deny that you were always going to give in, go wrong, collapse. What would you have had, after all, if you hadn't? There's nothing wrong, there's a gaggle of filthy, precise, liars not really lying, truly filthy, alternatively welcoming and rejecting. This is what happens. The rejection isn't worse. The rejection proves that it's still going to happen. And the bromide level of the invited or the denied meet when it all tiny occurs without pride and shame. Or worry. Because, the facts are, if I had been smarter enough to not act like an old queen and move to one of the corners at the further end of the bar, up against the back wall away from the door where the other timids gaze, I'd have a better time. These queer wiggling boys and their caucasian droops sit there in their underwear only stroking up thicker presentations for the regulars who love helping them. And I'm telling you.

I could line pictures from the papers that draw every article you might want to read. Nosey brick who'd have to answer for his insult. How can anything this tepid in thought be listened to as he bitched for the laws to protect others from only his nice imagination. I've decided not to include the pictures of cute little girls on every page of my monograph. I've decided that their being absent will be better. Prurient since the entire read is on the flea's purpose of such images between me and my ad-hoc therapist. Entirely our fault, I offer demurely while perfectly serious and legitimately sorry. It is central to this

work that the rundown pictures of faces instead of bodies and bodies instead of action not be included. It can not be a mistake that those are not included exactly where they should be if I were to be celebrating honesty. Not presented as part of a self-report and review. Please don't assume I'm following the cultural rat to redouble your expectations away from what others would have shrugged off as clever. This will never be new, I'm intent on answering what I can't argue against.

I like this. This works. This helps. When I moved to a new table, towards the opposite side of the wood fence that surrounds the entire back room of the bar, designed as it is to mock a ranch, because I picked out the wrong side, stupidly, as it turned out, to sit and watch before having to perform. The man I was getting only incrementally closer to immediately pushed his hand up and told me to stop. I shook my head, smiled faggot, said as much as don't worry, I'm only moving closer so I can see better. He had taken a favorite spot of mine. That's why I had to choose another corner. I know they are corners, I know what that means, I absolutely agree and, also, want to make clear that this man, I don't know, maybe knew why we would choose this spot as often as we could whenever we would.

I walk to work every morning and cut through an alley that I remember for masturbating in. Now two apartment buildings on either side where it used to give way to an open backyard and an office building. Just around the corner from what was essentially a gangway, the alley led to the street and a bondage fag store named Male Hide Leathers. Across from there, for a short time for me, was 'Touche,' a leather bar with a cruising backyard. Years after that bar burned down and that store closed, I was still living just down the block. Drunk, very, and after hanging around a different further faggot bar with another large backroom and many more slimy men than now, I was still overly bothered, if you will, by what had either happened or not. In that, I mean, I'm not sure if I'd fucked and sucked too many men that night to stop or that I hadn't fucked and sucked enough. Whatever form of speed I got mattered. I remember this fairly well. I leaned against the dark office building wall, next to a garbage can. As close as I could get to the garbage. To hide myself. This made sense. Not to be in public. I wasn't exposing myself, I did not want to be seen if that was an unexpressed concern, it was entirely within the indiscipline of simply not wanting to get to an apartment and stop to sleep. I was sick enough, deeply, to lean against a wall, thinking to myself as one would sickly do at that point, and I needed to cum quickly and again and I do remember the thoughts in my head. What I think far more bluntly these days is that no one else need know what was going through my diminutives then. The concern, barely recognized as it didn't stop me, is what I took away from that, right then, I remember

soberly, and still recall as primary now. I also, it progresses, understand that I was ill. It was all badly understood, everything, clearly.

The far corner towards the door away from the main graze of the cruising creep, the seat behind a table that keeps you from being seen by the hungry queers that make it out to the back. The new recruits and fans and gay fooled men who walk in staring straight forward as they enter the corral, drink in hand from the bar excuse and management, before they'd have to full stop at the tall plastic and metal fence. And turn around. Without finding a spot. Where they'll sweetly pretend they're not re-casing the action they've missed first proud amble. I know this. You understand. That I know this.

I, being older and uglier and kinder, don't bury myself in my bright phone when I hit the back rewind. I, as in this time, took a seat at another table towards the wrong side of the fence, as I said, easier to be seen by the sex intent. Wrong side, still and then, because, as the very attractive man in my favorite badly designed highly insulting corner had started to masturbate quietly under his table. I was watching him. And I wasn't close enough to see his hand down moving up his cock. And there would be the idea that one of the other queers and cowboys and meatmen standing to the walls and not talking were finally being offered the sell of the back bar as well. So I moved closer before my limited shy and edging brave and illegally exposing nothing at all but his arm and intent panicked slightly and politely to stop me. From getting on him.

Here, let me do that for you. Let me help you with that. I'll, like you hoped, use my mouth. Like you offered. Finally. Patron wants to suck cock. Immature. Reductive. Camera caught. Cow-like stupidity exchanges need for want to form pig. Proud. Couldn't you just stay home, on your couch in front of the tv, in your bathroom, hidden from mom, in bed, quietly not seeing anything but the back of your own squinting Amy color head and pull yourself off to forget it all just as quickly as the years of problems you're going to cause all of us listening to you divulge and preen and tautologize.

One hand up to say stop. The other hand still working on very tense hard cock now bit showing.

However, faggot, he was fine with me watching. He didn't, one like me first assumes, want a disease. I don't care if he thought I'd give him a good blowjob or not. I don't care if he's one those types. Those pets. I don't think this is an acceptable option in weighing the exciting masturbatory possibilities within his confused masturbating crime. I'm certain that forensics would agree that he only preferred stroking his hard-on out in barely public as barely better than having some sick plug wrap wet over the shaft, head and balls before it started intuiting fingers and hands and searched more before few offers and instruction were that he was finally, not deeply, frustrated enough to

give masturbating shows to those who would be highly likely to simply infect him with some fantastical virus. Thus creating regret and memory. Instead of memory.

Because, after being stopped, trolled away, I sat my sober bulk down at a new table, these sat in the middle of the pit, awkwardly in the way of the stroll, but still directly in front of him and his corner. This ugly man showed more. Become sick when masturbating. And stood from his chair but turned around to display his ass before cock by letting his pants drop to this thighs. Queer didn't queer, didn't wiggle or spread invite, didn't bend down or over. Turned back around to let me know he wanted me to see all of its but not nudge me enough beyond my slight powers of control to crawl over and mutter licking his asshole while I still let him stroke that long hard hot cock pumping cum too maddeningly slow from such full blonde balls. I won't even let my liquid simpering defect, neurological, biological, grossly unfair if not obvious, near that blurred fat pisshole of his, yours, ours, right. I don't think you can get it from the other portal, just from a mouth, this all makes no settling sense, you'll see, the next time you come back to do transfer.

Switch to cop. Faggot cop. Perverted bar booster. Stare at his face while I encourage him that I'm friendlier and more appreciative of what the joy in doing just this might be. That I want to ask him questions and still stall over what he is doing and say thank you for doing it for me, never once, mind you, assuming or pretending that we're both excited over sharing aesthetics over primacy or getting the same control and cave issues twisted and teased like some of the dumber entitled younger queers in here who don't think about their own muddled muscle'd staring silence. Until I stare more intently at his large erection and finally perfect prepuce. His fist shaking his balls. So he stops. And as he reached to undo the buttons on his shirt lets me measure up his unhidden by action and hand and precum erection. Standing out and up and youthfully more excited than it should be if he wasn't far too near animal; female. He unbuttoning. Was so he could stroke himself there. Feels his chest on his way to pinching his little nipple like anyone would have done since, like wombs, dreck, like truly ugly and lost women, combining the senses will play better while exposing filth and credulity to a point above the age I prefer can pour over rather than drip up. It wasn't for me to appreciate his build. Don't make the mistake that he was preening absolutely. That inconvenient thought comes later. When it matters, certainly. When health is reweighed in the mirror instead of the brain.

He'd too quickly returned hand to cock. We could've stared opposites longer. He'd kept one hand up and pinching and gliding. I refused to look at his face for him. Until I decided I should also do that just exactly for him. Staring

back at me and still wanting me to look back down was what an idiot like him would sift through while he pumped faster or slower or licked his lips instead of letting blank sex somehow pretend the future of the act came without perfect thoughts. The bigger idiot, the one who thought this was important, would have to figure it all out and do him the favors.

I was, of course, there at his cock, not with my mouth, when he cummed. And shook off the drops that would more perfectly stain his underwear if he wasn't fully finished showing off and had the burning credit one should when one is facing a cop fuck who pretends he doesn't like sucking on that particular cock every single morning first thing when he's inside a promises relationship with cheap compliments and two positions and selfless gestures to choose before he thinks better of his time and wastes at work. I don't know this. What kind of asshole he is. How typical I've made him when typical is never that only. But I'm not his tawdry voice either. And I've chosen this prejudice over the ones I know are more complicated and still probably less true and more cliché. I'm willing to be more the cliché, more the coward, when it comes to watching some older creep masturbate in public rather than imagine him entrancing like the even older creep I certainly must be now. To give wretches like this their voice, to perform mirror holds and language ticks like the worst form of lowlife artist, how typical, to recognize the better engagement of this stiffened to soft retard cock tugging slug and the difficulties that brought him to this. As if this. Is a low mark. As if mine. Is a kind sensitive and correctly adequate voice for him inescapably finally. Is exactly the reverse of why I'm here in the first and last place, I lie. I'd be one of these worthless crawls that complains about such cowardice and showmanship and wife-beating possibilities and racists and how secretly, while avoiding, how much I'd really like to take care of the poor darlings I see splayed and tortured every single day. It's not too much. It never has been for me. Not ever reductive enough, actually, to ring that perfectly in either time or the coming ornate leitmotif. This man. As if masculinity meant something laudable. This cunt. As if I didn't despise them. Took comfort in that when I needed an away. From queers like this and straights like that. His mealy voice. His stupid sentences. You know, the way you don't announce that the niggers they let talk on tv don't know how to form full sentences. As if, you know, they're talking about all of us. Worse, as if they're talking for me and I still have to put up with listening to them be gorillas. It's not so bad for me, honestly.

That little dissolvable white shit that he expelled, then drooled. That little thick, hot, unsweet bodily mass of essentialist repugnance that was either fed to the floor or dreamed gullet, mine from my knees or his from his stand and back up less acidic than a quick drunk burp and vomit. Was not me having

to pick a fucking side. Fuck you, you minuscule mistake with parents and associates that help you when you want to pretend otherwise. You creeping lapsed criminal community liar. Again. If I fucking have to be every fucking open cunt in every position all the same fucking cunt lapping time, I swear, right then, they all stunk more than looked like the juicy wet cunted spread fat and sad mother of one of those boys murdered because he kept going to the wrong place for the wrong thing and pug mom doesn't learn until the reports get thicker and detailed. Also again.

A moment that we'd be very happy to have. Me being, above all, the one that has to answer.

I have fucking been asked.

This was decades after I'd be young and stuck in dark rank closets that showed super 8 films on the back of the pay doors. You'd watch the films the mob picked out for anyone and then ran them over continuously on projectors behind you. You couldn't pick out something you might have thought you would have preferred. The chances for you finding something that was more offensive than the last rung of your taste or tolerance was nearly impossible. If you went to the booth to masturbate to a film and not to get sucked on through the glory holes at the side. Which were the reasons for the booths but some of us were new or excited enough by any sex act performed by any woman on any man. All you got was sex; people getting fucked and licking hairy cunt or swallowing loads of cum that were doing what you were doing to yourself. You went in to see sex happen on film. This was a thought, after seeing all these men trading on exposed and worked up hard cock, in the bars. This was a similar experience. You couldn't separate the experience into pornography and action or emotional jags because you were cumming on the floor from your stupid thoughts. It was all unattractive dreary sickness cumming on shoes and then on film and stepping over consequential puddles and stick that you didn't ignore any longer because you were leaving then. You were being trailed by the selfish needy acts crammed down into drooling erect men as well. You have to understand how mentally ill I was. I was staring at a wall. And, when I cummed, I was either on my knees in the alley. Face down with my hand working my cock through my zipper intending to cum directly onto the alleyway concrete. Or standing, having turned around from facing the wall, and cumming and stroking as I wanted to cum outward as if I was exposing myself, not to the world, not to the police, or a work returning mexican stint, if female, but as if a child should be watching me.

I was looking down at my dick instead of up at the sky and over my shoulder. I was vodka and crack burn nauseous. I was face against the wall where I'd have just as likely been vomiting down the alcohol. It was very late at night. I

think it's important that it was still night rather than early morning hours. The backroom of the bar I left had been just as dark. This is how you had sex there. I've masturbated watching men have sex in front of me. On top of men having sex in front of me. Got used to seeing hard in black fetid dirt buckets of rooms. The street and car lights did reach enough. I was thinking specifically about the men who kept grabbing shoving spreading at my ass while I was getting sucked on by someone on their knees. I was there so long. They all blur if you pick one out. He cummed in my mouth. And I was thinking fiercely that he was walking around the bar with his dick out and he smelled like he wouldn't do that out on the street, the way flashers scare children and terrify women and his faggot wag around was, to me, entirely in the wrong place. This is why they keep it dark, asshole. This is why you shouldn't be allowed to do this.

There are other factors.

I like not being able to cum. When the thoughts turn away from what you were staring at, all the while remaining wholly direct and sound. And those thoughts, being memories now, let you know that you'll no longer be able to stop with a shudder. Your desire was an illness. A much worse idea than you thought you could ignore. It's not a masochistic rethink. It is directly back into your head, finally, without a biology or requirement to understand. It is, actually, very much like looking at the photos of these murdered bloodied beasts and not aligning yourself with what they want you to see. Almost apathetic, almost an argument that would support the consequential in Butner Study Redux. Since I want to play safe, coward, correct. None of that applies. Such a huge deal made out of such a forgettable nothing. That isn't true. It is not nothing. The laws, all the arguments and reams of transcripts and monstrous buildings with long bright rooms organized and steeled on the back of something so obviously permanently highly important.

This is nothing. I wasn't thinking. I had no thoughts at all eventually. I know why I started. There was too much. That's all, that's all there was. I had to do it again. To stop thinking that way. All of the rest, all of what is done to get to that point, is for this. Does that make sense? You're taking a chance finally. To get it to stop. It's not something you want over but you want it done quickly even more. The first part is the idea that catches and fucks you up publicly. There's a great deal of hatred grazing over you. I'd think that I was doing that, actually, I'm sure I'd merely kept my back to the gangway and leaned my head against my arm, using my forearm as cushion between my hot forehead and the brick. I was overwhelmed at the idea that these perverts were fucking children and I had to settle for the men and start sucking dick like the fat nigger female slobs that I'd pay when I was even younger. These oily greasy beasts with hideous breasts and slave drawls and poverty stupidity well before they

became drug addicted nothings but exposure of something that truly ugly and primitive, except worse because it's tar covered and you'd even fucking accept that now. Worse, and I started there, than the men who'd at least recognize the nonexistent differences in sexual acts as if all perfect dolls. The hatred I'm talking about, I really do hope you understand this, is not at all from some sort of sympathetic flight forward from backward. I can see why these animals are concerns to their neighbors and the accumulating barking worthless. This you'll like. That the full clippings also included here are more my personal details than the filtered noise of buyer's market audio streams. The prostitutes of Eyler's vicious neighborhoods and Gecht's nigger city trips were mine. The pedophile destructions that came later were my purview, close-up. I had to include all of these edge to edge to mark timelines. These stories move along better and deserve to be presented as I would pass through my life, lying like a soldier, but impossible as the evidence is in every next full length article, headlines, bylines and all. Impossible to say I wasn't fucking thinking, just not comprehending the information I was digging further and further for. I've included this. To experience again, keep all the impossibilities in thinking better. What I had been previously instructed not to show. You couldn't see them as correct. You couldn't see drugs as the problem. You can't accept that they weren't born for this, certainly; that's just as evident in the clippings, one right after the other, hardly on top of all the others. These filth stand out. I was never, I seem to remember, worried about insanity. I was petrified over arrest. And you'd find yourself irrational and then say that it was you losing your mind. You'd project that in court, in jail, in humiliation, you'd realize that you had become stupid. To fuck something, sick, deeply pitied and in need of help, impossible, as well. You'd also see that in the others. You couldn't mistake it for anything else. I sound sorry for myself too. They were. That's what was driving them to thoughtless circular acts. Or they didn't know or care or gave up fighting against what they wanted. And I would ask them. The contempt I had wasn't for myself. I wasn't worried about becoming like that.

Family loss and inaccurate, incompatible futures, not the only thoughts of those who come to masturbate behind tables in the corner of bar backrooms. Settle, for argument's sake, on a single point for another chaste stab at theoretical reasoning. I don't care what kind of malcontent this drug fiend or sensual timidity had as a future without the interviews from those who knew him best. The secrets he was keeping from them. I prefer him this way. As I do. I explain without ever opening my mouth to the business tripe yanking his cock to act completion in front of me. Writing it down, not saying anything, not being near correct. This faggot came in here away from his family and his job and his dailies alone. The ones he talks to aren't here. The ones who help him through

his rough past or aren't there in reality when he listens to the cunts at churches, say, are welcome, now, to be anywhere fucking else but right here, right now. Sat in the corner. Opposite mine. And he started pulling his cock after I saw him petting it. From under the table. Watched his arm move and him stare around the bar. I saw him look down at his cock pushed from his pants. Pulled his dick out of his zipper and ran his hand down soft growing length thinking he was going to have to show it to someone or cum under the table and no one else had to know or it didn't matter. Knew, I think, because I got his hand and head shake to stay, stop, dog, cocksucker, faggot something else, away from him and his nice hot hard cock again.

THE COURT: All right. The Court finds a sufficient factual basis for the anticipated upward variance in the sentence in this case.

Mr. Heinrich, you're aware that you have certain pending motions in this case. You're challenging certain evidence that was seized during the search warrant and statements that were made to law enforcement. You recall that, correct?

(Counsel confers with defendant.)

THE DEFENDANT: Oh, yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. And there is also a motion dealing with a change of venue that is still pending as well.

You remember that as well?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Do you understand that by entering a guilty plea today, you're giving up your right to make those challenges and that those motions would be terminated?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. Now I want to just discuss some of the remaining aspects of the plea agreement with you because I want to make sure we all understand the nature of this agreement.

Paragraph 4 sets forth the statutory penalties for the crime, the receipt of child pornography. There is a mandatory minimum sentence of five years and a statutory maximum penalty of 20 years.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do.

THE COURT: Okay. And following release from prison, there is a supervised release term that is mandated under federal law. In this case, it has to be at least five years, and it can be up to a maximum of life.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: And by "supervised release," I mean you're under the

supervision of a probation officer if you are released, and then you must follow conditions imposed by this Court. If there is a violation of any of those conditions, you can be sent back to prison.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: The fine is a maximum of \$250,000. There is a mandatory \$100 special assessment, and there may be a restitution award.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Now, in paragraph 6, the parties have set forth recommended application of the federal sentencing guidelines in this case, again for Count 24.

I want to go through those and make sure we all understand how the recommendation has been calculated. Okay?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

THE COURT: There is a base offense level at the beginning of the calculation for receipt of child pornography. That is level 22. There are a number of specific offense characteristics in this case which would raise that level.

The first would be actually a decrease because your conduct in this matter was limited to receipt and solicitation of materials, a two-level increase because the material involved prepubescent minors, a four-level increase because the offense involved materials that portray sadistic or masochistic conduct or other depictions of violence. And this deals with one of the images that depicts anal penetration of a minor; a two-level increase because the offense involved the use of a computer, a two-level increase because the number of images were between 10 and 150, and a five-level increase because you engaged in a pattern of activity involving abuse of minors as depicted in or as detailed in the additional relevant conduct discussed today.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: There likely would be a three-level downward adjustment for acceptance of responsibility. That gives us a total offense level of 35.

Based on what the parties know at this time, it's the belief that your Criminal History Category is level I. With an adjusted offense level of 32 with the downward adjustment for acceptance, Criminal History Category I, the guideline range for Count 24 is 121 to 151 months in prison.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: And you understand how we reached that number?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do.

THE COURT: Okay. The fine range at that level is \$35,000 up to \$350,000, and the guidelines require at least five years and up to a life term of supervised release.

And the parties are agreeing and will recommend jointly to the Court that the facts as set forth today and admitted at the hearing today are grounds for an upward variance.

You've discussed that with Ms. Roe, is that correct?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

THE COURT: Okay. And that the recommendation will be the statutory maximum of 240 months in prison. Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: I understand that.

THE COURT: All right. Now, there is a \$100 special assessment which would be payable at sentencing.

There is no agreement at this point as to restitution.

There is a federal statute which requires victim restitution, and that's a matter that will be discussed later at sentencing.

Mr. Heinrich, you are also agreeing to forfeit property that was involved in the commission of this crime. The visual depictions, the – any property that is traceable to the – what you obtained from the offense.

In particular, the parties are agreeing you'll forfeit the Gateway desktop computer, Model 510XL, and you are agreeing this property is subject to forfeiture because it was used to commit the offense.

You understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do.

THE COURT: Do you anticipate, Mr. Schleicher, any further forfeitures?

MR. SCHLEICHER: Not at this time, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. Now, paragraph 11 is important for us to discuss. You understand, Mr. Heinrich, that you have a right, even when you enter a guilty plea in a case, to appeal the sentence, don't you?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do, Your Honor.

THE COURT: And you've talked about this right with Ms. Roe and Mr. Aligada?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I have, Your Honor.

THE COURT: You are agreeing in this plea agreement to waive any

rights that you have to appeal the sentence unless the sentence exceeds 240 months, is that correct?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct.

THE COURT: And the government also is waiving its right to appeal the sentence unless it is less than 240 months.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. You're also agreeing to waive your right to file a later petition, which would be a civil action, which would challenge the sentence or the conviction in this case, except if you have a valid claim for ineffective assistance of counsel, which is not waivable.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: I understand.

THE COURT: All right. So you understand that this agreement is a negotiated settlement of a number of matters, including charged and uncharged criminal conduct, correct?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct.

THE COURT: Okay. So if there is any reason in this case that your conviction is vacated or your sentence is reduced for any reasons, you and the government are agreeing that all parties are restored to your pre agreement rights.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. And you're specifically waiving any applicable statute of limitations to offenses charged in the indictment, and you're agreeing that at that point any statements made to law enforcement and in court pursuant to this agreement can be used against you in a federal prosecution.

Do you understand?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Ms. Roe, you're confident the defendant fully understands these significant rights, correct?

MS. ROE: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Now, paragraph 12, let's discuss that for a moment, Mr. Heinrich. Because of the nature of the crime that you are pleading guilty to, you may be subject, after service of a prison sentence, to civil commitment by state or federal authorities, and there are a number of different statutes that are applicable, and it could be state law or federal law or the law of any other jurisdiction.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. None of us at this point have any control or any understanding of what might happen at that point in time.

You understand that, correct?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes. Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: And that could result in you being confined to a facility after you're released from this sentence.

Do you understand that?

THE DEFENDANT: I understand.

THE COURT: And regardless of that, you still wish to plead guilty as set forth in this plea agreement, is that correct?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. This is the complete agreement.

Mr. Schleicher, do you want to make any reference to paragraph 13?

MR. SCHLEICHER: I do, Your Honor. Your Honor, the plea agreement that's been executed is a nine-page document, but it contains two attachments which are made part of and incorporated into the plea agreement. They're material conditions of the plea agreement.

The first is the joint agreement dated August 29, 2016, which was signed by the parties on August 30, 2016, which is Attachment 1. That agreement generally spells out the conditions by which we were able to get to a point where we received location information for the remains and set up what would then eventually become a proffer and a plea.

This second attachment, Attachment 2, is the proffer agreement dated and signed September 1, 2016. It also contains material conditions, material conditions binding upon the plea agreement, and further describe how certain information can be used and what manner by law enforcement.

So it is the three agreements, the plea agreement and the two attachments, that constitute the entire agreement. As to all three agreements, defense counsel has reviewed those thoroughly with their client, and he was made to understand the terms and conditions, and he signed those agreements as well.

The agreement also, and specifically the joint agreement, Attachment 1, bears the signatures of the United States Attorney, as well as the Stearns County Attorney, and all of the conditions contained therein are binding upon the state by her agreement.

MS. ROE: Your Honor, if I might?

THE COURT: Go ahead.

MS. ROE: As is indicated, excuse me, as is indicated in the Plea Agree-

ment and Sentencing Stipulations document that will be filed, the point of this and the two agreements that are attached was to have a global resolution of all the issues and all the matters involving the Jacob Wetterling offense and the Jared Scheirel offense and the child pornography, the federal child pornography charges.

That's what the three documents entail.

MR. SCHLEICHER: If I could make a record of that as well, Your Honor?

THE COURT: Go ahead.

MR. SCHLEICHER: The resolution of this as a global agreement will then result in the single count of conviction here in federal court of receipt of child pornography, and there will be no further state prosecution in the matter.

The - in agreement with this resolution includes our law enforcement partners: The Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension, the Stearns County Sheriff's Department, as well as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the relevant prosecution authorities, which include Stearns County Attorney Janelle Kendall, the United States Attorney for the District of Minnesota, Andrew Luger, and also through their representatives, the victims and their families, Patty and Jerry Wetterling, as well as Jared Scheirel.

THE COURT: All right.

Okay. Anything else, Ms. Roe?

MS. ROE: No, sir.

THE COURT: So to clarify, then, the state officials have agreed that there will be no state prosecution for the crimes committed in 1989, is that correct?

MR. SCHLEICHER: It is, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right.

Now, Mr. Heinrich, do you understand all of the terms of the plea agreement that we have just gone through?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, I do, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Do you have any questions at all about the plea agreement and the two additional documents which you have signed?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Has anyone made any other promises to you in an effort to get you to plead guilty in this case?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Anyone tried to force you to plead guilty in any way?

THE DEFENDANT: No, Your Honor.

THE COURT: You're doing so voluntarily?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes.

THE COURT: And you believe you're guilty of the federal offense in this case?

THE DEFENDANT: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: All right. Now, do you understand that this conviction is a felony conviction, correct?

THE DEFENDANT: That's correct, Your Honor.

For those who have to deal with the problems put before them. The word is almost always repugnant. Placed most often to separate, include, their personal opinion and participation with the matter they are forced to stress. The Supreme Court arguments, in audio, are quick to insist that Congress wants an aggressive form of law and the judges are not of the mind to disagree with the heart of reason. Simply, their position is to find a practical way to work out the language so that it functions rather than suggests. You are not repugnant. What happened to you was repugnant. The sickness that continues are men that are, by their excitement and disease, repugnant. You have not been called repugnant, that is not something you should misunderstand. In fact, you understand that the very reason for your argument is that you were the opposite. This is what defines repugnance. You did not deserve this nor was anything about you, then and now, suspect in the violence that was forced upon you.

I saw a movie and realized that I couldn't separate myself from the actress. It was when she started to cry. She cried a lot in the movie. A couple times that really hit me. And I found myself going back into what happened to me. And I worried that others might think she looked like me. But without seeing me cry. I'd have to tell them to look for her, and they'd see what happened after, if they wanted to know, by seeing me. But it gets difficult. Because I knew that would change and she'd get older and I had to stop thinking that she'd be able to stay that way for me. She wouldn't always be there and I couldn't go back to find what else she had done before this. I didn't want to see her cry in other movies. I also couldn't stop thinking about her and had to do something to find out more. She played a few victims, one more especially. I worried if I talked about her that my therapist or whoever else for that matter would think that there was something about her that the directors and casting agents responded to. And then think I was acting too. You could take it all the wrong ways. You could see that all the wrong readings were possible.

I worried that as she became popular, she'd be too good an actress. Recognized for her talent. I didn't ever want her to do a nude scene or act sexy. I couldn't bear the thought of her doing that or being thought of that way.

No one else would believe you.

Everyone else wouldn't act like they knew absolutely how low I could be if I acted just the way scum think things have happened. Scum looking for an angle as they would have done.

It would've ended up happening. I'd have found myself there. After I'd gotten arrested, I'd explain that I didn't see it coming. I didn't know what I was doing but I followed until I couldn't do anything but be the person I truly was.

You would have been begging for it to happen to you.

I'd have been begging for nothing. You can't stop at the part you found. I'd have been formulating alibis because I was willing the entire search to finally end up in jail, chicken. I had my victim impact statement ready.

How could you have done otherwise.

The fakes started with an impact statement. I knew what I was looking for. What I found; couldn't that have been completely unknown to me? It wasn't an adventure. You wouldn't ever agree that the worst that you could have imagined would have been worth what you were finally getting. It's nothing when you think about it.

I met her. She seemed perfectly happy. If you must, you can see that's even more compelling. That it could not have been as wrong as you said it was. I wanted to know what was happening when I wasn't there. Your mind reels when you see it, just as much, because one more is just a lie just like all the rest. You want it to finally be as clear as it sounds, away from all the rest. I like, frankly, that they were alone. That took a fair amount of work as well. There's quite a bit of negotiating. Physically.

It should have been obvious. You wouldn't be believed, you knew how it would sound. No one would listen to you and think he'd have been putting himself in exactly that position without knowing what he was going to end up with. It wouldn't be a repressed stream, not to the people listening to you, it would have to have been highly deliberate.

Stupidly, somehow, still. I'd admit to, ignorantly, starting a mistake. The same way the slob listening like worse would have to conspire, we would identify each other.

You could say you were looking for photos from the men who traded. As soon as you met them, sucked him off in the back of a car, you'd have been hoping to get more. You'd want him to take you home and convince him as knowledgeable. It would have been exactly the same event as you seeing one of those slobbering shaved clean camgirls. Just put your vagina into the camera. Don't let me see anything else. Just that tucked-in vagina. She knew the difference between what you thought you came off as unique instead of commensurate. Just exactly, rather, like seeing a photograph that I knew was a still from an old vhs video. It, hardly merely, advertised the full length video but now registers

as an individually numbered illegal picture. This is what counts separately as whole. These add up as individual charges. My clues, my shoves, my doggerel. You would want to see every single snapshot freeze and advert afterwards just like that. Complete the narrative, line up each polaroid next to next and see where it went, how wonderful and nonadaptive it became or as bad as it could have. But not miss a thing, not have it run too quickly, not let it evaporate the way it's sold as if it cannot.

You wanted to know when the camera would get shut off. When it would be enough. Enough, even, just to set a price. What they edited, just the end of what was going to be on film, it would always have to be annoying as promise. You'd look to the newspapers for those fill-ins.

Teaching a thing like that to pull on you. Convincing it on one hand, mouth-down teaching it on the other.

You couldn't possibly agree with one of the prosecution attorneys.

You couldn't act as if you understood that they didn't absolutely intend on making you pay because they got to see exactly how heinous it was supposed to be but wasn't. Tune out the immersion and see an old fat man getting a handjob. You start to think about what he's doing to make himself cum that way. To get it over. Next you start to ask, anyone, what was he looking at.

Towards.

Because the camera isn't facing POV down. Somehow the audience that you're a cheated part of isn't seeing what happened at all, isn't seeing the appeal, his experience is not even supposed to be your own.

I tell the jury. Sucking on that faggot, that reject in slow confusion and slower rage and gene slips, some of that makes sense, that you'd only want to suck him like any other hard man. And let him suck on you. Whether you were doing it out of contempt for his fatherly torpor and irresponsibility or his homed homosexual denial, it was a disgust you were sat with, almost perfect in every sense but aggregate.

That was in his head. You forget that it's not something he'd want to see.

You'd be wrong.

I could see he was staring.

I was looking for an introduction. I like that I was. We're talking about something that didn't happen. You don't get to add yet.

There isn't one example of you turning down the offer; there isn't one chance that you'd be able to pull as if it could come off correct.

Of course, that's what you were doing.

I think we have to consider the excuse as complicit to a crime whether or not anything happened.

Those soft-core snapshots, they come with an invitation, this is what it is.

You're presented with the spindly thing with her legs spread wide. What kind of animal, they'd say, wouldn't be repulsed. What kind of beast would respond by having to slide his hard cock in. Point it somewhere close. What other kind of cripple would drool to his knees at the side of the bed, grab her around her naked thighs and scoot her butt up to his face so he could taste it. Slurp and suck like a nonentity, devoid of choice and decision at least, that you would tell others later, did then belong in a cage for the rest of his life. Once a dog, always a dog. Except that it would change when he couldn't take the punishment any longer. He'd try and squirm out of it. You can't do that to a human, you could help where he didn't, where he was egregiously mistaken.

They implore you to take trusted care of them.

You're thinking that the fathers and mothers are always as protective as the neighbors and lawyers. They all think you'd believe that they aren't capable of understanding you and your plight and little nothing important blown out of proportion into a massive pulverized life. They understand you fine. What kind of animal wouldn't do what part.

It's not an invitation at all.

It's any hope, faith, at all, all the same.

The twitching gnats that find themselves overwhelmed, they snipe, to wanting, so they have to, the doctors ask, fuck it like the ones who have done more hands-on offenses to help it. I have to protect that record. I have to do more. I have to slobber down a script and send it to a politician. More has to be done. It goes back to. Insert.

Turn it on its stomach so you can spend decent time licking.

No matter which picture you're looking at, there is never a moment, let alone a variable, that it could get viewed as detached from exactly what your position is. You go forward from where you are now. Not head to where the picture was taken. Or only that it was in a hotel room that you wouldn't know as comfortable. The more you whimper that you were looking at the men, the more I hear the opposite. It would work that way, whether you admitted it or not. It couldn't be – ever – anything else.

I don't think there is any other way to see it.

I told him to take his cock out. I started kissing him.

After you tugged response, caressed heft.

I don't like that you misunderstand things to the point of worrying about who was forcing something.

I would have been alright if he shoved it all out and in. I understood what was happening, just as well as pushing it that way quicker than his inadequately halved mind would have finally caught up.

He started kissing me, actually.

Tonguing.

Honestly, I remember that he seemed proud of himself, that's what I think now, of course.

Just aggressive then, the way they are when they give in.

They always, all of them, forget how they look doing what they want to do.

He thought it was okay.

This would be mistaken for me trying to sound less like a scumbag.

Less like a textbook pedophile.

I'd cut out the rest of the body. Just remove their faces and paste them to paper so I only had her face. I was looking at the way she looked for something other than what was happening around her.

If that was possible.

Some sense of fear, it wasn't that at all.

Or if it had been, it dissipated.

I doubt that looking for her being frightened, or even anticipation or anxiety, was what I needed to glean or insist. I would have located it to use as an argument against what was happening if I wouldn't have been looking for the pictures.

But wouldn't have denied it, I hope.

You can pretend that this is what I was looking for, and it's correct that it's not as small as being scared, why would I care about that in any larger sense. In fact, did I have a preference.

Do you know, because it sounds pretty certain that I wouldn't pin this on me or you.

Why would I give a fuck if it was frightened or ended up crying.

They rarely do.

And why wouldn't I prefer the ones that had the backstory you had to create because of the docility and favors speech.

I obviously wasn't looking for the pictures to be pretty or less than cruel.

There's very public evidence of this.

Truth is, what sounds like an excuse is far worse when it comes to the complaints.

I was certainly in the same mind of every single makeshift that thought they had to explain what is so sickly purposively violent in what happens, before they make their case over what can be done to help you and put you away from the others.

Let her know what you did with it.

Because they'd ask where you'd hide it.

Kept it, didn't hide it.

Used it. Masturbated, cleaned up, came back.

You know this. Didn't want to look at anything else.

You did though. This idea of more. Others.

We agree that use is the best way to describe why we kept it. When I saw it, no matter what was done standing in front of it, it was used to do more than stop at her.

I've picked sides, you can tell.

I always make it sound sick.

I didn't know that one's name. I only knew where she was put. I knew what she had been exposed to. What her parents taught her. If I talk like this too much, while what I say is unmistakably true, it will sound as if I'm making a point about subjectivity. Cheap like some halfpint not worthy of the thought. How to convince you that the legitimacy in the impossibility of declaring what I see as clean, legally as wrong, as read, is still exactly why those laws should exist. And why she can say she's been harmed. Needs to be protected. And more to the point, why that shouldn't matter to her and how absolutely precisely that laws governing these simple pernicious acts should not be allowed to exist under the constitution because, I'm showing, that it is directly policing the thoughts of someone who is not involved in an act that involves more than private thoughts.

I started the book off with her. I'd like to consider what has happened.

I think it's legitimate to ask. So clean that it's also become very cheap.

Could someone alert her.

Should that happen.

Would it be possible to incorporate more subsections to DOST. Because I'm saying this. It has become lascivious.

It exists as lascivious. I do, sadly, think the context has done that.

I'd rather not have the thoughts of others affirming that, however. I'd rather not admit that I've been influenced by these thoughts of those taking a higher minded approach.

I would think the juries are incapable of that as long as they are being led by attorneys.

I would like to add that, in their professional glee, the attorneys are much more violent and suspect.

Like that they create physical brutality as impersonal theory and it doesn't seem to catch up to them as ugly or as hideous.

They like to apply adjectives that never seem to be as strong as the idea that would follow them to take advantage of the humanity they live under.

Pretend until left alone.

And the people they hurt, who deserve protection, don't matter enough to impact.

Pretend until a quiet moment when they realize that they've been doing horrible things to men as they've lived and fed families in an altogether obscenely brutal life.

Know that it hasn't changed things. And everyone else must be as stupid as they can't admit.

It's an ugly thing that I've done, an ugly world we live in, and it doesn't, because it cannot, stop.

I knew she was thinking about this. It no longer mattered what I was looking at. She was thinking about me somewhere. Doing this. I had to masturbate so that she'd know. This is only as sick as this, defensively, when I was on my knees in an alley. No one else would be able to hold me accountable for what I was thinking. I understood that it couldn't be expressed as an answer to an accusation. I could explain it and it wouldn't make a bit of difference. I could make it less than it was by saying it was obviously deranged, it was, we can see that. The film footage would have made that inarguable. And there are laws about not doing this. What I was thinking about. When I tell you it was rape. And tell you what form of that word in detail. Because it was. Does not change what you see.

It does. I know that. I can safely say, this you would believe, I had to stop. That was the worst it got. But you can't say that I believed it was even worse than you saw. This makes me know that I was going to jack off imagining that she was watching me. I got close. This mistake was what I was thinking. You wouldn't believe that. She, slut that she was not, we have proof, she knows, she relives, she sees it as it had happened, that very succinct knowledge exists in that money grubbing head of hers, she sees new and present, imagines me. So I do this for her. All the time, frankly. Absolutely without exception, the little pig on her back.

Those shops stuffed with offers and suggestions, can never find a fucking thing that I like.

You'd have to understand that at some point within this endlessly long trawl, this wasn't done for you.

Not even as a small part in the market, let alone a central representative. It shouldn't be me that's talking about it.

Not true. You weren't in the wrong place at all.

I liked everything I found. I knew where to look and it was easy. It doesn't make sense that you wouldn't go there for exactly what they sold. The men, there, and the women on film. I would've stopped otherwise. I've never been less than lucky that this was provided for me.

There's not enough in the store, not enough to keep looking for something closer to what it is I think about when I have a free moment before I fall

asleep. All these children, you have no idea how tired I am of seeing them put through this stupid shit and watching some fat plug think he's got the keys to the machinery. It's not what the courts are telling you. That's not what I'm seeing so I have to take their advice, their stupid lying take. And you can think of something the way you want to see it and they'll tell you nothing is ever as far as you'd like to see. Which isn't true. I'm thinking of watching it scream and shriek and be held down while punched and groped and the rape is going to have to cause the damage I want to see happen not recorded afterward. Forensics without the guesses. You pick her up by her neck, fully clothed. And ripping the clothes off is part of it. But not to expose her. Not at all. Until you see it and then make it hurt, not worse, more. Until it stops bellowing for covenant because it finally wants to stop crying, breathing, fighting. All the thousands of items in the store, you're in the wrong store, all the fucking time. You don't get to imagine and offer proof that you've reached into the back of my head and identified what I'm thinking about what we're seeing when you can or cannot watch the same things work as well or rotten as me. Me pulling off and cumming on it. This makes sense. Whatever it is, it'll be less than that. You don't sell that to me after I already fucking paid for it, first of all. You can't ask for more by trying to sell it as something else. And you're giving it all away anyway. I've got your theories and the price and it doesn't match just because surfaced we're not quite as far from each other as your extra effort adds to the market. Means I knew what I was buying, actually. Well before you had to try and offer me what I had or something even better, less, else. It's because you can't imagine that I'm succinct. I am. You can't keep getting in the way of everything I say. Your coarse insisting fatpig self.

You understand that I've been running the film, I've created the film that I haven't seen, doesn't exist for purchase. Drawn on rate, livid, to the facts I can build back to use. This would be better, like some horrible theater seat talking about the movie it should be as if he's the one that couldn't overachieve himself to complete the thought as well as the one who did. These sorts of creeps who talk about their experience as a lifetime of reviewing films and interviewing filmmakers to come away with background or an anecdote, to change what the public thought or praise where creation overshot theory or metaphor. I see it in the way the doctors ask me questions. They've seen the wrong films, sat in the wrong seats, forgot what staring was like when they expressed their belief in the magic of the experience. Magic is a word used to mean that you can be lazy now. You only reached a point where you refuse to work at it any longer, say something special happened, say something didn't.

You also understand that these clippings were from the time when the panic to prohibition was working. The fine argument that the government had to

obliterate the market by making possession illegal had worked very well. This material took some decision to find and then keep. They used to be postal inspectors and sting operations for people who didn't take pictures to cause intense troubles for others. You weren't only going to do this once.

The police morals gave up as the internet ran over their arguments. They have not attacked the web, deemed impossible. The only argument left was to consider the thoughts of those who were gathering a few of the millions of images that bolted out and got kept, got received, got watched. The only game left was to make those creeps show responsibility and shame for masturbating as proof of what the shots were for. They haven't shut down any and absolutely all of the browsers that provided only one picture of the crime. You have to see this. So that you don't make the mistake that it's immersive. The backdrop isn't behind the group trying to overwhelm and impress you, give you too much information and let you stop thinking so that you give yourself over to the experience that might be slow witted but brags bigger than your measly self.

I've been conflating the acts that have more to do with masturbating than fucking. Revolts us that abduction to murder has ever been a part of it. As something other than a method in which to handle destroying the evidence of what little was so instead needed. It's a fundamental squirm to stop where I said more. And easy to discount when you're a parent and an artist and a lawyer and an adult. If I want to pervert the clippings into my level and miss the other qualities or if I want to point out the inequities and manipulation of the media and the level of its audience. Or if I want to make myself look like less of a pervert while bilking to look even more dangerous. I need to create enough convincing evidence to show that I'm fingering what you may have an interest in that isn't incorrect or isn't as small minded as my own take.

It is my job to make sure that the items I've kept have been destroyed as anything less than sexual, mined, and recreated as no longer separate from the exact way they've been presented. It would move a different history and I would be short changed, frankly. I want them to exist in exactly this way, first and foremost.

Charles Roberts left always notes for his family explaining that what he was about to do was forced upon him by the cruelty of his god. He wrote to his wife and children and in effect to the families of the amish girls he shot that he was angry at the lord for killing his baby barely born daughter. He confessed to his wife that he had been having the thoughts again about the girls he said himself he had molested. Charles did not say that his intention that last day was to rape the girls he was going to hurt god by killing. He didn't explain what he wanted to do in any case. His loved. Offensive to say he was greasing the narrative, more offensive to say he was mocking them.

The fact that Charles had KY jelly among the other supplies he brought with him into the country schoolhouse, mostly tools and wood to seal up the school, is often repeated to suggest that his intention was to rape the girls. Roberts seeking universal angry revenge by entering the schoolhouse, but telling the boys they could leave. Tying up the girls, trying to close the room off before he committed suicide by cop or his own existential grief.

Happened just about a week after Duane Morrison had raped at least some of the six school girls he took hostage in Platte, Colorado. Duane only killed one.

Roberts didn't rape the girls as far has been reported. The news from that day and on, where he killed five of the eight girls he shot, would be parsed by amish resistance and condescending christian occlusion. Some of the reports cite one of the blonde schoolchildren, ages six through thirteen, none older than thirteen, that he tied up and left bound on the floor, saying Roberts told them: *"If you let me do what I want, no one will get hurt."* An initial report quoted in the NY Times had an early responder, the police commissioner, explaining that some of the girls had been molested to varying degrees. The investigator continued that one of the girls who survived said she didn't get *"as bad"* as some of the others. Roberts' delusory has also been reported as *"If just one of you let me do what I want, no one will get hurt."* The finer just one. And the Washington Post quoted the same investigator explaining that the girls had been shot execution style before Roberts put his gun to his head to shoot himself. The commissioner added *"He wanted to find female victims, this was a target of opportunity."*

Tell them this.

Charles Roberts made plans to rape those little girls, or one of them at least, before he finally tried to lock the schoolhouse where they collected and learned and played. Whatever he really planned to do outside of the evidence that he had hardly planned to do with the things he had collected and then carried in with him to the school on the day he died is, actually, not as clear. So you pick a side and tell them this.

Don't say those.

Don't explain what the girls looked like unless it sounds like this.

It's not an explanation. This is not your level. It's their level. They know what kind of those you like and why they're easier than what you might have preferred. There are very few diagnoses open to your disfigurement that splits thought from thought. Access, mired desperation of your rejection, will be the spine that tightens your paragraphs into narrative.

They were amish. The girls. Not the little girls. Not just the little girls. Blonde. Blondes. In the age range that amish keep together in one single schoolroom. The teacher at the school was only nineteen.

He was going to rape at least one. And didn't. Which is also contentious. In that, when you add up the sad stories from those misers who own the details, we become suspicious. But we shouldn't. We can't. He didn't, as far as we know, attack the nineteen-year-old adult minding the children. The nineteen-year-old amish girl put in charge of teaching them. We know there is suspicion of more, we have to separate preference from logic. If we suspect evidence has been withheld, we have to demand that you present excuse.

Someone owned those little girls enough to trust them to this teacher.

Don't call them little.

The religion they have been stunted by is sick. The same as yours. You're worried about how they were being raised. They have workable excuses, they have graphic memoirs, they hadn't been lost yet. Duane Morrison picked young adult bodies. Charles Roberts wanted smaller non-versions.

You really must try to hear how you sound.

How old on what graph is nineteen. One road, like the law, to follow that's better than the confusing, if you must, ones you keep trying to guess on and spin back. At nineteen, if I say legal, she hadn't failed to understand her position. The men who moan crisis, whether faith or unfair; not as settled or happy as she could well have been. Stupid or standardized or neither. This pretty young teacher, let's say this too, found a worthwhile daily pleasure in caring about these kids. As youth would. Not an easy job for a young lady whose skills are forming. Against what she deserves or wants or gets kept cruelly from. Backend from the noisy nosey pigs who fail to understand. She was taught what and how and now she was teaching younger. Learn your place and part of the joy in accepting your place is making sure others benefit from your knowledge. The joy is not acceptance. The pleasure in a demand. Fuck did she know about will. Pleasure is not a demand from within. You care. Doesn't have to be tawdry, elitist. It doesn't have to be so self-assured. Not as good as you, not as queer as letting some sort of blurred need and irresolvable conflict mar your, if only, epitaph. Makes them cute to those looking for cute, cunt, makes them sad and you, cunt, phony and as grossly untouched as the despised legitimate.

Duane Morrison also killed himself. After one of the two girls he had separated from the original seven highschool hostages ran from him. He killed 16 year-old Emily just before he pressed the gun to his head, just as the police stormed the room where he had taken the final two girls. He had been using Emily to shield himself from the police. And questions over who really shot Emily to death were raised just after details squeaked out. Johanna, a german exchange student, ran to the police when they broke through Morrison's barricade. Emily couldn't. Reports from the SWAT team include that Morrison shot

at Johanna first, missed, then shot Emily in the head as he had kept holding her. When she dropped, one of the police men screamed "finish it." Morrison put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, having also just been shot in the clavicle by a sniper.

The sheriff said at the time: *"He did traumatize and assault our children. I'll only say that it's sexual in nature."*

The girls Morrison selected as hostages were as precise as limited. He favored blondes, as reported, and picked the ones he wanted before carrying out his plan at the school.

Some reports stated that Morrison chose the girls by researching the school yearbooks and then through online sources like their myspace profiles.

He had also been running up huge phone bills calling sex lines and wrote a 14 page letter to his brother mailed before but due to arrive after the attack.

He brought "sex toys" with him to the school. Itemized as part of Emily Key's now public autopsy report, these items were a dildo, a vibrator and massage oil. Also in Morrison's backpack were knives, rope, scissors, duct tape and a stun gun. Kept the girls hostage for nearly four hours. The girls who were lined up against the black board with their faces away from the center of the classroom heard sobbing and pleas from the girls he would take back there.

"One of the hostages, Lynna Long, told the Rocky Mountain News that she was groped above the waist but believes Emily 'got it worse.' Lynna said that she was afraid to look, 'but you could hear Emily saying, 'No. Please don't.' The newspaper said Lynna and her mother had agreed to allow Lynna to be identified by name. Lynna said all the girls had been told to stand facing a wall, and she could not see what Morrison was doing, but she knew the other girls were being molested because 'you could hear the rustling of clothes and elastic being snapped and zippers being opened and closed.' Authorities say they knew of no connection between Morrison and the hostages he held for four hours after bursting into a college prep English class. The sheriff said Morrison had approached a male high school student on the day of the attack and 'asked about the identity of a list of female students.' Wegener said he was not sure if it was a written list or names rattled off by Morrison. It was not disclosed whether the list included the girl who was killed.

Mother:

We had chosen not to watch or read the news, so new tidbits and endless analysis of Charlie's crimes playing out on the television screen did not reach us over the next several days. But we had seen Charlie's farewell

notes he'd scribbled to his wife, Marie, and the children. His letter to Marie was lengthy and rambling. He repeatedly emphasized his love for her and his children and how sorry he was for the choices he'd made and the acts he was about to commit. But even his attempts at explanation made no sense.

He expressed remorse for events he claimed had happened when he was only twelve years old. He spoke of having molested a couple of much younger female relatives, who would have been only three to five years old at the time, and of the guilt and torment that had built up in him through the years until he could suppress it no longer. But the police had already investigated those claims and found no evidence that they had ever happened. The relatives in question had no memories of any such events.

Your take will be. That Charles decided against raping them. He murdered five of the little schoolgirls. Reports contradict your decision to say this about the rapes. He bungled the crime. Just before he shot himself. As the police broke through. And we're not going to accept the dreadful mystery that the god fearing rely on as faithful and correct in the face of evidence just as much as suspicion. You'll instead flit in on the worthlessness of any of these poor fucks' situations. All of them looking up to heaven look like you would. This is not a creeping godless exception. This is not anything you will ever address. You don't know. You really don't.

He'd thought about this for long enough to make the plans take over the thoughts as something more compelling than thoughts. At the very last least, why not receive something like that and destroy the days and apologies and regrets and boredom afterward. See the real world and negate the terror. Obliterate the concern and prove, embrace, laud promise.

Sadly, realized. As position required logic and worth. Why fuck anything. Why fuck anything now. Pick one. Without extending. The nails against the boards across the doors that he pounded into locks. Make this jail a home. He'd be nothing. And they wouldn't live with his damage. That the little girls were made worthless by their unlucky religion, their damaged frontiers. Backward families, heavily sentenced, suffering joyful brags to release. How could one possibly extend empathy after nothing. Their home. Impossible. His home. And what has always made it acceptable, even tolerable. Took him to better. Made insult and existence worthwhile.

It won't answer the murders. Mistakes, bad planning, assault. He did or didn't have enough time to enjoy the creation he was erasing as it continued.

Ask his wife. I know this, Dear, from being with men much worse than the kind of sludge that crawled on top of you. Put up with the lifeless god's horse

you'd become underneath him and the quilts and fat and tit sizes and miscarriage shit that you took more seriously than any false pain he was going to rely on to make you fucking fatback stupid and happy again in the face of anything better ever. Listen, look, it's not sex. He proved that. Those locks. Weren't just so he could fuck unless it was to do exactly as he had done. Which proves that fucking anything, not just you, Sweetheart, poor Dear, poor cow, you know, it wasn't – not available – but the offer. The suggestions. The misses. The nagging. Of maybe he deserved better. The teacher. Or ten of the coming teachers. The flat ones who would be teachers later. Ragging entitled, demanding, neighborly midget. What do miracles smell like if not your kindly attenuated and carefully reblonded vagina. There are no magazines. There are no scurrilous jews hiding outside the country with pictures designed to reap rewards that don't smell better when not insidiously working to take something away from you.

Lithe spindles cloaked in blue and pink cheeks and, I swear, you ask me again later, watch, nothing is there in shape and lust but the damage that they drag behind them in the miles of history toward the waste of promise and disease and bright young more and mores with as much reason as finding one in the backseat of a car, not buggy, with her body looking remarkably similar to those who are of the same age. There's graphs and figures to record progress. Books to learn, coming process and promise. And you'd have to be exactly as groping little as you think. To think you like it when the outfit comes off.

However, soon after receiving the transparencies, Cross mailed them to Lodge to be processed and enlarged so they would be suitable for sale. Lodge developed and sent to Cross slides from some of these transparencies, but indicated that several of the other pictures would need to be re-taken because of their inferior quality. When Lodge's house was searched in May 1983, police discovered a negative strip containing a sequence of nude, black and white photos of one of the Tampa girls. In addition, the strip contained versions of these photos that Lodge had cropped to highlight the girl's nude torso, followed by closeup photographs of adult female genitalia which he had added.

The Keyes family released statements after their daughter's murder and then again after the official summary and investigation reports were released to a public. They had viewed the governing report the day before rights release and issued their statement just as the press received the same reports. Both Roberts and Morrison had written notes that they understood would be made public after their deaths. Morrison wrote to his nephew and explained his depression and the abuse he had suffered as a child. Roberts may have lied about the children he molested. Both men did not talk about what they

were, clearly, going to hope to get from what they had planned. And almost all available media on the case via favored avenues, directly written by family members and law officials in possession of much more information than the loving couched reassurances and painful details too graphic or tawdry to pry open, insisted on a blank to motive after what happened.

Cozy spate of women who've been held captive and used as perpetual rape objects by men who carefully planned and constructed dungeons and apartments to stretch straight slit sex into years. The best selling biographies must offer a sense of overcoming and hope, fucking enormous amounts of hope, faith, god and prayer to renegotiate the stories that may spot the sexual assaults as base instead of constant. Those interested edified apparently by shorthand disgust for the crazed individual and all that sludged after the break. The inexplicable tragedy is how one can from then on deal with the lesser problems in less cataclysmic survival. The reasoning, deplorably, is more available in old pornography but these writers don't know that. Even the babes that have been raped enough to tell their stories. Not causal, this pornography. That would be included in the books written for a wider cast audience. Not life-affirming, the sex that I haven't been brought up on but searched for despite the information from books such as these, the movies and pictures that were shown in booths and then sold in the less thumbled sections. Before Times Square became remembered quaintly as dangerous but uninhabited by those doing their sex and porn documentaries and fanzines. Our Steven Staynor and Shawn Hornbeck. The boys told unmistakable stories. So I'm not complaining. Not bemoaning the reflected and appeased lack of my tastes; prurient as the culture would complain but only half. I'm certain that this is only for me and the bar queens who'd know the news when we slurred before confessing or fucking something. Wipes the newspaper clippings, all sections including my annotations, explaining what Mr. Roberts and Mr. Morrison were living with. Better than any officially traded and disseminated report. Both men decided the garbage that all these voices who've served them memorial. Were lies. Proven. Now. By the details the families and officials have continued to shout but hide. I'm not trying to get it to work out. The Phelpses, who had announced plans to picket the funeral of the amish girls but were persuaded to cancel in trade for an hour of free radio preaching time, were arguing different explanations for an only more vicious god. The incestuous amish also sat apart from the many versions. The Keyes only wishing for community be-ins. Robert's wife sick enough to thrash herself without even knowing it, reveling in it. Her fat fed ego sucked more air than anyone else could ever pray for, praising her god as glorious and protective. While her husband and his mentor wrote letters that still tried to save them from everyone. From feeling worse than they would have to show.

To get this, what they deserved, what they fought against and would have accepted anything else other than this sickness if, look, you demanding idiot, you had some way to finally stop taking care of them, stop trying to not hurt them. You should see them. Watch A Night At Halsted's. Two naked men on their knees, licking dirty glass because the third guy in front of them cummed on his side of the smudge and not into their lipped mouths and spiritual throats. Desperate for more than this and still on their knees, still looking up at the big dick macho cartoon, hoping he was getting something of what he wanted by these two slob opening their yaps, wagging their tongues and staring at him like they want to succeed at bringing another beast like themselves off.

There's a part where you want to ease someone's pain. Someone not even there. It isn't pretending. Like the cocksuckers who pray they're more than that, the pigs who deep end prurience, the animals who believe in god's teachings, the men who've learned to speak the only language they can. You fill your days like this. The mistakes you've made. Who doesn't regret their mistakes so deeply that it sounds like insanity to anyone else with less mistakes. The language isn't available to you to deconstruct or translate yourself out of. No matter how selfish you wish you could be. Exactly like that, in fact.

Robert's mother addressed the remote possibility of rape. His wife didn't. The news was as certain as their audience demands regarding the ease gel he brought into the school. The sections where Justine would tell her interlocutors what only barely happened, because it was too terrible to relate but not too terrible that they wouldn't have already known the full story without the details. The audience is often left wanting dignity, graphic. And the sloppy paragon won't demean herself to tell those listening, reading, prying. Both madams gnarled are above that slime. And the transpersonal is more applicable without the now ruined, now sexy, now demeaned as stupid. Would only ever admit not guess.

He had more ammunition than he needed for himself. Bought while he was thinking what he'd like to do was not just to kill himself. He was absolutely intent on purchasing an arsenal to use against others. As well as himself. Think this. Perhaps he hated the adults who wanted him to stop thinking about something else. This, actually, is what he did say. Near Dunblane in my notes to the people he had created as a family. In-explicitly. And he must have known at his coming end that the people he figured had always taken things the wrong way would take things the wrong way again. He was insulting them. They were insulting him. He knew their level. And the level was so gravely offensive that it was going to continue in the least amount of effort. He could prove himself correct by issuing the continuance of the stupidity of what they wanted from him. He wrote and left letters, even phoned the drag that had

made his life slow and less by remaining selfish so deeply that he wanted her to stay selfish. He gave her that and absolutely knew that she deserved what she queened over others. How nice for her. Not to know. I'd like to protect her. As ugly, as deeply hideous, as a person like that can and will continue to be. He called her and kept allowing her to be her. You just be this way and this is what's going to happen but don't do anything you don't want to do. The wife in this case. Handled it badly. As she always would. Had done, hand to god, like justice, like family, faithfully followed since forsworn. He had never been called a pedophile. What was incorrect was the persistence of god and good and sexual thoughts. He chose pedophilia as an opportunity to discuss his graver situation. Roberts chose an example that would violently reflect the ire that he had for himself in the face of those insisting the world he should live as. And he intended to correct the worst example as possible, fix himself as wrong and duly despised, and perform the act that had, possibly, become exciting, sexually and solitarily, as sense.

There is no memoir here. Tell them. No memoir worth telling, if not memorializing, no memory worth repeating, if not recreating. It has to be current. Shouldn't be with an eye to the future. You want so little. So better private. And you thinking you're important enough to demand recognition and simplicity will twist self-importance into legitimate belief. The way it should be. Designed. This way is better. Do not look backwards when answering every question about your past. Understand that you're being liquefied. Assholes do that. You can't argue with it. They do not get told. Do not look forward to guess where you would like to be when the final sentence of your psychology ridden paragraph might end. Do not pander to or second-guess assholes. Filth so typically obsessed with what you do in private; what you masturbate to is never what you do to anything. How. How is the time it took you before you stopped.

The safety critique of this garbage would be to tell you that no one cares quite as much as you seem to. About what it is you or others as sad as you masturbate with. Again, to. Or even how that formed or protected you. This is not true. Any understanding of the legal documents that start with transcripts and trawl through judgment to decision to opinion will denote very little else. The experiences that are recorded, before those are contradicted by another's badly vetted or partial argument, rely on confessions of personal moments shared. This is a lovely thing as it turns out. The prosecution melts into the very same denial that they are accusing the perfect subject of. Calling them perverts as they call you coward works if you keep it quiet. Keeping their lies and cowardice – cowardice is never louder than when someone is actually dumb enough to announce his belief in the word – at the forefront of your head rather than

your lips won't fucking do anyone any good. It's nice that they think the same as you. You are in lousy but safe company and no longer the alone that you'll have to tell them you are. The question, since prurience is an ideal and not an answer, is whether the orgasm, more perfectly, just the jerking constantly, is the book rather than the act. It is a book. You want to listen to Justine. You want her to repeat wrong. You just can't tell her unless telling her is where you've sunk to in pulling on yourself every day if you like.

28. *I am familiar with a practice known as "morphing" by which individuals use computers and software such as Photoshop to convert images of children into child pornography. An example of this practice is taking the image of the head of a child of sexual interest from a non-pornographic picture and digitally inserting the child's head, onto the image of a nude body. The result is an image that portrays the child in a sexually explicit manner, thereby creating and constituting child pornography.*

29. *Items seized from the defendant's residence contain what appear to be "morphed" images of child pornography. These morphed images appear both on defendant's computer and in the printed materials contained in the binders. Typically the morphed images are comprised of a boy's head taken from a non-pornographic image (like a yearbook photograph or an advertisement), and that child's head is placed on a naked body. The naked bodies are of different genders and ages; for example, some images include a boy's head morphed onto the body of a naked adult woman, while several of the images involve a child's head morphed onto a child's naked body. One morphing scheme done by defendant appears to have involved using the yearbook photographs of boys from Paynesville High School in the late 1970's.*

30. *An example of this is in Binder SD29784-8 which contains multiple images of the same boy whose head has been placed on many different bodies. Investigators were able to identify this male individual ("Victim K"). Victim K was born in the early 1960's and would have been a juvenile during the 1970's. An image of the head of Victim K appears to have been taken from an old yearbook photo from the late 1970's and superimposed onto various images of nude bodies using a computer, printed and placed into the binder. For example, one particular image (page 66/124) ("Image 7") depicts two prepubescent males standing in what appears to be a shower exposing their genitalia. One of the nude images was created placing Victim K's head from his yearbook photo onto the naked body. Yet another (page 68/124) depicts a young male wearing a sleeveless t-shirt with his left leg up exposing his naked genitalia through*

an opening in his underwear. This image was similarly altered so that Victim K's face appears on the original nude image. In addition to the printed morphed images, I have reviewed some images recovered from the hard drive of the defendant's computer. The face/head of Victim K appears in several of these images. A forensic examination of the defendant's computer reveals evidence of internet searches for Victim K.

31. There are other examples of images of "morphed" pornography in the defendant's binders or on his computer using the heads of other children in addition to Victim K. Law enforcement has reviewed these heads and have been able to identify by name at least three of these individuals whose images were used to create child pornography. The faces/heads used to create these images have been superimposed on the nude bodies of various combinations of male, female, adult and child bodies.

The health is here. Both Roberts and Morrison committed suicide and before they ended what was the way they lived, planned on raping more than dreams, more than promise and hurt. They, at least, wanted that before they gave everything back to everyone else. I tell my therapist that there's one more chance and you should explain this to the ones who may have the wrong idea. That Charles Roberts boarded up the classroom. It was a small schoolhouse. And while, like Morrison's events, the Swat teams and police response take credit for stopping what was happening, it is completely possible that Roberts. After having these beautiful girls that he watched while he was growing up and then aging badly, contorting selfishly, tied up and crying and still spouting god and sexualized now purity and stupid as innocent, decided that all of this was for nothing. And it wouldn't matter. And what did he do. All of this for that. If it was ending. Is this worth doing if forgetting. Who the fuck did he bring lube for. Hurting a small vagina or ripping his unspit dick a bit. And maybe Morrison was dumb enough to shrug and think he'd already gotten this far. Or was too sexually crazed and legitimized by then. But maybe, Charles Roberts, soft or overly concerned or hard and dismissed, saw it all as finally over and whatever had driven him to destroy these not naked enough dolls wasn't going to be as small as this act was going to turn out for him. He still shot them. And they weren't going to have a life worth living anyway. Maybe he was still being kind. It's quite possible that he was explaining more than his depressing lack of faith to them. He just saw them as he saw himself. And this should end if that was what they were saying to him after proving it didn't work. All those fucking automatons. Fooled like that and waiting. It wasn't him that was doing it to them. Sex like always, wasn't a view he'd get to remember and worry over anymore. Wasn't part of any plan any more.

Charles Robert's mother:

But the other explanation Charlie's letter offered was even less comprehensible. Our son and his wife, Marie, had suffered the loss of their first-born daughter, Elise Victoria, only twenty minutes after her premature birth. It had indeed been a tragedy. Looking back now, sifting through the rambling phrases of bitterness and blame in Charlie's letter, I can see that to my son, Elise's death was the culmination of loss that had begun with the deaths of grandparents with whom he'd had a bond our other sons weren't old enough to enjoy; the horrible, lingering end of the Siberian husky, Suzie, for which Charlie blamed himself; and the passing of our family pet Cinnamon.

His losses were no greater than those countless human beings have experienced. God had given Charlie and Marie three beautiful, healthy children. But according to his letter, he'd allowed bitterness and hatred against God to build up inside him. He saw Elise's death as God's punishment for past transgressions rather than seeing his three living children as God's gifts. And now, he bizarrely thought that taking the precious daughters of families who prayed to the same God he'd chosen to no longer worship, love, or forgive for what he perceived as His offenses against him.

It was not only hatred for God he expressed. He wrote: "I'm filled with so much hate toward myself, toward God, and an unimaginable emptiness."

The one sentence in that letter that brought a small comfort was among the last: "Please tell Mom and Dad and my brother that I love them."

Sadism hasn't been adequately defined within the guidelines that enhance sentencing suggestions. The government delivered checklists to judges in order to aid the decision process within the harsh penalties the government desires. One of the many stipulations within the guidelines is to separate the depicted acts that need to be understood as violent or sadistic. An important distinction; relates to the nature and intentions of the voyeur before he justifies child rapist. As the government's legal standing against child pornography possession is that it is a record of harm, abuse; that violence is caused during and well after, psychologically, traumatically, most judges, understandably, view any act of penetration as violence and thus deserving of the federal enhancements for harsher jail sentences. Those criminals with posed or un-violated pictures of nude or lasciviously displayed children would be less likely to receive extra years added to their sentences even though the violence of the act of recording, disseminating or manipulating the child is still considered harm.

Few defendants of possession and receipt avoid enhancements due to the absence of extreme or violent content. Most child sexual abuse occurs through family and neighborhood affiliations. Few defendants of mere possession and receipt have previous criminal records. Recently, arguments of those without politically motivated concerns or fear have started to suggest that an enhancement for sadistic acts is just one example of the many contradictions within the case law that imposes subjectivity over a dangerous deficit of empirical backgrounding. One chief concern of these law scholars and academics is that the government focus on show penalties amid the phenomenal rise in cases of possession through the internet (enhancements are also encouraged by the amount of captured material when most internet access pictures download in consequential numbers from a single zip) destroys the truer language of the law in that the focus and resources of the government and its courts and police forces should be on the act of actual or "hands-on" harm. Which would put the public on notice, almost impossibly.

The definition of sadism could, for a cheap and very personal example, eventually be explained, Justine, as telling your baby you loved her. Be cute. Why are you being so naughty! So many of the few items identified within Danny Heinrich's charges lead forward to the psychological profile of a man directly recalling or reliving the repellent events of his and his victims' past. Whether this was an obsessive, maddening or sadistic clutch to Danny's monomania or merely the strategic bowdlerized editing of the reporting investigator, the taste would be wider in cruelty than prurience when taken as moving whole. Amy and Vicky find it unbearable to imagine men masturbating. Those men pulling on themselves while staring at the pictures of their rapes. You'd have to imagine them. Not just their faces. We've all seen enough until we've learned that we hadn't. Proven by Heinrich's collection is where adult thoughts sink with proof. Personal intentions to expressed comprehension not as easy, immediate, to find fault. He wasn't hurting himself. He wasn't living this way.

21. During the search, investigators located 19 three-ring binders, each of which contained photographs of images of children. In the majority of the binders, there were multiple images of what appears to me to be images of nude photographs of pre-pubescent children that would fit the definition of child pornography. Several of the pornographic photographs appear to be printed material obtained from the internet. For example, some pages containing suspected child pornography also displayed what appear to be advertisements in the margins of the pages and/or Universal Resource Locator information on the bottom of the page. Based on my experience and training, this information typically displays the

particular web page where the image was located on the World Wide Web. Based on this information, I believe these images were acquired on the internet using a computer and then printed and maintained in the binders as a collection. Law enforcement reviewed each binder and gave each binder an "SD" property evidence number. Law enforcement took a photograph of each page in each binder to create a computer disc containing the images from the defendant's binders. Where this affidavit references a page number to identify an image from the binders, it is referencing the page number as seen on the disc.

22. One of the binders, labeled for reference as SD 29770-2, contains a fully nude image (page 11/151) ("Image 1") of a prepubescent boy, laying back on a bed, with an erect penis who appears to be under the age of 12. The image contains the title "Young Blonde Haired Boys" and is purported to have been "posted by" an individual with the moniker "Jackin Boy" on December 19, 2000 (...) and bears a print date of January 4, 2001. The page contains the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)"

23. Binder 29770-2 also contains a fully nude image (page 9/151) ("Image 2") of a fully naked prepubescent boy sitting on the arm of a couch displaying his genitalia. The image also contains the title "Young Blonde Haired Boys" and is purported to have been "posted by" "Jackin Boy" on December 19, 2000 (...) and bears a print date of January 4, 2001. The page also bears the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)."

24. Binder SD 29770-2 also contains a fully nude image (page 12/151) ("Image 3") of a fully naked prepubescent boy, standing nearly in profile towards the camera, with an erect penis. The image contains the title "Young Blonde Haired Boys" and is purported to have been "posted by" an individual with the moniker "Cobra" on December 27, 2000 (...) and has a print date of January 4, 2001. The page contains the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)."

25. Binder SD 29770-2 also contains a picture of a boy naked from the waist down, sitting in a recliner-type chair, holding his erect penis (page 45/151) ("Image 4"). The image contains the title "gay teens having fun" and is purported to "have been" posted by "gayboy" on November 23, 2000 (...) and has a print date of January 9, 2001. The page bears the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)." Image 4 has preliminarily been identified as being that of a known child of sexual exploitation using a national database of victims of sexual abuse.

26. A preliminary review - of only a small portion of the binders - using

this national database of known victims of sexual abuse, identified additional images as containing a depiction of a known child of sexual exploitation. Although there were several of these identified images, two examples are found in Binder SD29784-1. One image depicts a fully naked prepubescent boy holding his penis while he looks at the camera (page 72/115) ("Image 5"). The image contains the title "The Titan's (Teens)" and is purported to have been "posted by" "Adorable_Titan" on December 5, 2000 (...) and bears a print date of January 3, 2001. The page also contains the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)."

27. Another image found in Binder of identified children, is a picture of two fully naked young boys with one naked boy on top of the other naked boy, the boy on top is facing the camera while he is being anally penetrated by the boy on the bottom (page 109/115) ("Image 6") The image contains the title "Gay teen chat (14-19)2" and is purported to have been "posted by" "devon1234" on January 1, 2001 (...) and bears a print date of January 13, 2001. The page also contains the phrase "Welcome Danny (visitor)."

I'd gone into a shop to meet someone who sent me a letter through a sex club. As I did back then. This particular letter offered photos but its intention was to verify me as something other than a voyeur or a cop. I'd set up a coffee with one of the guys who ran the club to answer vague questions and he asked a fella who worked at a leather store to meet me first. I'm pretty sure this was explained to me before I went into the shop. He also said he was interested in what I was doing and wanted to help or somehow be involved. Back then, young as I was, my intention really was to keep secrets and sickness. I wasn't looking to discover myself, not at all as it turns out, and I wasn't worried enough about traversing complicity and discretion. He took me into his office and showed me the pictures he had of him and another guy who also worked at the store covered in mud at a cow or pig farm in Wisconsin or wherever. Came with the obligatory invitation. He quickly started to kiss me and grope some, most of what he was doing was long licking my neck and tugging my shirt down off from my shoulders. Not putting his hands on my chest through the bottom of my shirt and not being unclear that he was shoving me down to his big belly and his full packed leather pants. Because I resisted all but the kissing and tonguing, pushing my face into his mouth as much as I could, he switched to pulling my pants down and grabbing more of what I was using to twist further away from ending up on my knees with him grinding cock and balls into repeating the tonguing I was doing in mouth to thick fat erection. I couldn't not have had a hard-on by then. Which mattered to him, you'll see, as intention

rather than tool. He turned me around, pants to my shoes, and thankfully slobbered all over my ass. Sucking balls from behind as he pushed down on my back to open my ass as wide as painfully possible. So he could get more of his fat drip tongue as deep into my asshole as he could fit. Just kept going deeper and prodding and drooling and licking anything near and in my asshole. This is what happens. And I was relieved when he stuck his hard cock into my ass. I can say that I realized it then. But it was less than that. It was the only thing I wanted after being softened wet and him and his face dripping with his own spit and need and design and I pushed as far back into his thighs as I could take the cock he had because he slid in too easy and seemed to slow down and that's not where either of us were thinking. I grinded and moaned and stopped flat when he started fucking me harder finally. Just let him pound slob into me. For as long as it could take, as long as he wanted, and I think now if he had pulled out to suck or push cock into my mouth. I would have hard slapped his must've beet red huffing face. Could have been spitting on my back as he kept making growls and scratched my flabby skin with the shirt up to my neck now. I'd have insisted he fucking finish. Fucking me with hard shoved cock and cumming so I could feel it inside my ass. And I did. When he cummed, throbbing as he stopped and filling lows with hot wet filth from his dog cock and my balls and asshole dripping with his sweat and smell. It's warm and shoots not spills but I register thick and push and stop and weight instead. I didn't cum at the same time. My hands were on some small filing cabinet or a table used to carefully cut leather straps. And I kept his tight straight cock in my ass until he slid out and he started to spread my legs further apart with his hands. Kneeled behind. Sucking on my ass loudly and drawing his own cum out. Tonguing deep in again. Way further so he could taste my greasy shit and mess and his tepid cum and more of my shit and down to my balls. When I started to reach my own cock to tug enough to cum before he put me legs up and kept fucking, no cum, so maybe he'd piss. I cummed quickly and purposely and fairly adolescently. This I remember very clearly. I cummed immediately after being fucked like that. And he supposedly wanted my cum but my fist wasn't going to push my dick back to his face past my balls like some queeny tucker. I wanted his cock in me again. After I cummed. And said put your fingers in. If you're not done.

You know what evidence you have. I didn't say I wanted and I didn't do different versions for the rest of my life. I didn't realize anything central after, not that I could cute pinpoint like you would, scum. Or keep that I was so ashamed at what I did or what I felt or what I now wanted or had to avoid so deeply repressed. Something so cheaply anecdotal as submissive or used or traded. As personality, lust, drive and point desire. Think of little else. As long as you claim personal worth first.

And this comes with the constant clippings. Run off the bottom of every memory I recount so badly to a worse audience and ignored parenting. It didn't bother me the way you'll insist against the evidence. There's proof that nothing I went looking for was clumsy thrashing to assuage or salve. Rather to buy and inculcate and only divest. What was learned, if pivotal, was the equilivation and valuation of the material at hand and what wasn't available in legitimate price. And all the sexual slop created in the stories of self were going to sound fake because I knew those sells could be turned around by fat old unnumbered cocksuckers and lousier forgettable niggers and asking crying whores. As simple mistakes. I wasn't nearly like any of them. I knew they were lying. And, even then, the lies weren't strictly or perfectly dismissive. I was right in seeing illness as long as it wasn't going to be defined by own experience shot by cultural sympathy and sorry critique, eventually filed incongruously as defense. I wasn't looking to find the dark corners in characters and events by receiving tips and tits of light in my own search. You haven't seen the shasta penetrated, you haven't had her the way you talk about her, you haven't had. You don't get to say you would or wouldn't want to. You don't get to say want at all.

A man exposed himself to three Millard North High School students on Wednesday, police said. The Millard school district says all of the reports happened within a little more than an hour, at multiple locations in the parking lot. The victims were female students leaving sports practices. The first victim said she was in the parking lot of the high school when she was approached by a black truck. She said the man in the truck was between 18 and 20 years old, white, with a dark complexion, dark brown hair that was spiked straight up and wearing a blueish-green tie-dye shirt. She said the man asked her to help him, and when she approached the vehicle, she saw the man exposing himself. She said the man drove off. The second victim said she was walking to her car in the parking lot when she was also approached by a black truck. She said the man, possibly Hispanic, appeared to be 20 to 25 years old with a medium complexion, dark hair and eyebrows and a Spanish accent. The victim said the man asked, "Can you help me with this?" When she approached the vehicle, she saw the man exposing himself. She described the truck as black with brown trim with a possibly 9 or 10 County Nebraska plates. The third victim said she was leaving the school when she saw the black truck parked near the curb by the building. She described the man as a Middle Eastern man in his 40s. She said the man asked if she knew where the closest hospital was, and as she approached the vehicle, she saw the man exposing himself. The victim said she backed away and the man drove off.

An Allentown man and registered sex offender admitted to exposing himself to women, once outside Central Catholic High School and once at Cedar Crest College. John Recker, 49, was sentenced today to 1 to 2 years in Lehigh County Prison, with a condition that he not be paroled until having served 18 months, according to court testimony. Recker has been in prison since June 2011, meaning he will go free in four months, after which he will serve three-and-a-half years of probation, said Judge Maria Dantos. Recker admitted parking his van next to a woman's parked car in the Cedar Crest College parking lot May 16, 2011, then getting out of the van and approaching her. He was naked from the waist down and masturbating, according to court testimony. The woman drove away as he approached. Recker also admitted to a similar instance in June 16, 2011, in which he approached the passenger side door of a woman parked in a car at the parking lot of Central Catholic High School. Recker asked the woman what time practice let out, then walked around to the driver's side window, when she noticed he wasn't wearing pants and was masturbating, authorities said. Both victims described the same white van and eventually picked Recker out of a photo line-up, according to court testimony. Dantos agreed to a request by Recker to allow him to seek a private counseling plan, at his own success, rather than a program within the prison that he said has not helped him in the past. "I pray and I hope the treatment will be directly oriented toward my needs," Recker said. "I know I need help." Recker is a lifetime sex offender due to an aggravated indecent assault conviction for raping a woman in an Allentown McDonald's bathroom in June 1994, according to reports.

He also has multiple theft and drug charges over the past 18 years, and pleaded guilty in 2002 to one count of indecent exposure, according to court records.

When Dantos asked Recker if anyone forced him to enter his plea, he responded, "God." "It's the right thing to do, that's what I'm trying to say," he told the judge. Recker is on the state's Megan's Law list as a lifetime sex offender as a result of a 1994 conviction for sexually assaulting a woman in a restroom of an east Allentown McDonald's. He also pleaded guilty to exposing himself to women at Muhlenberg College in 2002, according to court records. According to police and Stephen Van Natten, the county's chief of prosecutions: Recker exposed himself to a woman around 10:15 p.m. on May 17, 2011, in a Cedar Crest College lot at 100 College Drive. The woman told police Recker drove a van by her car. He then parked next to her, got out of the van naked from the waist down and mastur-

bated. Then around 11:30 a.m. on June 16, 2011, he did the same thing to a woman who was parked in the Central Catholic lot at 326 Gordon St. The woman said Recker initially approached her passenger-side door and asked what time practice let out. He then walked around to the driver's side and asked the woman, "Are you lonely?" and the victim noticed the man wasn't wearing any pants and was masturbating. She rolled up her window and drove away, and Recker ran back to his van. Both women were able to identify Recker through photo arrays.

Baldly explaining to me that she wanted to see the photos that she assumed her father had taken of her. She remembered posing. And I asked her if he used a camera while in his bed with her. She didn't remember but, fixing me and my collection, jumped to his having had to. I could show her others. Like her, in still, as brutal as she would like to explain the side she'd like to adopt. And eventually she'd turn on me. Saying that I was cruel and that she was misguided and drugged current and tragic ever since to even worse. And her therapy questions were thin so I should have known that. And her sucking cock and taking cum to spit it out on the photos underneath her fucked adult body wouldn't be helpful unless she chose between gross hog and sorrowful sell. And I haven't been arrested because I refused to help her. And it wouldn't have been better than the sentences where she cooed and I helped.

The news, the rotten lying facts, may well mean enough to me that I couldn't see her as collective. Which is what offends me, psychotically as privately. I wouldn't role play. I could. They'd accept my money. But I wouldn't. I'd be destroying what it is I was doing. Which was better, which happened. And if retold to you; sick as you not sicker. Or less, that's all. Told her to take her pants off and not point the camera down. I didn't need to see it. When she asked me to give her a name, I refused. The next time I'll tell her to take off her top. And keep her face closer to fill up the screen. Block all else. Done with a tranny and she'd think I was looking at her hides. At her lies and the mistakes and humiliating her. Just by asking to stare at his face. Count. Show his cock by standing and become angrier because it was outlined in girl panties. End up getting hard, that was the job. Keep it soft, I'd ask her. Keep it half-hard and fat and let it become just big enough to fill out your panties. Wouldn't think to ask a man to do this. Just to show his face. A young boy probably. I'd like to see his dick. And his girlish ass. I don't tip extra if they think they can cum again. I'm not going to explain it to any of them. Especially not those who think they're providing a deeper listening service. You are not doing god's community therapy work. I know you move towards kind later in retelling if it wasn't exactly your first impulse. We are not all similar, we have not made the correct choice to sell sex instead of stealing from shops to ditch in pawn stores.

I will not accept that the people I expose myself to are the ones I should be fucking. The workers who accept frustration amid a straightening curve and then name skinny shasta as more than she is, to me, are the same who offer mouth instead of cock thinking, as the difference matters to them, they can condescend by repeating details without arrogance. These improbables lick their fingers as if you want to imagine them licking your cock. She sticks her tongue out, she says, because she likes sucking cock and wishes she could be here with my cock in her mouth. I'd stand in the booth, pull out and off, cum on the floor, preferred, and get nothing or slight from that smash watching me, drooping his short tongue out onto wood and wriggling lips, then eye, till groaning warm when I quicked to point down fat. Let me lick it off. I'd watch the tv screen that still had money running. Didn't care what was on it before as long as it wasn't subhuman. Stick his dick through when he saw I was done. Let it hang there, not jut, not enough yet, keep tooling or start sucking because he watched me and we weren't finished he'd insist.

He told me he masturbates two or three times a day, every day. Said he's always thinking about young boys and if he can't cum at the end of the day, he looks at pictures he keeps of the youngest ones he has. He kept his collection of illegal pornography because I asked. This is why the police and judge want to keep you away from the internet. You meet the men who keep their photos. I don't have to search for images that will be tagged digitally and view them. I prefer that he take his prints and hold them to the screen and by the time I know he's watching me jerk off, staring at my face, I don't stand up and show him my cock, that I want him to do the same. I'm watching him show hard and how he strokes it and I'm seeing him cum while I tell him to suck that kid's asshole. To put his big cock into that kid's tight asshole and pump harder and faster because it hurts him and the kid can just take it. I'll want to cum again, I know, as soon as I watch the child molester cum on camera and then he watches me. Silent, I tell him. Just watch me and it takes so little time. I cummed twice, you cunt, I like watching your cock and your kid and we'll end up meeting and it would be exactly like sticking your cock through a glory hole in some adult bookstore when you finally don't care if it's a mexican or a faggot shopper out for disease dick.

A detailed interview was conducted at the Rogers Police Department with defendant Josh Brown on September 27th, 1999 by Detective Sergeant Hayes Minor. Brown told Sgt. Minor that he and the victim had been sexually involved for approximately two months. Brown described the sexual acts as "games" and "playing" with the victim. He said that the morning of the victim's death, he had performed anal sex on the victim for the first time. In sex acts up until this point, Brown said his penis had

never penetrated the victim's anus. Brown told Sgt. Minor that on this occasion he used his fingers, his penis, a cucumber, a sausage, a banana and a douche bottle to anally penetrate the victim while the victim was immobile due to the bindings.

Brown was questioned about Carpenter's involvement during the rape and told Sgt. Minor that Carpenter stood in the doorway of the bedroom, naked, and watched Brown and the victim while he (Carpenter) masturbated. Brown was also asked about the notes that were found in the residence. When asked about the note found in the kitchen addressed to "Baby" and stating "Could cause serious damage-back to 3" sticking out and duct tape in place," Brown stated that as he was using the cucumber to penetrate the victim's anus, Carpenter stood in the doorway trying to get his (Brown's) attention without having to speak. When Brown walked to Carpenter, Carpenter showed him the note indicating that he should not put the entire cucumber in the victim's anus as it may harm him. Brown stated he returned to the victim and duct taped the cucumber in place as it penetrated the victim's anus approximately one half inch.

Brown was also shown the diagram that depicts a person bound to a bed, much the same way Brown described the victim. He stated that the drawing was completed by Carpenter on a much earlier date. When asked about Carpenter's knowledge of Brown's and the victim's sexual activities, Brown stated that Carpenter had walked in on the two in the past. After that occasion, Brown stated that he and Carpenter talked about Carpenter watching as the victim and Brown participated in sexual acts.

I knew he was lying. I told him I used to center on the photograph of the victim's sister. The kid who murdered the tomboy was also centered on the sister and the way she'd parade around him without either of them knowing what was going on. This confusion could have irritated me until I confessed to this stubby fat pedophile that I kept returning to the photo I had of her, clad in tights, doing a very graphic yoga position. I could see her cunt and her face and not naked cunt. That triangle you can see anywhere and now I like seeing anywhere, as often as possible, I imagine. And I kept taking it with me, whether in reality like my fat pocket or in my head. I'd masturbate thinking about it. Didn't matter. Didn't have to see it again. But it was good to keep seeing it. You'd want to keep seeing it like a beg. And I had told this cumming cock tugging faggot that I would show people, strangers, criminals, scroungers lying as badly and given as him, when I was closest to being locked up, deserved to be in so many indicial ways, that I wanted to masturbate looking at the photo with them watching me pull off after sucking and getting sucked or fucking or

talking or all hog compliance. And I knew what I was doing again. He asked me. And I watched him. And it was easy for him to do. But I didn't want to do that again, I lied. And that's what we started talking about so much that every shit helpful conversation would, goddamn it, man, come back to how we first fucking met. He would use it against me until I told him he wasn't that smart and he should understand that I knew what he was doing. He'd say he was horny as if it was acceptable.

Like exhibitionists, fantasy-driven offenders can realize their sexual fantasies without seeking physical contact with someone.

I wasn't going to offer him a concept of health. I was aware that it wasn't what I wanted to see. I kept that forefront. Either because I couldn't stop the conversation from insisting that was all that would be in the back of my head or because I made a concerted effort to keep it there. There was nothing that could keep an idea of honesty away from what we were talking about. We'd have to create that sense of trust and we both knew the lard we were stuck in. I avoided, because it was the only reliable technique available, acting as if we didn't want the same thing. I couldn't do otherwise. I had no intention of doing anything else. The best you can say is that you have a fear of jail. It also wasn't my job to keep him out of jail. I tried to insist that I couldn't do what he did and that I didn't care if he thought what we were doing was a struggle to stay safe. I had more contempt for people like him than he did for me. He liked it and recognized himself, he said, when I called him slimy or typical or cocksucker like all the rest of the scumbags who search and wait and itemize. He wasn't nearly as pretentious as me but he was also far more susceptible to compliments and succor. He didn't follow up as well as he should have.

This exhibitionistic behavior would not necessarily meet diagnostic criteria because the survey we examined did not include questions about motivation, frequency, persistence, or intensity.

He'd constantly ask me if I like his cock. I'd ask him what he wanted me to say. I told him I'd like to see his ass as well and that he wouldn't ask if I like that. We shouldn't talk about what we've done. It didn't apply. I was following the medical texts and refused to separate fantasy from reality. It wouldn't work; the same way that if we started to gracelessly give in to our thoughts about what we wanted to do. Or acting. It wasn't going to get us anywhere, I honestly didn't want to hear his wishes or dreams and I'd have to reiterate constantly that I didn't want to have to believe him or not and waste my time looking for little slips in his stories. Based on what I would have done or what I've seen and done or how it does or doesn't work that way exactly. Mostly, I didn't want him to insult me. He was either going to look good or sound bad. That's what

cocksuckers are, you can't argue with that. Stick your finger in. As if that will feel better than it looks. For him, I didn't, and told him, couldn't, care.

The question then is why men who expose themselves seek minors (mostly adolescents). One possibility is that they are exposing themselves to both minors and adults because the activity rather than the target is sexually gratifying, but the adults are less likely to report it or to have another person (e.g. parent, guardian) who would report it if they found out about the exposure.

Because his background involves a significant history of religious jobs, he'd talk about his interest in abusing boys. He started off asking youngsters to let them take pictures of them, paying them to let him take polaroids of their genitals. He had one little fucker agree but only if they took and exchanged pictures of both their dicks. I wasn't going to be able to listen any further and told him I had to see it too and I wanted him to masturbate telling me about it. But just to get hard. When I asked him to stop talking about what happened and just let me see him stoke and grab balls until he cummed, he was quiet until he got near the point when he obviously couldn't shut up and started to talk about me watching like his kid. But the kid didn't watch him masturbate. And didn't talk. He didn't know why kid wanted a picture of an adult's penis. I kept my mouth shut. Didn't extend tongue. Never once glanced up towards his face. Just let him cum on screen.

There is evidence that real-world exhibitionists have a high rate of recidivism, usually for exposing themselves again. However, there is also some risk that they will escalate to contact sexual offending, particularly those who have another atypical sexual interest such as pedophilia. Firestone et al (2006) conducted a follow-up study of exhibitionists and found that those who showed more sexual arousal to children when assessed phallometrically were more likely to subsequently commit a violent offense in the future, including a contact sexual offense.

I asked him if he knew a film that I had seen and in particular the rape scene. An adult female gang-raped and they use a bottle on her. I paused on the quick tasteless cuts and found I could see her stripped butt closest to an actor's face. I like the way he was staring at her ass. I explained that the theory for many of these genre-specific films has to do, on one hand, with the outrage of critics denouncing the work as appealing to rape fantasies. But an academic argument counters that the appeal of the film is to hate the men who torture and violently perform the acts. The obvious sell of the film having to tie up morally what you indulged watching was, in fact, truly the wrong cheap idea. The experience of the film would be more in keeping with hating pornography

than enjoying pornography. You could easily see yourself finding a market in agreeing with those who do not hate sex or hate women but hate men and justice. You could enjoy the revenge narrative far more than the measly rape scenes. You do want it to end well, you do want it to move towards reifying your decision to see a contact offense as less than what is happening. You, basically, shouldn't be convinced with what the court tells you because they aren't telling you something on your level. Their sympathy is thin, their reasoning contorted and they haven't done near the superhero work you have. The prurience of the court system is remarkable for those, of course, this explodes. The staid psychology gets burned off while the experience only proceeds. You're not likely to be convinced or have your opinions formed, reformed. You're not angry about how you were suckered in. Your obligation is to stop the film into ideal. I want to be very clear here. My only job is to serve these clippings as best and inescapable as I can or they might be. These, having come back to them, are as important to me as I remember them.

Knowing whether someone detected using child pornography is also interested in other kinds of sexual content is potentially important because research on contact sex offenders have suggested that those with multiple paraphilic interests pose the greatest risk of sexually reoffending. Evidence of multiple paraphilic behaviors is not uncommon, with studies showing that sizable minorities of sex offenders with child victims have also engaged in exhibitionistic or voyeuristic behavior or have sexually assaulted adults as well.

One single boy with his cock out thinks for a second that he's supposed to shoot his load all over the girl's face or her clothes and that scene gets excised. Perhaps the one man that can't do anything else or proclaims that since I was an asshole and he wanted to knock my silly instructions at the same instant that he burning realized he was proud of his little child cum accomplishment and the pretty cheap prostitute that I had provided by ad first. Later I'll look at the footage and decide to keep it for myself. Which tumbles back that I would, of course, eventually include it in this perfect documentary about what I want to see but not what was supposed to tell me what I actually, really, wanted to watch until I couldn't get rid of it in editing. I can't decide if this exists solely for me, I say kindly, and I'll try and explain this to the cobblers looking to see women treated badly as if to appreciate the job doing it for them. That explanation as to why it has to exist works against the very reason to put myself through all of this. And it's not a movie or a collection of documentary shorts or a mirror through the same act modified by wait and taste. It's much easier to pick apart and it's much easier to say just fucking see it as noise. The director

tells his actress. You're going to find yourself lonely. You're going to wish you had a way to contact some of the men who did this. You're going to pretend you want to discern what allowed them to behave this way. You'll want to use that discussion for more than the sympathy they'll placate you with. You'll understand that quietly but privately admit you don't want to be lonely either or this bored all the time, all alone.

I wouldn't imagine putting myself through this sort of work. Which is why I wouldn't do it. In recent years, the market for such a thing has skidded to impossibility so, thankfully, money is no longer the reason that I'd lose the argument over why an idea didn't become more than that. That being something I can see. That being other men doing what I want to do. That, better, being that I filmed the men like me out of the frame and saw exactly what I wanted to see except for the absolute truth, apparently, that I've been too frightened to either do it myself or took the easiest laziest way to brag about something, apparently again, brave. Braver in accomplishment, experience and shamelessness. Brave in distancing all chances at humiliation from the women that I've paid or artfully asked or cajoled by stink, alcohol and boredom to do whatever they want while I masturbate quickly and embarrassed and already humiliated in front of them. Dom doesn't exist, fool. And not even on them. I wouldn't, for example, I'd explain, spit on them. And if they'd ask. And say that they didn't care because it didn't matter. I'd say it matters, I know it doesn't mean what others would say it did, I don't want to do something like that to you that I'd do to others, but not you. Even though, we know, seen, the whole idea can get ridiculous. And I understand the little idea that these things just happen and I would, probably, do anything you like. But I think we should think better than that. And there's enormous amounts of public that would do that. And not think the wrong thoughts either. Not caring basically. One more stupid jew on grey eye'd drugs and past painting classes starts to tell me about how her father taught her what not to do, you know, and I shut the fucking camera off and you can get paid anyway and, honestly, then nothing like the chance caught gets to exist outside of your bodega naked body. How to get the first everyday creature to keep her clothes on is going to be our first job. I would rather you, first, as a lesson, understand that I have to tell you all this. It's me that gets to talk you into thinking all of this is as just as, absolutely correct, boring as you merely listening and timing.

This is what's wrong. You don't get to do this. You don't show me pictures of a fifty-year-old former mom cleaning her house, depressed and beaten or eager as expected, and not then show me the pictures of her as thirteen-year-old prostitute. That, listen, dear, is what we're doing.

I need you to stop acting like you're showing this isn't a job. I don't care what it is that you're wrong about this documenting. That you think you may be fucking part of. Understand that I know you wouldn't admit outloud that you're happy to be involved in something that you couldn't be better than. The idea wasn't yours. And. You're lucky to be asked and you'll skim off the involvement to those you talk about it with though everyone, especially you, will know that you did shit. Nothing to help, lucky. I don't even think that'll be important later on. What you think. How you'll ruin it with insight and cheaper anecdotes. I wouldn't dare ask if you think you should be here or shouldn't. Now. Later, of course. What you thought then versus how you imagine it was now. It's not much of a choice, I agree with so little of what you're thinking now. This will always stay clear. Better luck then. Lingerie, see. If you remember you were better looking when you were much better only ever younger and it's truly revolting that men prefer that. You'll plead. Or men preferred that then when you didn't have the begging voice you've learned to speak with now. Or if you think you're just tea fine now, fuck then. All things considered. And it's going to work well later on. You weren't thinking like that then, princess. You'll, again and again, simply have to consider that this isn't much of an opportunity anymore, not like before or back over what it was like when it all didn't work to add backwards. It's not ever about age. Stop that, finally.

Form that. Rework that in a timeline that helps the days that just passed, rewrite the wrinkles on your future sales chances. As an actress, put yourself in my immature perspective. In that. I'm only interested in you thinking more like me. So I can hear how you do me outside of your pervert dumb mind. I want to recognize that I'm not hard to misunderstand inside your quick wits, underneath your refusals and preferences and concessions. Quietly gorgeous. You aging so well.

And the fact is. That these little children are given names by the very same men and women who rape them. Repeatedly. The ones that are not stand-ins for horrible life ending or otherwise mysteriously unfair picks. Safe children are filmed and those records disseminated by the ones that, also, take care of them. These men, sick as they don't think, share the material. That was a pivotal distinction for me when it came to making the decision on whether to include the criminal names. The men who would say their daughters' names as they took off their clothes with intent rather than contempt, say. Or without love. Or with illegal thoughts and fears and the weakness combined from sheer breathing insult or, still, love and guessed guilt becoming definitions of desperation and selfishness and just lapse. They say the names that aren't included in the transcripts. And those names must sound a different tone now. After they learned that, not only did that happen, him and his fat fingers and

red dog large cock, but I'm left with that name and the way he said it. And everyone says that name and it reminds me of him saying it. Even when he wasn't saying it with his tongue pointing out or his hands in places that they shouldn't have been. He wouldn't, as I remember, now, say my name when he was raping me. I think that's also important. He couldn't say my name maybe. I'd call him dad all the time anyway. It wasn't any different.

This is why I came to the case. Start here. The books that have been written on the Nickel Mines shooting are entirely written to convince the christian reader their continuing rite of passage as ideal. Ostensibly written to investigate the concept of forgiveness. Loosely constructed on the mainstream, read "English," media's reaction to finding the Anabaptist theories at bad play after ten little pure Dutch Pennsylvania beauties were attacked by a miserable early thirties milk truck driver from around the heathen bend. The same kinder media that pushed the stories of the only possibly prepubescent bloodied and screaming merely hooked the tragic non-answers to who the fuck has milkmen still. Forgiveness, that shown to the shooter's wife by the amish griever, has been the cover story ever since the doomed from the cities descended on their backward living pleasantness. And the publishing houses that traded the stories of those at least closer to the case than NY news vultures have, without exception, been christian services. That make more money off the lectures from the authors than booksales, I suspect. Come hear her message of hope and not the raw details or missed chances to tie something together from something not at all mysterious, apparently. Pretty pink wrong about which details you think I'm after, sump.

The title for the first release will be La Nouvelle Maria Monville and, thus, the first actress will be Dear Maria, the ex-missus Charles Roberts, and, redux, every actress that performs exactly the same script afterwards will still, thankfully, be poor Maria. This sack of arrogant mucked sat before men she doesn't know; who understand her better and faster than she can recalculate. Maria wants to talk enough non-stop to drown out any possible chance at only hearing otherwise. Whether she's convinced herself by now, deeply, is of little equity to those who have to perform their duties in front of her, with her, fuck forbid, for her. She's convinced herself of her little perfect sparkling thoughts so well that she's the perfect actress. Become the character that, more perfect, will become her, lucky enough. She knows her lines, her reductive improvisation, so convinced, that she lives the part that can't be a part any less than a lovable life. This, her lies, her defense, her pretty face and knowledge are more constant than any argument the plug ugly cock in front of her would grasp at more successfully. This is honesty. Not just hers. No longer lies, no longer a moat of fighting against the little minds that seek to dismiss her. Her rape. Isn't a

possibility anymore. Her lack of innocence finely woven into far more than the financial benefits she's denied and truthfully accepted. She hasn't written a paragraph, or remarkably very few other than the narrative necessities, that doesn't contain god in a sentence let alone every fucking mawkish sleazy pure hunch. Saint is created by her audience in that she's continually barking faith at them rather than details. And any fuck spilling cunt with a low intelligence that demeans her effortless effort to run the news behind her can't help but look and sound merely typical and uglier than anything else she'd like for you. Her hope that you'll see that god has provided isn't as desperate as anything you work out, cunt, and her audience, not being cunts, but the monsters that she represents in extremis, rather than simply depressed over bad rearing, bad luck, bad rejections, are anything but mere support. Her audience is in every line that sees something good in everything bad as long as the definitions of good and bad are completely reversed. Not as desperate as you, groundless cunt, see?

You shouldn't think that I'm looking for a way to explain. A way to clean it up. And say, after any trouble, that I have enough proof the other way to show hard; how genuinely conflicting and, even more, how careful I was actually being with the subject. If there is sympathy there. Not that genuine compounds. Not that there's not a perfect truth you can't ruin by saying you also showed both sides of the story. And you can't help it if you were misunderstood. You shouldn't talk to the people you'd have to explain these things to unless that's a sexy drip in your sickness. You'd have to. You'd get the answer back. I'd like to see you masturbate now. I'd like to see the things you fucked and when you're telling me, I'd ask, for you, I'd hope, more than me, barely, that you'd like to get even more just relief by letting a cocksucker take care of that problem for you.

Given the Defendant's aforementioned attributes, the Court believes that a sentence well below the guideline range is warranted. Defendant is unlike many other child pornography collectors in that Defendant is not a pedophile. He is not an appreciable risk to the community, and he is getting treatment for the underlying medical condition that spurred this deviant behavior. Moreover, Defendant will suffer the lifelong social stigma of being a sex offender. He will be required to register as a sex offender, and he will face the accompanying severe restrictions on his liberty. See United States v. Garate, (noting it was appropriate for the district court to consider, the "lasting effects of being required to register as a sex offender") (citing United States v. Anderson). However, a mandatory minimum sentence would be inappropriate in this case given the number and nature of the underlying photographs. Consequently, the Court believes a sentence of 84 months, seven years, incarceration, with ten years supervised release is sufficient, but not greater than necessary.

Defendant's proffered expert, Dan L. Rogers, Ph.D., conducted a psychological examination of Defendant lasting over six hours. Rogers reached several conclusions based on his examination, considered in light of the facts contained in the pre-sentence investigation and those stipulated to in the plea agreement. The Court received a copy of Rogers' Psychological Assessment Report ("Psych Report") of Defendant and heard from Rogers who explained his findings at Defendant's sentencing hearing. Rogers concluded that Defendant does not meet the diagnostic criteria for pedophilia but found that Defendant is afflicted with several disorders, including mild bipolar affective disorder and depressive personality. He attributed Defendant's interest in pornography to the "compulsive, obsessive aspects of bipolar disorder [rather] than [a] strong preference for pornography." *Id.* Rogers concluded that Defendant was depressed at the time he began to view pornography depicting adults but could not speak to Defendant's mental state when he first viewed pornography depicting children because the first occurrence of this behavior is not clear. Rogers concluded that Defendant's risk of reoffense is "very low," relying (1) on low statistical recidivism rates, generally, for pornography offenders and (2) on the fact that Defendant does not display the primary risk factors for further offense, such as antisocial personality, major psychosis, a desire to financially profit from pornography, or substance addiction.

In response to Rogers' conclusions, the Government attempted to undercut the reliability of his opinion on cross examination. The Government first brought out the fact that Rogers had never seen the underlying photographs in this case. The Government also highlighted the fact that Defendant derived at least some sexual pleasure from the photographs as he admitted to masturbating frequently to photos of several girls who resembled his former classmates. Further, the Government pointed out that Defendant was not fully aware of his treatment needs, even though Defendant admitted he needed help. Finally, the Government questioned Rogers about the recidivism statistics of child pornographers. Rogers testified that "[t]he best data there are indicates that it's a very low recidivism rate for individuals whose only offense is child pornography, possession, or distribution," despite the general lack of reliable scientific studies on the subject.

Pick one.

The brute doesn't feel anything. God will provide. The bore doesn't feel anything but worships god after god tells her to and she loves that she can feel that. God talking to her as well as worshipping him. Anything I will do in front of her

or, like this, behind her back will not be in the chance to offer her something more real, more truthful, than what she has and she is absolutely correct in ignoring and being disgusted by my immaturity, my pathetic puerility, my overpowered sack of small thoughts and, above all, slick tiny rosy responses. I don't get to be satisfied with just this. This – truly – is nothing important. And the make-up talks to those behind me to laugh. To, she'll say, not laugh. Not pity, not disgust, not opprobrium for the worthless. It doesn't stop long enough to reconsider and it shouldn't. Pig is correct, I'm being as honest as I can here. Pig knows. Pig wants me to get better is the best I can get from her; thank you. Thank you, pig. Inside her full length outfit and slather and my snide wash all over it and her high school skank understanding of what little we both know I want and she doesn't. Pig doesn't need to look, doesn't want to, doesn't enjoy what I do. Every page of her book and every word unfairly isolated from her many speeches in proselytizing and accepting and encouraging and promotion is proof of my failure, not as god-fearing but, as inchoate sentient. She rightly refuses to mention anything in her book about what her husband had more repulsively wanted over what he repulsively created. For her. Pig stays true. God guides her away.

Tell her that the dildo in his truck would show her more. Wouldn't say anything you don't already know. You have the same pull towards such things. Like buying dildos, start there. You don't know, otherwise, do you. I'm assuming that there's nothing new there. That, the problem with me and my bigger problems, is that I just want to talk about it like someone who thinks you're dumber than I'm correct about. That's not true, is it? You don't know that talking about it, telling myself, hearing myself, is the sex part. The part where I get hard and controllable and perfectly synced with what it is that happened. Though everything I drool out did happen. I'm leaning over a table in my living room, beating myself off while I lick this plastic rubber, it does not taste like dick, a neck, a forearm, and it does taste like what was created to stretch out whatever comes from your asshole to your stomach. It fills to stay a block to shitting down to stop up at the drip of my dick until it relieves itself in some way other than releasing shit to thought. Just because this cock is industrial and, let me knot it back down for you, idiot, was maybe your size, I hope, when he was fifteen, seventeen at least, when law over lord made it illegal. And this is what made boyfriends wheedle that we perform sex for money. Is what I'm thinking while I slop rubber like a retard. When I finally forget that. And concentrate on what it feels like to get fucked. I'm thinking of the tool I'd fuck and never got fucked by. Think of it this way. Correctly, again. A late developer for puberty so worried on that he was fed hormones. After he detailed his plight to his mother, who still lies shamelessly and was no

stranger to being used like a plug. Mother and son. Plugs. The trend hot drugs he was feeding himself and keeping from his family. Later. Unlike the faggotry that was more inclusive than the kind you stare up to the sky and wish for an easier life. Our boy isn't this dildo until I get sick of myself and my drops in sense to relative lonely psychosis and see myself doing this, not talking about it, and throw the fucking thing away. The acts that our boy ran through, sadly, perfunctorily, include the very things that the Westboro Baptist Church started complaining about before they ever sat down on his mother's life as if they were wrong instead of him. They knew where men would cruise and cottage. Mom didn't know the dirt her boy got up to. It wouldn't change and, no matter what, every motherfucker says, it shouldn't matter. It does matter. I have the dildo to prove it. I don't use lube because I rank myself and spit slip is a better way to fit than slick, honey. Use your greasy sweat soon enough. Cock that sinning boors begged and manipulated, fuck me, not at all, and spend life patently hounding for sucks and naked jacking off. It's what I would do right now. Half in and stopped to look at what I'm doing. If my blonder wisp was depressed and it was about money, later on it would have turned into the horrible things he was doing just to get himself fucked in inadequacy and fine little huggable conversations that didn't always end with wiping coke off the table and tasting hard cock different than usual and shit stains off my fingers and the bedsheets. It is always as base as this and whatever I do alone is never quite as bad as regurgitating it for effect. Like these monsters telling their families. Charles drawing diagrams and carefully penning notes to ease worm pain. After he's gone and done what you don't need to know about. Worse. Like listening to them act like they're not picking type over availability. I want to stop doing meth. At least it's a white pump. I want to stop doing that more than staring like a dolt at pictures of naked children and grown men. I understand what panties hold and it's not a problem. Buy heroin and you get muslim dirt wipe, buy meth and you purchase gay rights straight from the guy who fucked and murdered another faggot. I understand the political messages enough to know that I sound more twisted into caring about the children and the speech than the ones who don't know what being a coming queer is really like, mother. Take away the drama of acting like you're not understood and you have the man who let you blow him until he wanted to blow you, well after sticking his erection in your open ass like you wanted that more than his mouth around you, quell, and eventually, drug fueled and crazed or not, beat your brain stem into a future of nothing but a hospital bed with the ones you kept lying to and still loving on. They started to miss the mess you were and the mess you'll be worse in memory for at the very same identical moment. I know what it's like to get fucked on that drug. Fucked while speeding. Giving

into blur and difficult frenetics while you screw down in to move off like a coyote. And that's what I want to stop. Not because I can't remember it. I do. Or because I don't know what's ever going on when that's the direct reason to do the drug, easy as it is. Again and again, hopefully. But I remember not wanting to get beaten up and murdered by being so stupid as to believe what these old faggots cried about. One. That sex is natural. Two. That this is given. Your condition, made this way by sinking vain, stating that you're supposed to recognize the drive and overcome the struggle back to you without the pain and the drugs and fun and silly come-ons. I know the ones that are looking at this correctly, bible reader, enjoying his yelling and kind cruelty, as he well should, and can't help himself, the one that got it right from the start. Who knew what was happening in Gage park near his home and never really cared enough about kansas kids and what home was or his god that hated him first, wisely he knew, to forget what the men had become, smart and desperate and lessened and sexy. This was what you learned when you were heterosexual first so hard that you'd know you couldn't bring yourself to do what you wanted to do to the gender that looked better in pain. So you opt for men, ignore the lies, and they can take it better than the women you don't want to hurt. And the men that do that. You don't want to be. Where the men become both, victim since they were sick, filming themselves doing what no one kind would do and not women who'd take it and not know that they looked prettier, more sexual, softer when crying and screaming. No one doesn't recognize what is going on in the pictures of them lying bloody on floors, ripped inside and torn open on the outside, when they view and go back for more with their no better spent money to this time just seeing them fucked. Not fucked. Not plainly stupid. But filmed being fucked. Not caught being pigs. Propagating pigs. These nells in the bars who don't care how easy, how common and shrugged. Tina is in these bars now when it used to be cock. Some coke, mostly alcohol and the lifestyle was disease not memoir. They'd be so deeply into their bodies, not health, so sunken in what their bodies could take and their eyes could see that then, like crystal, like bathtub gin, they'd destroy themselves and brag and keep quiet. They were protecting their mothers. Not by not coming out. Not by confessing reality and gloved pain as if it existed elsewhere than fantasy. But by not treating all these women who reminded them of the ugly sinfully stupid forgettable mothers by not fucking them and slapping them across their made-up faces like they would take it. I've seen it in every single photo, whether it's sold back to me or not. And I've seen it get quieter and cutting and desperate to the point of listening to them talk about it like any other crying jag having become tedious. The dildo was there because he wanted to watch that use it on herself.

I've always repeated the names. Happens to be more compelling than cumming or crying. No matter how much more I truly wanted to see the names obliterated and the compensatory pornography of pain and mental instability soak all of them all of the same now. When the actress is seen in tights. The reason to see, rather than discern, facts. I like the child and her learning acting. Her acting this story. Not having the entirely bright history at her age and mine. I could tell the actress. I don't know what she really did but I know what she says about how she felt by reading her boring autobiography. So I looked at films of children her age being raped by men as much like her captor as I could find. And I think we'll get as close to the real horror as we can by seeing her as one of many. We may get the real truth this way since her autobiography is full of conflicts and censorship and pruning and never enough denial and pain to trust her when she says she's keeping stuff to herself to protect you. Making sure we don't repeat the name to acknowledge that we can't ever know everything would seriously fly against the idea of trying to show, to even come up with the idea to turn words to images. We want the real truth, you understand, sweetheart. I'd explain to the producer that the real movie, the best movie, is in the extras we could provide. It would be behind the scenes footage of me telling the actress that I watched the illegal footage of such acts. I couldn't film the actress getting her motivation otherwise. Her getting history in color. Sat down staring at the screen. The flimsy training of what to remake of herself. Then as opposed to what would contort decades later. So just me slithering the gaudy concept. That would be the entire film. But the other shit would have to be made and, sexy, would change thereafter when anyone knew what they were really watching. It'd still be yearning for more and the comments of how it couldn't be seen would detract and humanize and be far worse an experience when considered by the frame I crumpled all that tedious work into for every not bored customer hoping to talk more than walk away happy and wanting to repeat. The rape scene in one of the first rape/revenge films, I'd tell her, was started when the filmmaker found himself listening to a woman he knew talk emotionally about her rape. As he resells the story, it was right then his desire to show, not see, the brutality that she was yipping explicitly. This, I'd explain, was impossible. Especially now that you know how to watch the film. The commentary running directly over the half-hour rape scene, not placed in the extras after the story finds her victorious and sad and strong. His words, not hers, her acting screaming nude, saying what happened in detail. You wouldn't pause at tits and ass or look for other films where the actress lifted her skirt.

I've got no more stories to tell, exploit, refigure. That's it. I can hope that this will work. I'm going to pretend that these saves are better now than the way

they'd be presented if they didn't have me moaning next to them. Everything, listen, that I've been saying about what these contain will be correct because, without me, you'd read them as information. They're not news. They're going to back-up the subtraction in my self-report. I no longer live this way.

It wasn't going to stop. There are statistics that counter most therapy theories by citing drop offs in criminal behavior as simply age contingent. The urge or interest in criminal acts in those who haven't been twisted by prison or psychopathy decreases dramatically by pure dint of aging. Naturally to stop, end, shutter. And this is a simple history that shouldn't be dramatized. Backless static links have replaced the work, if not only time spent, that it took to keep these more than find them. And so many of the articles are local, including the national and international reporting that still came from Chicago newspapers. The networks were national and recorded. The documentaries were purchased through distribution webs that concentrated on big cities like mine as important markets. You're going to have to get over this. They aren't pictures of Samantha Runnion splayed in a heap with her back broken from being naked raped. It's not news. It's inaccurate. And no longer separate.

CALLER: Oh my God, I found a dead body. Please hurry. OK? I'm in the Ortegas, OK? Ortega mountains. I'm in Riverside County, OK? Listen to me, I'm scared to sit here, there's another truck up the street and we want to get out of here. We're scared.

This had to be explained to her.

I would never write a script.

I wouldn't tell someone where to stand or what pose to keep. So that they look like I would apparently want.

I wouldn't ever even think of telling someone what to do.

You don't get to call her shit.

I'd ask them to stand up. I didn't like it if they'd lay back on their beds anymore. I'd prefer if they didn't talk, really, please don't jiggle or grind. Especially. You shouldn't feel like you have to comment or manipulate. I know you gotta go. It won't help then. This is far less important than you're thinking of an irregular. You understand that speed was the significant concern, aside from the prole consideration.

DISPATCHER: Calm down.

CALLER: I'm sorry but I have a 3-year-old son.

DISPATCHER: You have a 3-year-old son with you? Justin, hey, hey was it an adult? Was it an adult's body?

CALLER: It's a baby. I think it may even be the little girl that's been on

the news. It's a little girl. I swear. We just looked and as soon as we seen, I left. I don't know what to do.

It must not figure correctly that I prefer the pictures of her smiling or caught anywhere doing nothing I would have guessed. I wouldn't look for anyone else though. You don't have to be that wide open to complaint. It never even works that way. Smiling, I don't mean innocent. Watching someone else do something that might please or anger her. Tease her before the next picture completed the story. Watching someone else do something. It doesn't have to be family.

CALLER: I'm freaking out, man. I'm sorry, but this is the scariest (expletive) I've ever witnessed in my life, OK?

Idiot has two choices. I either picked out stories that I couldn't help plunging or ones that made the subversion guess clear to an idiot like this when pointed out as theme. Constructed a job, an undercut. Devoid of sadism, malignant narcissism. Instead. I was forming every story to slyly or formally highlight the ones that were predation that I leaned into. Watched a hooker suck on some Mexican in a queen bar and I could have stood there with my arms folded or wrenched guilty pedophile hardon out so I could pronounce some dirge of inclusion. Before I started the same sticky lipsticked dick that she was jamming in and out and not licking or push forward into that's mouth like I wanted to share cock with all three of us. Felt around her hard ass after I lifted its skirt and slobbered so maybe she'd think I wanted to slip in back there before she decided to stop or spread further so I can glom sac. I swear, this is true. It was my first thought on how to be able to get what I wanted done. Which I timidly had to do by licking its hoary ass. Which was to spit on her. Act like it wasn't disgust or beneath me and keep it quiet to myself.

Move her away so she could get me wet, I suppose. And back to sucking on both, one hard and one flaccid but punctured, when I eventually knelt on the small wet restroom floor. Doctor says you were spinning. I remember enough to keep it till I cum quicker now than then. You have no say here. I can see what didn't bother me enough, like drunken rapes that sound insulting to women who were beaten instead of dazed, sweetheart.

Around 6:30 p.m. on July 15, 2002, five-year-old Samantha Runnion and her six-year-old friend, Sarah A., were playing outside of the Smoketree condominium complex in Stanton. Sarah observed a man driving a green car pass by them, go around the block, and approach them a second time. The man got out of the car and asked the girls, "Have you seen a little puppy?" Samantha asked about its size. Suddenly, the man

grabbed Samantha, threw her, screaming and struggling, into the car, and sped away. Samantha's nude body was found the next day in a remote area near Lake Elsinore, near the intersection of the Killen Truck Trail and Ortega Highway, that is popular with hang gliders. An autopsy performed the next morning revealed that Samantha had been sexually assaulted both vaginally and anally. She had suffered at least two blows to the head at least half an hour before she died, which caused her brain to swell. In the pathologist's opinion, "she died as a result of mechanical asphyxiation through a compression of the neck and with the blunt-force trauma to the head contributing significantly to it also." The pathologist could not determine exactly what had caused the compression of the neck. Based on the degree of rigor mortis, he estimated that the child had died 30 to 36 hours before he conducted the autopsy, that is, roughly between 8:00 p.m., July 15, and 2:00 a.m., July 16, 2002.

These were never pictures I've moved away from. There hasn't been enough agreement to keep me from presenting the clippings and the explanations as giddy. I've had to make them weigh, perpetual, news-less and still fucking come up with proxy antagonistic excuses. I couldn't begin to imagine to match the details. Left to historical medial teachers, all my own facts dwindle into love stories and perversions of that. That do not exist. Demonstrably, I've refused the sentimentality and skipped the abject apology that you draw. Easily.

It's very quick. I don't despise the ones you do, don't pick the ones you would, I assume. You could prove it. I'm not an idiot about what they're doing. I'm simple when I masturbate. It sounds like you're choosing idiocy. It's not how you define the information, nor shame, not how you'd lick off the finer details in what you'd be ashamed doing because you've seen the mannequins and transfers. It stops and you don't want the thoughts to stop. What happens later doesn't figure. How I answer like a simpleton. You mix and it is the single best idea you get to stop. It's appropriate, private, worthwhile, immediate. I don't forget that. I try to remember that fact in particular. For it to stop, that's what I'm looking to do. I've chosen or not chosen to do otherwise. It won't be my decision.

If there is a memoir to it, I'd prefer to keep the anecdotal out of it. Unless the names are erased and then the acts become subject and the sex becomes human. It becomes impossible to, at once, talk about it and stop talking about it. I'll tell you. The times that pass without doing a thing. Are far more frequent. And I can't ignore that anymore. Doesn't make something particularly worth telling you.

I'm not making a film. I'm not rewriting anything when I repeat those names as I scrawl them over paper. I can reduce a full movie to a single centerspread

recall. This is what you do. You don't tell the little actress when frozen with her tights wrapped legs, little, spread to shut up. You don't blame the actress or the director for your minute strokes of brilliance when you figure out that everyone has been working at lying over the delivery of finally exciting your little defect. You can't say they're lying and stupid and knowing all at the same time. Reverting to impulse, you make a mark, and remember that you'll go back to it if you don't find something better. If it was a better film, not a best single image, it would have more drifts and blames than the director, clearly now sunk into the court appointed testimonial therapist, could have drawn back into a frame. But that black slam over its entirety, where there was no mistaking, would allow perfect. And I've been trying to explain to the court that his repulsive efforts to get me to keep telling him how much better it is to jagoff at the pictures he wants reproduced in his folder as a final problem and infinite possibility at diffident ecstasy, are galling in his bother to either understand or help. The help he needs, not offers, can't be provided unless he agrees to stop talking forever and accept that he'll never be better than a single image. Worse, I have to tell him and he'll have to become angrier after he leaves, that it's not the problem that I suffer from. And I just want to help so much that I can't condescend right now to make up a problem so that you don't feel all alone. We grew up with pictures in magazines. Grew through tearing apart the images I'd return to. I didn't go into films to watch movement and appreciate narrative cums. I watched damage unfold with the anxiety to stop when I saw it thicken to coherence. Wanted to see why you looked better than all the rest.

You talk to yourself, you're praying. Whether you say you believe in god or not. A god, it doesn't matter. You ask something to take care of what you can't do or do badly. This that is beyond yourself, listening to yourself pray.

I didn't tell him that I didn't believe in god I would politely imagine; just that I didn't know anything about basic religions. He smelled, seriously, probably enough drink and wear, to know that, of course, I was the type that talked to myself, probably out loud half the time, and I couldn't say it was the lord that I was straining towards when I ran the abnegating thoughts around in my head as if to, what, fuck, please, just let some of this shit work out. Perhaps he wanted to win smarter or clued. The way these men do, no matter what they say. I know, dad, prop your nigger up to yourself or down to pentecost. There's a point in Justine that you'll reach. When Justine's refusal to be swayed by any of the libertines in her way is clearer than plot. You never expect her to fulfill anything her cruel monologists, betters, masturbating lecturers toss as final sense and the opportunity to finally change. What may happen, maybe when you recognize your own excitement, sexually, meaning that you'll want to finally cum after working up fitfully to a point of acknowledgment of

something more than metaphorical arc, is that the pleasure, rather than the desire for such, is in our suffering Justine truly believing in god. It isn't about the logic that destroys the idea of god. It's in the pretty resilience that doesn't just keep her there but that also makes her combine hatred and pity for you. It's not a set up. And it isn't righteous enough to make anything that happens to her body and what happens to make her cry while her beautiful shapeliness becomes groped and spread and pushed and cummed on and in and slapped and fingered, a particular favorite at some point again. Don't think purity. If you could separate all the noise. All the body. Female. Her youth. From her whitewash squall of belief. You'd be missing joy. Don't think pompous; don't think robbing innocence is possible or important. Think of telling one of the exact same blonde amish twelve-year-olds to take off her amish curtain dress and finding her naked and pretty and her butt firm and her vagina hairless and try not to imagine what it was like seconds ago when she was entirely covered. Hiding the same exact body that one of the little same-aged sluts barely covered in leggings and a backpack. Remember you told her. To take off her clothes. And showed her your hard-on. Exposed yourself. What no one wanted from you. And you had to insist. And she was better squashed. She was fine before. Didn't look adult yet. Maybe before the wear and bile. That she could be young enough to trust you not being the worn version yourself. You didn't pick listening, did you.

You have to know as a man of age that your focus is almost always on what you've done. What you remember. It would be better, I often think, if this wasn't true. I self-report to the extent that I've been able to destroy the provenance of every name in the newspapers and magazines simply because I bought and kept and stored the deteriorating paper. Every read contains nothing but the named histories of those there past will by desire. Terrible self-destructive mistakes. None of this is desired, adult. You have to focus very hard on what exactly they needed to complete. You can get over that. In jail, a murderer told his interviewer about his past serving god through giving missionary work:

I was religious when I was on my mission. I went partly for my mother and partly to get control over my sexual urges but I had testimony of the work I was doing and when I was active in the work I felt that God was pleased with me.

The quick blond amish youngsters would or wouldn't glow at strong kind Mr. Roberts as he delivered and fetched milk from their farms. He must've looked forward to seeing them. They look very much the same. You and I understand each other. I've seen photos you haven't. The jailed always review the clippings as a loss of control:

When I tried to stop having the desires to molest children, the harder I tried to stop, the stronger those desires became. I got tired of trying to control them so I gave up trying. I didn't have any urges to go out and find children to molest at that point but I accepted the fact that this was who I was.

You don't think you can find anything better. You honestly think this is as good as it can get. This cesspool without. Why do you have to deny yourself. Which voice from which part tells the fathers not to fuck their children when they do nothing else better for them. The answered culture is rife with quietly misunderstood violence. It is pernicious, you can see its malevolence in every soft smile that comes from looking at you like you're sick and lost and lessened and deeply unlucky:

I was reading a book the other day where it was talking about psychopaths. It said something to the effect that strange gods call after them and that calling is dearer to their heart than anything else. I thought, if that doesn't describe pedophilia, I don't know what does. It's a god and it controls everything you do.

It disgusts me, it's true. I haven't seen anyone be alright. I like that I can make an argument for quelling nausea by cumming. Make it a bodily treatment provided for by grace and nature. I don't think it's acceptable. That voice is there as well. All I have to do is watch and, to a person, without exception, the filming to delivery and seductive moves and repeats are certainly repugnant. I'm never not aware that with adults, sex is a grotesque act. Full of insults and demands for acceptance of such. You'll get used to it and worse as you grow older:

I got to the point of being so aroused by boys that I conditioned myself, unknowingly, to want to get sexually involved with them. I would masturbate two or three times a day, always picturing young boys, and I would still feel unsatisfied. It's like I just couldn't get enough.

I have never been out of control. You don't have to worry. I do nothing but search for worse, or singularly more, pictures. Find them without even doing that illegally. I despise the producers as well as the actors. Not because I think they owe me more not to tempt or convince me with less. The artists, these arbiters, recognize the market as atypically me:

What do you mean by helpless?

Well, in my case, boy sex became my god and the desire to please that god was greater in my heart than any desire because it was more realistic. There was more compulsion involved with it, more pleasure involved

than in any other thing I've known. And so, as much as I may hate myself at times for feeling this way – and a lot of times, I wish I could live a normal life – at the same time when the sexual urges arise, that god takes over and I'll do my best to please him.

Told me to show her how I jack-off. I want to see you do it and I'll tell you when to shut up. I cared as little for what I was thinking as she was. I had been trolling webcam girls listed as MILFS because I didn't want to be caught trolling for teens, they'll say. I don't know how anyone can think it's acceptable to pay someone to dig inside their vagina. I had no intention of talking about the photos I knew or the status of individuals who would find their last ditch efforts appeased by watching older or younger women root around their flaps and displays. States the dildo but doesn't clarify the shots of her fingering herself. It was me making myself cum whether she wanted to tell me that the men who come and pay her always assume they're the only ones who can be truly honest or, like a gay man rather than a heterosexual woman, she liked just seeing nice cock and naked men more than the way they would try and please or show or respond or appreciate her first. Add they weren't ugly. The acting, she'll tell you, is where the guys assume the confession is their role. Typically smaller ugly. And then that most enjoy being abused a little. Whether they know it or not yet or whether they fight or puppy. I didn't especially want to hear what it is like to be exactly like or somewhat separate from most of the others. Sounding exactly like that. I knew the following: how it is to be watching men cum all shift. One after another and waiting for another. I didn't want to hear her opinions on indecent exposure drives or laws, sadly, because there was nothing I was getting from the differences between her make-up and garters to her morning coffee and boss requirements. Safety wasn't going to make it any less worthwhile for me. I understood the fetish words she'd repeat when she'd want me to exit as more interesting literally than clinically or personally. The best way to do this was to pay the entrance fee and scroll through the morning availables, watch them interact with whatever, tip to make them move and run away when they say thank you and peel for the reason you tipped. Just lean back on the bed but sit up. Sit straight. Spread your legs like the shots I would see when I was just discovering what people like you could do. The ones that would spread wider and shamelessly and not touch themselves, just rudely let you see what the others were only pretending was too rude to show that way.

Leitenberg and Henning (1995) defined a sexual fantasy as any imagery that is sexually arousing or erotic to the individual and is deemed more elaborate than a fleeting thought. Kahr (2007) added that the fantasy

would produce pleasurable mental and/or physical sensations. Through his work in psychotherapy and undertaking the British Sexual Fantasy Research Project with 19,000 respondents, Kahr described how sexual fantasies can both provide immense pleasure and feelings of shame, anxiety, guilt, and confusion, and should they be used for masturbation and result in orgasm, they can be seen as "masturbatory paradox." He suggested that sexual fantasies could serve a number of purposes, including wish-fulfillment, trial action (experiencing a new thought or action), self-comfort and medication, discharge of aggression, mastery of trauma, defense against intimacy, and defense against negative mood states. Bartles and Gannon (2011) discuss the role of sexual fantasy in offending, highlighting the links between sexual fantasy, managing mood, and risk. Quayle, Vaughan, and Taylor (2006) suggest that sexual deviation can be a form of self-medication used to avoid anxiety, loneliness, or depression, thus reducing stress.

The ground of every interview question I've ever answered for myself, primarily, is how the questions come from someone with a position dedicated to blaming me rather than helping me.

I swear, I was never looking for help.

I swear, in fact, that I've never been bothered enough. The material that I chose to respond to has always had the structure of worth and rate of criminal liability. Of course, it would. Interviews that came from some form of skewed sexual obligation. I used sections from the pornography market. Sleazy affirmations from scum with cameras fixed to their faces talking to figures those interviewers most wanted to keep on camera since the acts or body types they were filming could be extended to, most often not the interviewers' fault, humiliation. Even then, though. Help was very present. Helping to see the concessions behind what was only performed, the ridiculous concept of sexual abandon to be more of what you really were instead of who you were forced to pretend to be. And, often snidely, the chance that your experience would enlighten beyond the simple lust stupidity of those who could only offer the pretense of surplus. The way everyone knows what's really happening. Psychologist and studio dicta reviewers used the same questionnaires. The exact same pejoratives. God or coward but never not without the same recursive function. The pay rates versus the genuine interest in getting you to stop saying the dirty events that make you dirt. Tougher, tragic, hard-eyed and murderous if you looked like you could fit the same marks as those looking for the darkest bits in the everyday piles of, just, more common empathic dirt.

This is important. According to new techniques in the research of sex offender clients. To help the offender understand his troubles and vault those

nags comes an academic critique that the conversations essential to psychiatric exegesis are likely impossible. None of this is true because my disgust for these men has very little to do with the cheap way I sing around my own revulsion. If this guy's porn brag dick is a memory that can gain re-ignition and significance, then the following is, I'd prefer frankly, more formative. Since that point has been articulated, I no longer contend that it is formative but absent. Such are the louche possibilities of exegesis. Anecdote and adjective. I was walking away from one of these blowjob joints and watched an old man, a degenerate familiar to anyone, heading his way in while I headed guiltily away, I suppose, by him. This degenerate didn't clock my face which was focused on his. He was intent on making the point of staring directly and only at my crotch. I haven't turned into this sort of filth at least. I didn't see this as possible then, the abreaction deep and correct for fucking once, and as much as running towards one faggot and away from another. This as much is true. He was something I still see. As different. My recasting shit recalls from bloat has its offense to brag honesty, but nonetheless, the closest I got to this hasn't been cocksucking. Hasn't been in not choosing cock, any cock, whether old and desperate or young and stupid. Read available to all sides. I cummed in some fat queer's mouth one evening when I drunkenly remember being so lost that I didn't, I seem to know, know I was getting sucked on. I'd tempered the action of that evening at Touche by sucking on some hulk standing in front of me while more queer had slithered below me and between by legs. I made room for him, I offer. But, honestly, can just about only grasp that I thought about what happened on the way home because I exited the joint pretty quick before the two of that cummed about the same time. No sensation to fondly prize. No animal instinct as much as that would work for those praising prudence the same time as god given favors and the lies that get you through one conversation before the next has to be retread beforehand. It doesn't have to be at all. Just remember the offense of what happened underneath as what could have happened.

The pain that I'd want recorded and re-watched wasn't going to look like that. This is when I was being silly. But there was a visual condensation, a fantasy that sought out the image before the deconstruction. Which, idiot, happens forward not backward. I'm sure that seeing this cocky faggot lean back proud had little effect on me. I'm sure hung stud wouldn't have been any less suicidal if this hadn't happened. I've always wanted the photos and newspaper reports to be dispassionate enough so that I wasn't obligated to misconstrue the assholes from the life. If I think about how the faggot walked away after he was carried out on a stretcher to a hospital and spent the rest of his lifetime walking very slowly drooped and stuttered up the stairs to his doctors' offices,

I immediately see his cane, his wheelchair, his television, his bills. See them when I pay mine.

I don't fault what anybody does for money. God, cowardice, biology don't interest me within this. I despise that I have to mention it or even lowball that you're doing all or some of this for money. Worse, that you may not know that. Worse that I have to sound of the same brain since I'm dragging what may be a better conversation down to what bucket of shit you'd eat for what price. Every miserable documentary on prostitution turns into a drug addiction documentary. I can fault you for how you spend your money though. I can find serious problems with what you do for extra time. It'll, I'm confident, come down to a corollary for masturbating. When you say that's my problem. And it is or I would have stopped talking about it now. I know that talking about it is the issue. That starts with you. I like that there's proof to be had. Foolishly, that's going to come from the act rather than the words. It's disappointing, isn't it, when the criminals are pointed out as doing everything, running the websites for example, for money. That's picked this brand of criminality as a lazy guess-what from which to get rich. Dog fuckers eventually if not first off. You know where the real money is. The history that comes from family members solidifying their familial acts offered a way for entrepreneurs to make full hands of cash. These entrepreneurs weren't jobbing from the top. They're of little interest to the health profession and to me. The ones that take photos are less interesting than the ones who rethought the photos and then disseminated them. We could stay there. And forget about the cash. The police will announce: No one does this for money. It's always a cottage industry. We'll have to address the need to take those solid photos. Because they wanted to masturbate afterward remembering and this was a nailed concrete idea. You cum quicker, asks the doctor.

That's correct, isn't it?

This is always. If I recall what happened. I do want to do it again. I'm not making a room for men to masturbate. The story has been destroyed. And I've picked the material to support the argument. I need a bowl for myself. And I'd like to see you convinced that it would be for me.

I don't trawl backwards to my childhood. I don't see this as important and find my disgusting tendency not to go back there not near as disgusting as the tendency for others to do exactly the opposite. Where I listen to what happened and what they thought and what terror they've constructed to help reshape events. This is not what doctors are looking for these days. They've given up.

They now offer options based on human goods. General testing of so many lies that the industry has come back to television families and work pride.

Why wouldn't I take that down to single images, perfect stops that grow back into the films that I want to make. Without actors. Without telling them, manipulating mulch to experience details between telling and getting. Follow further and you turn the women into children because that's what they're acting for. It's not my own reductivism that's pathetic. I'm spotting their own. I'm not even fucking creating or, worse, responding to it. I'm not drawing the truth out of them. You'd have to be a moron to miss it, a moron to make a point so that you can draw others' attention to it. Fuck them and their lack of attention, their own degrees that have sunk further down than mine so that someone else might be disgusted enough, like I am fucking not, to scream at them and politicize it so that they fucking finally get it and, what, change or leave me the fuck alone. That's not it. You're not going to be in someone's head and say you don't enjoy it or that it disturbs you so that you had to examine the now worthwhile critique. The way that these chronic cummers say that I want to see more of her rather than I want to see more of that. Instead of saying I want to do that now. I understand, sweetheart, I get that you're here beside yourself because you're doing everything you can to forget your constant readings of truthful rape and disingenuous pleasure when, every faggot says this, I don't want to even look at a vagina but I suspect that it feels better than an asshole. Don't underestimate the very real disgust that these places that sprung up after the freedoms started to simmer until those freedoms start to explain. They aren't there anymore. There are none. I've been talking about the bars that had backrooms and busy toilets off to the side. You could cum alot unless you wanted to suck dick and you'd do that less, which is the history of these places. That formed the politic. The places that did away with the social aspect, the meeting joints primed by alcohol fueled community as pick-up, those pits are simply shut and forgotten. The neglect won for a very good reason. And missing it doesn't happen. Learning then you were wrong and they aren't close to being correct is what did happen and does continue. You shouldn't be able to have this sort of pornography. Has nothing to do with limits or control of a wild worry about the future. It doesn't involve anything other than the absolutely correct fact that one of you irate fucks should have opted for containment. The others would have likely followed. You put the photos on the floor of the bathroom and you stand up off the toilet and do the only thing that is available to a watcher, one who enjoys seeing rather than being seen. Being seen is incorrect. Unless you perfectly understand the slights between embarrassment, shame and the truth behind having seen what is lying on the floor of the bathroom with you, exactly, standing above it pulling yourself off. So that the answers. Do not ever stop. They're not officials, doctors, chorus, they're gossips. I haven't told you a thing. Not anything you're looking for. And yet I've told everything that I have.

It looks the way it was slapped together. I wanted to read them. I'm showing them for that hurried implacable reason. I've compiled them to give a better picture of the pedophile hide and mind than the one I've been provided, largely literally, after all these years. I've come to this, now. So few of these men are pedos but you'll understand the shorthand. There's a ridiculous amount of years added up to a fairly good stop. I didn't transcribe the articles into a fit text. I wanted them to be as embarrassing as a collection of such things could be. While still weeding them back from now. I wouldn't edit the actual articles into bits that I felt especially sexual or prescient. The graphic bits or even the more sympathetic or unveiled double-talk sections. Nothing censored or highlighted to file direction. Compiled as they existed in my sad newspaper cutting or hungry mollifying life. It's a different reading now. Not all that different. So many were forgotten. The entire scrap heap was osmosis, I hope. See, I remember them now. There are streams that carried on and I haven't bothered to footnote or update the little ugly inconvenience for you. Though I've been tempted. They only just exist outside of my reason for choosing them but not, here, as examples of how badly life and justice and grief can be handled. Roy Whiting, I believe, has been attacked three or so times in jail. Sarah's mother was phone hacked by the people who helped tell her pain and campaign large and she suffered a stroke before that heartbreaking news broke. She had another baby. She divorced Michael and both cited the death of their daughter's aftermath as the pivotal reason. Michael died of an alcohol related disease, quietly to an extent, alone where his body went undiscovered for days. It's worth noting here particularly that recent statistics and meta-analysis show a very small incident rate of attacks on sex offenders who've been publicly named in the press or on wife stalking registries.

Shasta, in the press updates, has been presented as strong now that she left rehab and overcame her body issues. She has been photographed pregnant and smiling along with her dysgenic hugging boyfriend.

Just off the corners of the long bars, where the mice go to have sex before the backroom. Always liked that a you could sit at the bar back there as it gives a sightline as well as a place to slouch while you treat yourself differently than you would at places like The Ram or Bijou that don't have the brain stupidity to make cash off of bottle increments instead of flat fees full at the door. Saying that, the idea of paying one single amount, saving some extra for the meth or whatever you can glean from the younger dealers, trade, posing as trade, was a stable level that also made quiet sense to me and I'd sink in pretty easily. They eventually had to bring in vending machines, didn't they. The small bar just a few steps away from where you'd cruise among the collected

few waiting for sex instead of conversation and staring. There would always be one form set of pig that would like to keep his cock out while he sat. I'd hope there would always be one. Because I saw one and waited long enough to see another. I know that I had to make it happen finally. So it happens all the time now. Not as a flimsy memory but the others realized it was a good idea and after I did the work for them, you know without checking again and again that they've worked this into their routine. I barely go back to this shithole and I'm sure as fuck that this is happening all the time now. As it should have well before. It made sense. And it wasn't me that started it so perhaps I kept going back and staying on the wrong nights so I was just doing what happened all the time and think I had to work the place, and the guy on the stool that I had wrenched from his button down fly, was working me and my tiresome, pugnacious, charmingly naive self. They're all crotch rubbers. Not their own. This truly is constant when things get drunker and more aggressive and especially more loving and concerned and one becomes the good listener these men need pre the show it phase. I could have kept making out with him. And this has happened before, where he takes your hand while you kiss and rub each other, I like a hard cock before it gets hard, and walks you to the corner where it'll still largely happen just through the zipper unless you get luckier. There's a crowd you'll have to contend with so, unless the bar is slow and you're alright with being the show for the rest of the old stoolers, the kissing at the bar is likely to become less intimate and more grunting gay community. This being a leather bar that, thank fuck, has seen its cocoon years as the way in for still less and less younger local clientele that desperately hopes for tourists. The bar gaggle, I can't decide, do well with men opting away from their wives or not. I wish you'd stop. I hope you don't mind. I use her boy as the starting point to get meth. Like a code word wink you have to know to get into a website that sells child pornography not on Tor. So much like her child, she should think in public. I see that I'm bringing up that short boy of hers more and more and it doesn't strike me as damning. Disappointing, more. Any best twinkie porn use tends to resemble that one more than, sadly, Jason Swift whom I finish far more often. Because of his age, use and death among his talkative, finally, family. The two of them have become conversations that I don't dissolve as readily as that miserably cute thing with the nice cock when it stays soft getting fucked and the better mouth when it's full under closed eyes and faggotry. He did the correct life if he met the design with the desire, desire always being the ugly word faggots use to discard what others do unless they're being personal to the point of repulsive. It's not remorse or respect or taste or drive. It's ridiculous. I wish you'd stop. I also told this idiot who wasn't old enough to think he wasn't last

gasp and I said this while he was moving the conversation to the men he thought were cute and the movies he liked with the actors who had bodies and the girls who were actors. This happens too much. I told him that he was making me hard which, I swear, was also telling him to stop. When he checked. And I wasn't. I knew he would. I was shouting it at him. I asked him to take his dick out of his pants. Which he let me do, just under his belly. Told him I was pretty sure that's what he wanted. And that he wanted everyone at the bar to see him sitting there with his cock exposed. I adore men who expose themselves in public. I understand these men and search for them. I asked him if I should get him hard. Or if he wanted the bar to see it without being obscured by my hand. He asked me to keep stroking it by putting his hand over mine and squeezing. They won't be able to see this beautiful dick of yours if I fuck you. He told me to stop and I asked him if he wanted to go to the corner. I should admit that before this, I was worried that to the corner is where he would prefer and I didn't. But then, I told him, I wanted to do more with his cock than only show it to everyone. If he wasn't just going to lean back a bit and let it jut out long and quivering and happy like a fat old man at the bar with his cock out in public. These men who do this, with children, like a few I know, on the el, like I've been forced to do myself, transparently want to entice someone to come over and put mouth on pushing cock. This is where thought goes. I'm fairly sure this is not altogether true. It's what you'd assume. You don't want anything else, I asked him, firm full childish cock being tucked away. I'm not stupid, I know what I was doing and how little the scumbag cared. You don't want to hear yourself say this being truer than embarrassed. That you wanted to suck something, insect. I don't like men who won't do this. I don't care what they want if they don't sink to where they should be and I get no serious pleasure from either sucking this tool if willing or thinking about how he'd just sit there and let the others become excited like the unsuspecting gloriously shocked brethren should be as he lets it be just this, this alone, pudge like a pervert in public and dumb enough to either be drunk or proud or less for anything short of beating the child so hard on the head like a dog and a baseball bat that he crushes its brain stem. I don't care to be there otherwise and I don't think he was capable of wanting to do more, neither was I, not knowing what more or whatever something higher would have learned and taught and instructed. It's best that you put it away. You shouldn't do that. Don't worry about it later. It's not a particularly wrong place for that.

He won't tell you. He'd be past it. Too far from the honest dullard of where you'd like him to return to; the way you stayed. Where you still want. He'd be talking about what he'd like you to say. He'd say; so you could hear it.

I like that you'd like to hear it. Would you rather watch me jerk off to something.

That fetish rings to where you need to hear the words that you think and all the monotone reasons you came with into this job. Most of all, to where you need to stop and stay. What you offered wasn't what he wanted back then, why would he want it now, he'd like to demand from you. Exceptions in what he remembers all compiled to fit the conversation down to your most frequently imitated cum.

Talking to a jury. Lawyers don't talk truth to juries. As much and as often as they repeat that this is their mission, the single reason they exist. Truth because facts are unrecognizable. Have to pretend to believe in truth because lawyers, bless them, know the jury thinks too highly of itself. Talk to the judge, wink to each other, dumb it down for those listening. Listen to decide, these idiots are told, your decision makes the judgement, listen carefully, consider all arguments, your thoughts matter as final impact. The lawyer insults the jury, the judge understands the insults, and the process is so deeply sick that the judge has his job defined as corralling the jury as procedure. Also keeps telling them how important they are. Until the jury believe they have a say. It's what they're there for, to produce more by having someone else talk about their rights. I couldn't care less and the ones that worry about them, in any fraction, insult me enough that I've proven avoidance, drunk and sober, as much as possible. He won't tell you that he masturbated then, sitting in court, in the galley, because he didn't. Revisiting the self-report. It's all he thinks he should have done. Doesn't know why he didn't do the obvious back then as it happened. As the events didn't unfold but ran over him. Masturbating wasn't possible. It was. And now, it being only a cum with the added grace of self-control, would be too difficult to ruminate on. Better that he thought of it back then, didn't respond to the life that the others were explaining, and does or even doesn't now. Since it's only a cum. You can have six a day, I figure, probably more and it shouldn't be less if what we're talking about is the degrees that create these thoughts through to self-indulgence as well as self-management. I learned to masturbate through my pants. It's rather like a child learns. Increase pressure. Rubbing herself without using her smelly fingers.

This is not fair. Because it is entirely presented as a fuller picture of the self-report I intend to give. This is either what my intention was when I started it or now after I've seen it and can't deny it. The complaint that I picked these to represent a picture of me, so far away and removed from anything like the troubles these poor men have seen or caused. Is exploded by the mud defensive fact that they are newspaper clippings. It's quite clear what little and privately I've done all the years. Another nauseating answer should be found in that they

had to be cut and pasted to paper. I haven't fetishized artifacts. I hadn't before. There's a pull when I revisit, so to speak. And there's some that shine and beg far more aggressively than the mess that surrounds them. On the other hand, they've been used for fodder such as this and everyday thoughts for too long to mistake them for anything more than has been described by others, myself, and, thank fuck, grieving coached parents. Same is true for the criminal men. Here predestined, mostly. And calls of self-pity would only make that dead walk sexual. Which would be a fine universally constraining wish. Currently. Masturbating, putting yourself inside a picture. This is what is expected of you. And you've gone from that to this. It is where your problem lies. They'll all tell you this. The parents know, highly important. These men who expose themselves to you have not been looking to see the expression on your or your child's face. Reading all of this, in order, I can see that I have nowhere to go. You're going to have to apologize. I've imposed Charles Roberts as the central text to lessen the offensive conclusion that would otherwise blow all the rest of this up. Against all evidence. I don't feel like apologizing and wasting either what I've done all these tacky egoist decades or the limbless future. And I don't have anyone to apologize to. No one would want it but me and the lowest level of protected babies. It seems unfair to have asked me. I'm looking for what's wrong. Not in general. I've found it and it doesn't match cowardice or bravery. Or no one worthy of the brags. It's cheap and private and lacking in quantity. The response is inadequate so the offer becomes suspect. I've had to make sure that Charles Roberts explains how it is, actually, enough. The offer was legit, as it turns out. Everything in here, lowers head, merely informed everything I can't shut up about. Seeing what I've done, what I remember, is contingent upon inspecifics within a great mass of specifics. Middling works exponentially.

Internet sex offenders represent a heterogeneous group of men who engage in sexual offenses against children that have a lot in common with voyeurism. While we have some understanding of which men pose the greatest risk to children in the offline environment (offending history, age at first arrest, substance use, and sexual interest in children), these do not apply to many of those convicted of Internet-only offenses. The challenge is whether they have a need for treatment at all, and if they do, whether those treatment needs can be met by existing programs and alongside other sexual offenders. Jung et al (2013) have suggested that this may not be a cost-effective approach as many, but not all, of these men would benefit more from interventions that are tailored to maintaining their inhibitions (both internal and external) to the commission of contact offenses, and focusing more on decreasing their unique characteristics of emotional loneliness, interpersonal difficulties, and emotional regulation.

The inaccuracies are not presented as severe enough to annihilate every single meta-analysis available for review. Instead, deeper than the conflicts between psychiatry and criminality, justice versus treatment, revenge over protection, are the impossibilities that only need start the talking. Get him to tell you. The contradiction and faults in the procedure come in treatment. Not in the truth you can eventually just clamp. Inherit in all research is the mind that rejects first thoughts while relying absolutely on its chief worth. Cunt next says: I'll give you an example.

He reminisces; I didn't know. Now I do. And I have a larger responsibility to the present draw than the last one. I wish, he says, it was different. Less obvious. I wish, he confesses finally, that I had done more. This being actionable. To the lowest dregs of barn-fed itemizers. I can only add. That what is there in facts weren't facts that stayed put, simple as they were, when I didn't understand what was happening. How detestable to admit, outloud, me being ethologist, and listened to as if there is compensation, that what's different now is more knowledge and care amid reappraisal of what you might have fucking been thinking and wishing too.

It works more like this. Lying on your back with him above you, over your face, telling you to just lick his balls as he keeps mauling sac into your mouth so you can't do anything but gasp around for side air. You're trying to lick and suck more than breathe. The coke doesn't help you delineate unnatural degrees. Had a couple fingers in his asshole. Poking in as deep as longer could. Wanted to fit more. Got the third one in and I was going to have to slow down since the only thought in your then stupid sloppy head at that point was to fit in the rest of my fingers to form a claw and rip thicker not wider. This is the natural not somehow, this exact, that would be pleasure for him as you were doing what you thought was honestly you, giving that up, and it works if you're doing what you want, he'll certainly recognize that he is getting more than he thought. You push further in until he realizes. This would be good for him. And he was being crueller already than he thought. He wants to be hurt. Not torn. Not cut. Everytime I slid, finally, my four fingers in further than my tongue had been, I responded faster and more aggressively in trying to force more balls and bulk and wet filth over my huffing angry face. Would you just get your cock in here. And you do know, not intuit, non chien, that if he pulls out and jerks and spills slime onto your face instead of directly into the mouth that had been sucking and lolling to suck deeper and again, that you'd get up and beat his face with his own fists instead. You don't masturbate on my face like there's a camera catching it. You're not making a point. This is no film you're in, no story you're going to fuck up later. And he's been sucking you harder. What kind of low slung hung beast wants to cum together. You kiss what, cunt.

You tell the director. That's not what happens. But I learned it. I learned how to do what I was watching at the same time as performing. I was told early on that it meant nothing. It was not a signifier of distaste or hatred. To cum all over someone's face, whether or not you were going to lick it off later as another limp of your personal stored and shared experience. Being this way. The director is the lessened. The director takes your interview and compiles his notes so that he could, after the negligible facts, present them to the head office to, he'll tell you, fuck it up. The director is your liar, another one, but one with say. And, yet, this is what I've done more convincingly before.

I understand that I should be recognizing something I hadn't seen before. It would be terrible, conversationally, to have remained the same after all these decades. I still. Instead. See something different in the way I'll tell you about it and what happened. Add really to happened. That's a possibility. Past my condescending. But. This garbage. That stays ignorant. That continues to be my mess. This. Actually. Doesn't continue at all. There's a difference. That you'll review. Not me. As far as you're concerned. And I am better at this than you. Fuck you, you lying cunt. Which is what we're both saying, fuck you again. Dancing girl's gossip. I don't care. I think you'll like this. You get wallpaper.

I'm supposed to say what was happening when I was reading treatment. I'm bound to what slipped. I'll oscillate around what was shown and what might have been secret. Significance depending on what you already know. Simple machinations.

We understand that I've thought a great deal about this. How could I have not. You'll see, first glance, this has been a long life of thinking about this. Just this. Hyperbolic, not confessional, extent. Objectionable and significant. If I acted like I was only doing this for me. Which is highly likely, no matter what we'll prefer, no matter what. I'd be letting you, point withdrawn, take the blame for me.

This is how it works.

What I've done is compile these items for you and, because there's so hideously many over so many long years, I've decided that the best way for you to enjoy them is to understand how I've ordered them. Make a better item of lesser chances. I didn't want to lay them consecutively and, most of all, I didn't want to structure crime stories out of them. All of those curatorial decisions have their place, have been made, though not as well as I could have done. So I'm not worried that I will have particularly the wrong decision. I couldn't. We've seen enough of that.

I do not want to be the one that takes you through the periods of time that highlights the tiny little self-impressed notions that these newspaper clippings

were once central to a remarkable cultural discourse. Pin down the little inconsistencies that every cunt living now will spot as the terrible thoughts of those who weren't thinking back then. And I see that I can come off rather self-impressed. The academic and pulp press versions are both better than the one where some old queen leans towards you and asks if you're staunch and truthful enough to listen carefully to the horrible story that he has to tell you. While you know that it won't be all that bad, it won't be all that real, it won't be essentially destructive enough, fucking ever, to make you get up and walk out. Unless you're even more arrogant than he is. It's just this time, you'll have to agree if you want, I'm not asking you to see these items as removed from anyone's life as conveniently as you could if you keep imagining I'm being subversive. This has proven fairly difficult so far. I just can't keep second-guessing how dumb you're going to sound when you pick either of these reasons to have this. It's my sickness, or society's. And all that shit is going to get worse when we start discussing the industry that moves sex offenders from quiet room to interview room to public worth.

I've decided the following with some degree, I hope enough, of how best to enjoy flip to pause through these dated old scraps of paper that I need to get the fuck out of my life and can, very well, thank you, very kindly. If it's a question of room. That, at least, has been solved with this. The internet pauses what these do into color pictures even more quickly rehearsed and replaced by more coming. I do intend, by offering more, to insist on pictures. Try not looking at pictures, not stocking away a masturbation log of inexplicit and un-specific stares. This is more of that, as far as I'm concerned, made and labeled unstoppable. Now irreplaceable.

I'll tell you what I didn't do.

This is literal. And it has more to do with self-report and the surfeit impossibilities within that frame. I've had to hem. I've wanted, conspicuously, to do that. Not entirely or uniquely selfish while, I'd insist, completely utterly perfectly selfish. Insults and their meandering de minimus elevating worth included.

I could have cut them up and created the sort of narrative to appease you. I could also have compiled them to look as if it's an overwhelming amount of material about nothing other than one simple mistake. Also, it continues, that the complexities in each separate case about a very single subject construct a brutality that is more compelling for its infinite digressions and precise differences.

The least I could have done is remove the headlines so you didn't stay or get cheap.

Some difficulty when you consider that it might have been nice to include the photos alongside the text. Exactly the way they came, the way that they are

intended to affect you in the way you respond so diagonally correct between public and private. Might have been very nice to include the photos only. I've done that before. Somewhat spontaneously with set limits so they collect in the minds of those who review me instead of those who think like me. One issue that would be clear to those admirers, of which I'm one, would be that the photos left at the end of the book would be only, or mainly, murdered children. The photos that you've come to know and might like to see without poignant soundtrack. Opposite the media. And, somewhere, a pedophile might really be happy that it came as an anthology rather than a closet quirk for once. The familiarity of these images, these wonderful girls, could be delivered and yet fucked with enough, by context, to merely wink and run at all those who'd be back patting or punching depending on the strength of their wallets and the pain of that particular time.

I did do that with photos of sex offenders. It would be very much in keeping with the idea to now have the text of those times. All the text is going to be about arrests anyways. You won't have most of the men to look at. But you, those of you who aren't finding men of this bent and aged specifically very, very attractive, will have the exact same reasoning from all these biased reporting highlights.

I find older things. Photos. That could still mean a lot to me.

The newspapers don't use the smarmy dissipating concept of soul. Any spirituality blather is presented as psychosis. Thin excuses, wholly appropriate. They're not listened to, not objective; the difference in the tabloid versions to the quality version is entirely in the difficulty in remaining dispassionate. Your right to know versus your right to say. What you enjoy versus what you do. Your answers for the questions. Are honest when you've worked on what you can say beforehand. You will be addressed by your role.

The courtroom judge that's seen so much he knows the full problem before he even hears about your case on the same morning he has to deal with your bullshit. He adds up is all. Same thing. Same root, all the time, with few strengths, more weaknesses handling, badly always, the same fucking thing. Judges, more than cops, more than governors, know why you're here no matter what you say you did, let alone how you were taught to repeat believe what the personal problems are. How sad for you. It's the judges who tell the politicians in exponential terms what they're seeing so often and then the politicians who tell the police what they then have to do from now on. Because the cops deal with the hedonics bleeding and hate them too much to care beyond their own struggles in what fun and shit luck is. The exhausted sad are the judges. Morals sat there as legitimately as they can be by job. And the court, when the law is allowed, will give misery the voice that the authors and the ones who dish

out the top filth in compatriot terms can't. I've heard it just as much. And I've chosen to watch. And when I make a cop mistake. Which I hope will be in keeping more with a way to hide it rather than stop it. I'm guilty of doing the wrong thing. That I wouldn't have done. Because there was a start that didn't sound like their biblical water marks. Shouldn't have done this because I thought about it. All the different sides, right. All this, this, is proof of me thinking about it and discounting what is the worst thing I can do until I do it. I see that. I've always wanted to see that. Braless, bless him after the preaching family, now seen as a drug dealer and the mother who cared for him because he was lost and horny and soft knew forever less than the psychotic lunatics screaming at anyone with a camera that her lifestyle did yet didn't cause this. I learned to lose prim but I stayed interested. As more and more facts simmered him to just another methhead faggot. And the boys who killed him, without fucking him or letting him suck on them, I love that they're going through empathy training in jail. I look the other way if the crime doesn't have a precis of rape, more itemized something that didn't beg to be penetrated. Absolutely needed by those who carry a declining lifestyle but know how to deal with it, better sometimes. My taste is for the entire white family that held small marches to promote the message that unavailable was wrong. And the mother, now known to be jobbing, still sympathetically of course, quite well, thank you, never knew her son and what it was to be told and raised to think that this was alright when it wasn't, clearly, empathetically. As well as the old man. Who started worrying too hard when he learned that a park near his home was rife with crawling bestials cruising. Never once thought it was alright to hunt for men then babies. As a lifestyle. As a skirmish down. Never thought it was acceptable. To be like that. Been there too often. Knew fuck, sailors and lenders, where to go. In every single town I've been to. Loving these boys this way. Loving them enough to know and understand why they're the ways they are, impaired enough on drugs and rotten old men groping them, these are beautiful young men that turn porn fed acts more ably into the crime that it is. The littlest femme on the team gets to sell himself for sex, traded around like cattle cash, all three of the open asshole youngmen, not always so loathsome, daddy. Not always bad. Always knew what I was doing. It was the drugs. I've tried to talk to the monsters and they don't want to know how much drugs the old creep wants and how come this old creep isn't selling but only buying. He must certainly, because that's how they are, it matters to them, want to suck and get his old saggy ass fucked. Fucking old lonely faggot queen. I'm a bore, here and always. Tell me that they don't deserve to be wiped off the face of the planet, not just gone, but fucked and beaten so badly that they wheeze while fucked and beaten. Beaten as a hustler, someone who doesn't care about his

plight unless he can sell that badly to his parents without telling them what he was going through with the drug deals becoming more convoluted and dirty as he went higher up the chain to procurer so that he was finally being forced to suck dick in public. Trade where everyone, including the secretaries that say later they loved and worried and now miss you, could see what you would do as you said before you got caught up, before you got the chance to get out and act like it wasn't, was, being smarter and stronger than the rest of the bores will always be, have always been. That kind of deep knowing love is going to come from wanting to see it naked, wanting to probe boney ass the way you treat a black junk hooker instead of a gullible lover. Don't talk like a boyfriend who sees himself a girlfriend. We're not doing a thing for each other. You pump harder and use lube that someone bought knowing that it'll be good when it's more violent, less gentle, faster and wider and staring in when you stop panting and wait a few seconds to appreciate the shit drip and white dusty head frying areas circling around you. I like the way you fuck, thank you, comes after I like the way you looked, dancing slightly while you disappeared into the back to fetch chlorine instead of goat balls and which boy your age do you find cute. I'll give you my version. My sightline. This old bag of a woman who sells her weekly sex acts compiled monthly filmed by her husband. A deeply old woman who isn't old enough to be called haggard but is at middle life of large watery breasts and a droopy riddled fat wobbling ass that she doesn't block from being seen crumpled further as she sits below any cock that will either pay to fuck it or take huge sloppy cunt for free as long as a film can be made and released. As if her market thinks it, her, is sex. Instead of tired. After awhile, you give in and start thinking you're picking open the genre, judge. More of the same except enough to keep you looking where they sell it, knowing it's slightly better than everything else in the same bag that they only use as an introduction. To something better. The marketing language and technology demand the stereotypes for those who are ultimately thankful that they were drawn, suspicious but lucky, they found you in among all the obvious. Let me tell you, I've stopped masturbating a long time ago. This monster got her addled start stuffing huge daubed to tallow objects into her holes; three at a time with obscene circumferences, parading prolapse and bare moans and winces because sheer size and mental ply were on offer for the clinical crowd, the mothered ones who prize sliding damage instead of children. Moved into her whore life as a documentary joke and kept churning out the meetings as if they were interesting in and of themselves without understanding that you don't want to see the same hung pig naked day after day or care like a teenager on the possible crying jag by the twentieth issue or so. Your focus will be on the men like you. Not transference, you can hire her

and wouldn't. Get anything more from sloshing your cock in that. The men that crowd around her, with their keep out and their faces blanked unless they signed. You can't help, realize that you prefer in the same group as all the others, look to the back, that's where the men who know go and wait, watching the things that these cocks do to her that she doesn't mind. The stories, even, dad, don't matter, don't serve passing time as well as the numbers and rush.

I lived at a wonderful time. My mother welcomed me home every day and my father supported anything I did. I was safe among neighbors, uncles or cousins due to the delightfully repressive influence of the time. I married, and the hedge of protection about my life was not breached until 1966 when my 10-year-old daughter was molested by a 13-year-old adored and trusted family friend. She told him to stop, but he persisted. He knew she would like it, he said, he knew from his father's magazines, Playboy, the only "acceptable" pornography of the time. The boy left the country a few weeks later, after it came to light that my daughter was but one of several neighborhood children he had raped, including his own little brother. My heart was broken for all the families involved.

Concordant went from thinking it all ended at the tip of his dick and it did as far as the slugs who'd chase you around to suck you before you cummed with someone else. To thinking should see women do that. To me as well. To assuming it was closer to what I wanted to suck off of them instead of having me in their mouth. To wanting to only fuck asshole. Just lay them politely kindly down and never sound out what it was doing to them because you were only interested in what you were doing to yourself at the same time, fucking shit. She wouldn't remember it on her own. I remember her spreading it. Dilating with fingers. You'll want it up your ass after awhile. You'll enjoy the twitch that has absolutely nothing to do with selling at all. It's where you go indirectly that isn't part of some ceiling design or low slip or fast count. You just end up, or start there, pulling yourself so that you stay hard, while they fuck you like the ethnic trash and men all at once like it doesn't matter. I swear, you do this and you know it so you don't have to say that either. Are you so sick. You'll end up appreciating the wrong thing. Child molesters typically divulge their troubled narrative internally. While rapists recreate their therapy blame from external pressures and circumstance.

Psychologically, if not generally, the first factor in determining precondition used to be motivation. Essential in defining deviance as that which turned from thought to act. However, as theories and models have been tested or applied in the current post univariate field, motivation has slipped to fourth place and further. Reinforcement and opportunity have collided in rapidly

changing social contexts to widen gratification demands from cognitive patterns to mis- and under-regulation of self through stress, anxiety, depression. Up to now including adverse emotional effects of struggling with denial and release strategies. Placing many of those cranks charged with pornography offenses within spitting distance of rapists and sexually frustrated fathers. You understand, I was taping and cutting these that became items. I was rewatching and rereading them. Clearly, you're wrong. You don't. Masturbating was what the slobs who didn't keyed and kept banging at. I've had to listen to more potential causals than they ever did. You, studied, can smell them after awhile.

Sexually explicit conduct was defined to include "actual or simulated ... lewd exhibition of the genitals or pubic area of any person." Neither Lodge nor Cross claim on appeal that the Tampa pictures or the scenes they depicted were not "lewd" within the meaning of the statute; therefore, we do not reach this issue. However, even if they had raised such an argument, we would still affirm their convictions on this count. The Tampa photographs displayed pre-adolescent girls fully nude from a frontal view, and were arranged by Cross in order to be used to satisfy the sexual interests of himself and other pedophiles. Moreover, Cross had also ordered that the children be photographed in the nude, squatting on their knees, but the Tampa photographer felt uncomfortable with and ultimately refused to shoot such pictures. Based on these factors, we are of the opinion that the photographs taken or planned involved "lewd exhibition of the genitals or pubic area." We reach this conclusion despite the obvious fact that the photographs did not portray the models as sexually coy or inviting, and the Tampa photographer who had been duped by Cross did not knowingly or intentionally exhibit the girls in lewd poses.

I can't buy anymore of these fucking things. The place I walk by every morning. Where the women are doing whatever gym class it is. Wearing stretch pants. That transsexuals strip off in porn before they walk around like these girls who act like they don't know it. The surgery cases stroke so you can see bulge before they let hard cock out and bounce it. Hot tips from Viagra. Harder and more insistent than when I was a kid. Almost painful. Before they spend the next twenty minutes jerking it over the camera for men who like dick since it's in close-up save the few painted fingernails. The movies that feature big mom girls in tight t-shirts and younger perfect assed girls in bikini bottoms. Old man saying that he can't wait to jerk off now. But that won't be what he's fucking. Is wrong, it is. And the concept that it isn't rape. When he runs off, quietly, perfectly silent, and knocks one out fawning that bubble butt on the street or in the rooms where he knows they're bending

over. And what am I supposed to do, not look. The way they walk. They don't like to think that I'm getting hard and masturbating thinking about how great that ass looks when I can see the firm shapely'd shake so outlined and tight and moving back and up like it could without being as virtually naked as it is now. Having it sit and rub that way on your face, not your cock. Which is best this way. Diving your face into ass, finding pretty pink asshole and licking it like a dog, but not fucking it, not moving head, and I can cum this way, by pulling myself.

The government presented evidence that Cross's ulterior motive in pretending to act as an informant was not only to avoid criminal punishment if the Tampa hoax were detected, but also to further the scheme itself: A then-fellow prison inmate testified that Cross had told him that he was attempting to parlay his cooperation with a Senate subcommittee investigating child pornography into a parole in the New York area, where Cross hoped to establish a phony office in order to take additional nude pictures of the Tampa girls and sexually molest several of them.

It's fine now. You go to the breasts and vagina store. Or search online. Even a safe search. And it's the best you can do, really. And find all these girls now, shots taken in just those outfits. Some presented because they know you. Others, when aid has to be sold, and you notice, easily, that more and more yoga pant models are being offered. So this happens a lot. And those girls who act in porn and not in taking care of their young asses and little bellies, must think that these men for whom this is made are sick and lonely and sick of seeing these girls without seeing their assholes. But know that it starts there. And this is a good way to take care of all that. Including reining the rapists in. So that they're tired and calm like dry mutts and controlled like fathers. And there's some faggot outside the courthouse that is telling them, no worries, come into the john in the building and I'll take care of you. I've told men when we're drunk enough to just tool off. I don't care where they cum. But I know I have to lie and tell them to do it directly to peg. You think you're actually protecting them, this happens all the time and you're a better person for wanting to help. I know. Or I promise. I made a mistake or I'll never do it again, I swear. I don't want to see anyone else fuck on film or including myself. It's not something you can share but you suspect it might help small quick version. I like the assist that says that poor boy was doing everything he could, including all the hustling and meth, to stay away from doing what he did before he had counseling and that didn't work. He molested two boys. He had been molested before that. He was raped after that. I'm not driven to these things. These tight cleans and slits hidden barely, without or certainly with their safety and

well-being before and after. Just leggings as fashion or thongs underneath. I couldn't care less, I hope. Everyone thinks like this, right. I don't think like everyone else, I'm guessing. They dress their children, their daughters very specifically. Until someone in a hotel room decides to squeeze their effeminate charge in. Or a father lets his baby boy dress up like his sister. These being the bourgeoisie: I imagine their daughters. They put the same clothes on their wide baby kids and the kids get excited. In no time at all, lately, it reaches the public, half correctly.

See Mishkin v. New York, (1966) "Where the material is designed for and primarily disseminated to a clearly defined deviant sexual group, rather than the public at large, the prurient-appeal requirement ... is satisfied if the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interest in sex of the members of that group."

I know what a honeytrap is. How pretty when wanted. I know the major differences and same ends in being seduced, manipulated, guided. Based on how dumb they see you are. How vulnerable and eager you are to have the life they're offering you after they've cinched the flattered brand you agree on. You should hear how well you're loved and intelligent and on the right track in company together. How you know what's wrong and how you've formed that morality, naturally, already and we propound no resentment. Illegal, after the fact. A court dismissal of entrapment that is explained as particularly brutal since it took unfair advantage of the very sort that need to be protected. To attack you in that way. To be seen again as the tawdry treatment of your good self. By using the collected you against the lonely you. By constructing lies about, of all things, love. Not only sex, mite. The best sex should be love, pervert, didn't you know. Your complicity makes sure someone like you can't even be insulted finally until someone else tells you that you have been destroyed in the very same careful tone. You'll continue repeating that, read all the plans, admit you feel stupid now. The police told their buddies how lonely you were and how typically you responded to their lowballed cues. Their minders tell the public how sexually deranged you were and how obvious it was that you were more dangerous than the evidence might only reflect. Peers register elsewhere the cute little crushing feelings you were developing among the quiet snickers not that far underneath. Should have fucking got it long before. The newspapers and therapists don't recognize the law. Keeps cops in check. The teen way of getting smart, needed if it doesn't sell anything even quicker, no longer works for me because I'm not looking to take advantage of the same offers. My choices are old and then either sucker or bitter. I have to remember all of this when speaking with this voice.

Remembered to stitch it up for some asshole that didn't go through the same things, didn't see or couldn't see what I watched so gingerly. Took it in wasn't enough. Murder was what I was taking in. When I was duller than I am now. To find out about sex. And the crimes became ridiculous not sad. Before and after, so during. It was easy to grow out of. I even ended up thinking fathers would be acceptable. Like niggers, had to be, excused. Stood outside the window of an apartment building so I could see the basement sink when I crouched down. Where William Heirens cut up some little naked girl. Anyone would have seen the difference. When you go back a second time and the only thought, still, that legitimately made sense, circular, controllable. Was to masturbate outside the window like I was doing at home. Imagining, fantasizing, creating by dwell, details as if I had to keep my eyes open when I saw it. I would go by myself. Without an interiority, without a tactical confession; no concern for others that would need to see it or be shielded from it. Until that became what I was obviously doing.

Lanning also indicated that, in communicating with one another, pedophiles often employ the term, "nude studies" – a phrase repeated in Cross's letters – as a "code word," to refer to such non-obscene photographs of children. Furthermore, his testimony regarding the obsession of pedophiles with exchanging stories and photographs with a network of others who share their sexual interest in children helped to explain the genesis and odd character of appellants' relationship, particularly the fact that they had cooperated in a complex, risky, criminal conspiracy although they had never met and knew little about one another

From the outside, looking down again, at the vulgarity and commenting. Apologizing for skimping on our time and my haughty contempt. I don't like the lies they put in her mother's mouth. I don't like the editor because it's not what she said. I don't like who the information is being given to and sitting next to me doesn't add complicit community. I do think this, I have thought about it, I think of it when I've paid prostitutes and ended up doing the very same acts, much more quietly and without pay. I think of Gary Salt and his turning over evidence so that his hiding smart peers were arrested for worse than he was. I don't believe the children that cheered they wanted him hanged and jeered when they had to imagine themselves staying the same age twelve years later when he is let out of the prison he's in now. I have to make distinctions, unfair and personal and harmfully selfish. I splice the confessions together and come away with what caregivers are saying instead of my children. I have political litigation when, truly, the men who'd not lower themselves to think they wanted to see children fucked but just walking and laughing and

giggling and dancing on a smiley video was what made the days go by quicker and happier without years of progress when that's all you need. The men who've done this work. Hidden cameras and asked mothers for holiday snaps. They didn't need control. They didn't need to ask for favors like understanding or greater collections. They weren't getting any more so they shouldn't have been looking for always more. It did work out eventually. You can't deny it within the absolutely correct context. Afterward. I've been able to turn every dangling cock I've ever seen into a seething humble pedophile looking to get that cock hard like this. I know they have this past, I know how they think and what we're looking for and, centrally, most, what they accept instead. That's no good either. Wouldn't work. Makes no real sense. That's not what you want.

I know why I bought this and it had nothing to do with the bigger picture price. Pocket cash may well have made the decision to skip it if I would have had to mull its worth over what I projected in history versus what I hadn't seen yet. Fact is. A certifiable fact. I knew I was buying what I already had, theoretically and practically. Price couldn't have been as much as a concern if more of what I suspected wasn't just, purely, more. More as in. Yet. Another. This may have changed now, later, when it comes, back, down to the particulars of this prostitute versus these animals. I'll explain. There was absolutely no chance this overweight to a point, older than middle aged, blonde, large sag, hung bellied, adipose riddled ass'd female who needed a friend to sit with her on a couch in the theater alcove of an adult bookstore, in Texas no less, and corral anonymous men to ejaculate on them would have been more comely than the aged I described. Those parts, special. The aesthetics, for my purchase, may have forced a different question if she didn't look like the type that could do this rather than the type who was backended by finances due to any other easy bankable offer. More special. This one, and her equal reflection pig, proof there actually, are filming what these men will do. And arguing, obviously not subtextually, that men want this. That they are doing something, in a sense when it comes to arguing, nice for the men. Who, importantly, look very often to be of the same age and shape as the prostitutes. Male right, idiot need, and female favors. It's a bad script, adequate narrative. When you pretend you're getting something final from just another bit in more. If this is obvious. And it is. Why, I really do retard myself, write it down. Especially this way. I answer. That I'd like to stop buying more of the same. And doing the same. And I already know this. Call it Sarah. Each one till Melissa and you do have to create that, extant, not kept all alone. And tracked and depreciated. And do not talk to the males who would lie about thinking differently. Whom, also, I have more in common with than the degenerates who keep pacing in the aisles and begging or fronting in the halls. We know why she's sat there. And why

she's not sucking on the untested men. Just, honestly, letting the entire gender half come close to her. Probably. These men tell the cameraman, her husband, you'd know if I didn't say it, that they are ready to cum from masturbating themselves and they, if allowed, politely, definitely, reasonably, would prefer to aim the cum onto breast and faces. No mouths. The women act like they want you to ejaculate on them. Must. Be true. Eventually if not psychotically. They like to see you do it while you appreciate whatever the difference is between what you saw and what you have, unlucky you. And there are films that are being made and will be sold and, aside from the editing room stock that isn't a worry just then, the faces of the men are not caught. Just cocks. And pants and shirts. Cocks and balls too often obscured by their own chub juggling until after last drip. Then waggled forward as if to shake off last piss but, no mistake, to denote finish and contempt. Smear like violence. I know that. And I should not be jaded. I should not find that part in the details where I'm so impressed by my decades of watching that I have something to plunge back that's still different and marketable to academic slugs, jobbing liars, without the sell. I'm not bored or lonely. I bought it. Because I like these little chances of seeing the same thing that I wanted to see. Not different. Not after all these years. Of looking for surprises like some asshole at the bar talking about, which version is more tedious, the answers that elude him or the answers that he's discovered. I am not counting. I have stopped. Looking back and forward at the same time. And, this one, not her friend though, the one with the lay back job and the lazier husband, is deeply ugly. I'm also not looking for ugly. Unless it's the way that I would spot that. Do what pejorative does. Hardly fucking hidden. I work a job so that I can do this, find this, keep looking for it and more. It stops nothing. When you find it. So the bar bore spectacular says it's desire. It's impulse versus compulsion. Nature and the body that dictate the worst aspects that your brain, different from the body, is used to overcome. We settle on demands in the bar. Stop drinking. This leads to the trouble that these thoughts as impulses as mistakes create. When there's a skeeve that you don't make but support and that, too, would be exactly like avoiding the bar. You should stop drinking. The psychiatrist someone else pays for says. So you don't only think about fucking children. Or raping children. And everything else, like your boring job and reptilian art, can become less cheap again. You have to stop all of that because it's not doing you any good. Whether or not, your sex, bitter, scorn for the others and their definition of pride will work for you, you pompous cunt, you have to realize that what brought you here. Is not good. There's my answer. That will work, actually. This. All of that. Is actually quite good. And you should keep talking. You should keep talking more and more about this and only this. That's what we do when I've been brought here.

Don't act like you don't like being watched. I see it all the time. I'm not that way, not at all your type. You prefer a response that you can write down being disgusted or pathetically bored by. Show being watched. Makes you greasy like the hooker I saw cry on the witness stand. I think of her as if I can combine and complete the thoughts. Problem is, that did happen. She was talking about how she had been mutilated but could barely get the words out. Someone else had to take her through it. Poor chubby black teen dear was left in an alley, covered in blood. As you would've, journalistically. The first exit in conversation. You'd have to work through the excitement unless you were one of these entitled fathers who ends up dying and the daughter, for once, realizes, she'd rather not say anything. It wasn't like all the others say. And she'd go to no one else unless she could finally trade on it a little. I told myself I'd never say a fucking thing she'd tell you as cheaply. Just move arm like you're keeping yourself hard or excited while your lap is off camera. Mimic short-term mating style to lose enough variables to tip the confluence model from violence to synergistic wiles.

I think of it this way. I couldn't cum for awhile. I was drinking too much or becoming too old or my interest in the material and the expected response didn't match up. It's unimportant. I thought of that a great deal. And when I'd watch prostitutes work, be allowed to repeat scripted dialogue, while it was my job as employer to pull it apart to find something worthwhile in mallard females wriggling to slavish if not arrogant and always rat cheap. Selling somewhere back to hippie but thrusting nigger. I'd find it easier to let my focus drip into what I had seen well before this. All those images that I remembered and didn't need to go find anymore. Immediately, I would have guessed to tell you, I would have wanted to find them. I would have to bark somewhere over a picture or a better film. Yattering rape details over acting cues. I'd recall some of the men, almost never women, because those slimy hardly anonymous men resembled the same idea to me that restricted photos did less than contradict. I'd finish and not be bothered as to the older things I had liked in the past. Some items were stronger than the ones I was viewing. If an attorney minded, he could only ever point to what I was watching when I cummed, I'd think just as quickly. Strong meant I was done and cleaning up very quickly.

Not as bad as you think it stayed. I haven't forgotten. Or gave into game. I wouldn't want to forget, or dismiss, that a man in the booth next to me, who I watched through a small hole cut in the wall designed to keep us away from each other apart from cock and mouth, lay on the filthy rag and cum floor and shit there and on himself. Learned as the years continued that the men who had jobs at the front counters of porn stores, who were paid by the profits of these needs on scum, routinely windxed shit off the scratched tv

screens and wood walls from many more men just like that. They'd stench vacate into their hands or merely wipe their assholes if less than sick and finger smear shit around the entire box. Pick deranged or disgusted. Full hot palm, or fucked, scraping dry personal pocket dildos. I've remembered this for more when it came to art than when it came to sucking and sharing cock. It too sullies the chances you're going to get when you count desire and access and expression of self within ulterior regulatory campaigns. The correct decision wasn't to stick my fingers up into my ass and slop down as much shit as I could so that I can wipe it where it already stank. I understand that placing the clippings that didn't represent the crimes as complete weren't going to get pasted and collaged in places they shouldn't be and then covered like, or with, real shit. That existed fine, truly, and I wasn't the one who would do it. You shouldn't know wasn't my only job. The promulgation and testimony, I'd seen, ruined the shithole it came from. As soon as they had to open their mouths, they'd have to learn better. And the sneaking around that the work would cause eventually had always been there before anyway.

The metaphors were thin straight from the start. Just because you don't want to fuck lymphatic cheerleaders yet. I honestly thought I should contribute. By purchasing the magazine, I was intending to funnel back assistance to someone who clearly needed it so badly that he had taken to reproducing the hideous criminal acts he'd perform on his children and offering them to creeps who didn't recognize that it was a plea for help. That he had descended to this invidious pit because his children had become an overwhelming burden. This is evident in the pictures. The sex was hateful and cruel. It was resentful and larger than the vox pax populi and reductive cess. I needed to acknowledge that and give him something that appreciated his psychotic efforts to struggle within his strangling illiteracy. The children might be fed. I did care about them. As much as he did. I knew by housing response. It wasn't as completely or independently sexual or cruel as I thought it would be and they say it should be. There was a significant break, this is what you yourself had seen. The rats, remember the roaches, they'd kneel on the floor, kick the hard kleenex wads into the corner. Feces gets the rotters in to clean up quick enough or the booth stays empty or gets shut and you know. The fresh pools of cum and hock would be stamped into the concrete. Some degenerates preferred it on their knees and denigrated those who'd worry about their pants. The rats were the ones who were desperate enough to carve new holes and find new dark corners to drag you quickly to. They suck up encouragement as lifelong drive and illness. Every dollar I'd pay the front counter caused these few vermin to gnaw mindless indiscriminately.

Next time I would change this. I'd tell him to take his mouth off me and lean back, open his mouth, so that I could see myself cum on his tongue. Leave your mouth open and your tongue inside. Don't stick it out. Your tongue stays flat and I'll jerk the rest of myself off and drip it as much as I can into where you talk.

To make so much of such a typical nothing. If the illegal possession of child pornography is an attempt by the court to pursue its chief interest in staying the harm caused in the production. I wasn't the one reliving my past. I wasn't being asked for instructions; he was telling me where he needed to be caught.

You can't let the flies in. I wouldn't put the fucking bucket down and I wouldn't take the old kept cummed pictures and squared black bitelines and paste the things to a wall in an alcove some other cunt could walk into on art consideration day. These insects would tell you that the bucket was the child. Laid flat and raped, I'd groan. That plastic blue bucket like the one I saw her handle on the beach just playing with. Her mother thought it would be cute and the child didn't give a fuck about it or didn't know enough whether to make do or make happy. And some slob misunderstands except the ones that peel off complaints and fake censorship who imagine they get what's really going on so that it shouldn't be allowed or shouldn't be so vague and ham-fisted. And I'd make it clear. Like cunt. Critics, not peers, without a project that they still termed a project. Lazy sympathizers rammed back at consent, classical, ire. So I wouldn't make something less out of something much more. And, listen, gnat, this is what I did. You don't make a birthday cake out of the fucking thing for shit slips like that. The bucket is an idea that gets excised. And the bathroom of the gallery doesn't get a room that's plastered with newspaper clippings wall to wall where men go to fuck each other's mouths like my best memories, you lying faggot grandpa, and the worst ones, when I'm thinking what I did and can't callow regret, I kept the little fuckers' pictures in my pocket and then laid them on the floor for myself. Can you imagine how loathsome the slug would have to be to start up another see-you or acquiesce beyond this. I, honestly, wouldn't. Significant numbers of just penis coming through the hole on your squat side, big deal if you don't side to stop. Or you giving into lust. As if it exists and you're dumb enough to offer proof. Works the opposite, dolt.

I've destroyed the documents. And those cozy crime fans, who prefer the original facts as they unreeled, before they knew, will be cheated. I do, actually, wish that I could have included you as the decision turned to who would like what best and get more of that and am genuinely sorry to have frustrated you. You'll be better off to avoid the epoch depreciation, the context, the vulgar review, but you'll have to get over your support first. That will take some

consideration for the worry. Don't bother with levels in pop limits. Not in this instance. Cite shame when recognizing embarrassment. Script justice when elusive. I'd like to say I have an attraction for this specific group and body type. And the men that tell you that. You know they're lying. I don't like hair. Says the one fat guy in his council flat, recorded on tv, while he's trying to tell you the truth. Fucking believes it. Merely incorrect and he killed himself rather than go through the court system again. Which is what you tell afterward. And the gall and bile fact is that he couldn't live with the actual definition of pedophile that states the anxiety of thought. Not the arrests. What else do you have, cunt. And why get it from cunt like you. He was too low, seen as sick, eventually if not initially, the terms conflate, to know how he could make you plus him happy. See it as luminous. Refigure the aged thrift of the daily keeps in black and white as bright and vivid and moving in all the colors of sight. It is not cold and dark. Not moribund like the take. The history isn't flat gray and rickety but vibrant and fast and firm, monumental in scope and reach. The groups of redundant who'd like to know what you see; why wouldn't they need to stop you.

I wanted the headlines and bubble quotes removed. You can hope it reads as a slam of inspecifics and indiscriminates but it does not. I left some photos in.

The headlines are what you masturbate on. I've stopped this. You only wish it was the content. The full length song to surround you. I've done this. The shared common. I'm trying to get better. Held by those who understand you.

Not to.

Reduce the content to what eventually might as well be single sentences. Out loud and warm, I've at least avoided one insult that might be remissive. These doctors, these scum, scan for footnotes to include in reports to hand over to bosses and public limited. Who don't have the same time as you. Successful, they work hard, you can trust them, the job is only a small filter of their intelligence. The report, the news, the gossip, is like that. They all have better jobs than you.

Don't misunderstand the job.

Fuck you, you walk in and see the headlines so you can stop and suck, swallow, don't, spit, all as whole. Put nose up to it and read it like a long book and register. The headlines are taken away for the exact same reason there's no men's bathroom, no stall with a hole, no nice extra room for you in the middle to expose, wank, cum, show and drip and no filled to cleaning need kid's bucket as tureen. Rows of videos on shelves in my hovel with the little dead girls' names on the spines facing out. Hundreds. I simply took them apart with a screwdriver and glue remover and threw them away in garbage bags. Looked worse than it was if found.

Don't think I do the same thing and don't think I'm not aware of our inconsequential affinities. Once you've heard me say it. Your vanity engulfs. Doesn't reciprocate. Shit about choices comes next. But I'm still going to cut the headlines gone. To make it more exacting in surge, more like what we have to do together. Finish the report and submit it to the ones who worry about it being constant, rolling and debilitating.

I certainly see that the opposite is true. All the photos spread out and remove the intonations and false protective adversarial reasoning and I have a collection of children's faces and often their bodies. Anything I say is cleaning it up. All lies to save some horror over what I'm really looking at. Missing what is happening, what won't leave their minds as they grieve and spleen relentlessly. I had to make it something larger and picked pain as a way to excuse myself. Garish dots that are no one's more important's voice. I made them faceless and then destroyed mellifluous. No cute voices or favorite school smiles biting. I end up with rape more than names. Staring off exactly like an older used version would be forced to do.

It could've become worse, binaurally, as the internet replaced the newspapers as vehicle. If I were stuck with the pornography of pictures. Never mind the access behind the mail to the sites, the user groups and phrase triggers. Simply with the full screen pictures of Shasta Groene and Danielle van Dam and new forum found Jason Swift and the latest version that sprawled as promising missed or discovered dump. You don't know what I was thinking decades behind me as I jerked off in an alley, in a bar, in front of a computer, with someone and my eyes closed just to be able to finish what I was in the middle of then. It didn't get worse. Full color. All this about personal and psychic bludgeoning, you're wrong about that and the circumspect, feeble, obfuscation.

I'm relieved that I was asking questions of the gentleman who was demanding recorded answers to his official questions. I can say that the highly identifiable lack of change, now, is the very reason that I drop into the middle of yet another run-on. Empty as impatient points and more patient than apologetic. I realized it then, as I do now, and have no reason to change it, no matter how carelessly what I confess proves that I do. I can't. When faced with these things. Deny it. And I don't think admission matches embarrassment. Certainly not guilt, impossible to pierce shame. Which is what I think I'd like to fuck even more. Hopefully, I see a finality to pornography. A compact definition to the word deserving its wane. If I can talk about it as a living slug rather than an aqueous, shifting, elongating idea. I am very interested in him telling me what he thinks. It wasn't flirting. And I'm stuck with not only what I've done, still not cautious enough, not even close, drunk as well, but also seeing the subject as

something that involves, maybe not requires, another's psychopathic demands to loss. In that way, I can say that I don't know that it ties us together, politely, or that I'm making comments on its nature, incorrectly, evasively, because I'm insisting on jagged details rather than icy summations and as a result get to go only half way. If half. No matter whatever you have in front of your lapping huffing fat face. Pallid. She was especially harmed. Me answering that the great determined created the picture that I got from a tabloid of just that and getting sunk in behaviorist verisimilitude will still sound less. It isn't. This way. I'm not part of the stillborn gaggle laying blame on distribution. The fully effective plan that was annihilated completely by technology, operant access over conditioning. I've had to avoid that section of the constitution, its amendments and prosecutors, as proven stumbles in obsolescence. Why it was made. And how nice it would have been to create it. And, first, this time, to forget how it was brought forward but received and willfully insist when I find myself beside myself with glee that this isn't as close as it gets but, right then, it is the naked girl, murdered, and it is a picture of a girl lying flat on her back, naked, if the murder and violence and rape wasn't the thought I was looking for. Is it possible, I'd answer, that there was only one thought. Yes, I'll tell you how I know. Everything is done to draw a single focus down from what is exciting as it is unfocused. You do need to narrow the horizon and pin your greedy shit faced eyes and not stop the worry of anything else bothering you but prove instead that nothing else can. The proof, the explanation, comes later as these issues will seem to bother you. But you've already done away with that. The problem would be what do you want to do when the problem is not anything other than this, this is fine, this is the sole reason to exist. Fine. You use the word bother quite a bit. I use the word clearly alot more. Ask me again. It's wrong to do this. A mistake made repetitively against the louder concept that hopes it could have been forgotten now. To keep doing this. Not that. Not being able to see it for what it is in present thrash rather than past causes. That, this, is what proves how fucking wrong it is rather than what it was. It is still wrong. An absolute failure in real time. A dripper that causes more embarrassment than evidence. More than a moment or a lapse in, without, progress. Try to find what is happening less than overwhelming. A slow where you excite what is not exciting rather than an officially retarded hope that things like this get better. If the child is stripped. The next and only idea, the percussive block, to taking off its drab clothes then pretty, is closing your eyes. The form advertises use as open.

Before you go to jail. Before you have to find yourself, equivocating, honed to the middle of killing yourself. You do not have to do anything like having to see her naked. To recognize the slow insertion in pull back, spread with fat fingers or cropped painfully to book familiar as crime.

Remove the provocation, as I've asked. Remove, explicitly, the pictures of the children you've relied on as inescapable without taking blame and including the impossibility as effrontery en banc.

There's more to remove. You'll need to see the adults as one of yourself. As a section of agreement where it's no longer acceptable to say how wrong it lives to do our next parts similarly. Without picking self-serving phony tiffs. You don't get to pretend you've accepted responsibility as steeled or promise. This will not, say, get worse. This time. Because I'm fucking it up for the detrimentals who imagine it might be a greater document of the high collapse between sentimental doggerel and sadistic pighanding if I'd leave the information to speak for itself. As if you should merely return to the subject and now, given the perfectly fine years of difficult education only, reapply the outsider's laughable courage that comes from suggesting a moment, a passion, a lapse. Clearly a less sensitive time than it should have been. These poor complicated things were herded. And any idiot would see that. If I simply republished the trivial for the coarse. Hung the transcripts to create the filthy gallery. Begged you to listen. Hawked.

Pornography, for the purposes of my self-report, requested as fantasy deconstruction, is defined by the single simple act of returning. This is my understanding as current. As defense, as explicable. Pornography, a pejorative term rather appropriately applied to a central reduction as ideal, is where I look when I come back. Masturbating is not the requirement to the fool with his penis in his hand and the images dripping to lube or better raw. The thoughts, the faggot hopes, either start up again soon enough or it hardly requires the same fucking response all the time. You'll see it dreaming, wrong, repetitive, correctly. It's something of an insult from god if you find god worthwhile until you realize it was truly very kind, very thoughtful, very caring.

It would have been worse not to masturbate. Not to become excited. Not beside yourself. To keep working and seeing and indulging it like some monk rate miser refusing to comprehend the worst fading away.

Then see it as puerile, infantile. Lack and response. Childish, bitchy, needy. Tell coping. Empathy won't work for those delightfals who believe they need it. Realize only to exclaim that every single section of the monstrously impressive industry is wooden except for the psychotic responses to summing cum a bit quicker. The complexities over distress don't backup the corporations. What should be a shrug is not kept under place by those like you. We've had to construct tight cottages and disgusted wardens for your middling panics. Only wish either argument lighted on promise or pleasure. Call her shit. Because she was found that way. But mean that she was shit. Cock into slit. And see that it's shit. No better everything, Dreamy.

You have to tell someone for all of it to exist. You have to, in fact, tell even more people. You have to talk at yourself. I've said this before so often, I like repeating it, you wouldn't want some proxy to interrupt. And barely suddenly know that someone else is listening and then guess backward and forward where you've gone wrong in exactly every single possible way these listeners will misunderstand their father position right to the place you're standing stupid in. A quiet act. You talk when you're fucked up, monkey, looking exactly like the kind of ape that can talk and says the utter nonsense an ape would howl if it wasn't able to get over tugging on itself. Gets worse when I don't keep talking about it like insanity, oddly enough. These slumped men of individual worth who do not tell me what they jerk off to, don't show me when there's nothing to piece eye to stroke together, aren't doing enough to entertain either of us. I tell you. Too. I'm just as fine watching men masturbate. I'm fine with what they want to see even if that's hidden from me. What they say will most likely be lies. Fantasies without purchase. And, even then, finds open in front of them, they'll not actively comprehend what it is they were thinking of while they saw something that looked close. I'll remember how you looked; that's why I said the encode instructions out loud. It helps me remember. As if the words were instead supposed to come up from their fucking spine quicker than down their stem. And we have doctors, this is true and reliable, who attach filament rings around ward's cocks to measure how hard they're getting when they look at certain specific pictures. These men measure degrees and rework statistics and change their work models as new information comes in and they see where these jagoff ideas might work more to the point they're looking for. You have to give them cooling off times between pictures, say. You have to let the men attach themselves to the machines unlike staring back at high heels and young butts while sporting and wishing condoms and cock-rings. Tells the doctor. I remember going home alone and putting condoms on just to jerk off in. No one else there but me and I don't think, unless you insist differently, that I'm some toilet accomplishing the jibe between bodily and non-bodily. Function kills fond.

You picked the joy in pinks and yellows and resented the odium not quietly contained quite enough.

There's a shorthand to the voices we'll have to contend with. The interviewer, who is never to be blamed for personal indignity since his understanding of the victim's experience can't begin without a first fault seen as licentious, seen as where everything else started to go wrong against best wishes; what could have happened without the criminal's insistence, fucking, interference. The passing lack of control becomes permanent as any other less specialized tragedy you should have imagined harder. This is the confusion that you'll have to

work through as if you're not an idiot to have suffered and valorized confusion at the very start. It can't be conversations about masturbating. It can't be reports of men quietly obsessing over the smallest sections in the ever widening sections of pornography as a tool. Cite language without legacy and inheritance without slur. Record the violence as *prima facie* and centralize facts as numbers when the names disintegrate; recenter yourself to type. Destroy the pictures you would've wanted to keep, personalized, when imagining your next best moment.

Self-reporting includes you taking some greater detail and trying to pry that detail away from what was delivered. What should be dictum until you get your fingers in. What you did wrong wasn't expected by others for you or, eventually, from you. Your responsibility to all of us insists that you start separating the sex you have wanted with adults to the children, who are gone, as pictures and stories only. You have decades of this constant aggravating mistake. You left it. You should think of it in that way again. Think responsible and how it can't magnify, imply.

Victim 'shy, quiet'—and easy target

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Thursday, August 23, 1984 3



Photo courtesy of WMAQ-Channel 5
Bridges (above) was reunited with his mother by NBC reporters and Chicago police in February. His interview will be aired on Channel 5 in a news special on child pornography, "The Silent Shame," Saturday at 9 p.m.

By Don Hayner
and Phillip J. O'Connor

Twice before, the parents of Dan Bridges had feared he was dead.

Twice, his dental records were sent off to be compared with those of slaying victims. Twice, they didn't match.

From the time he was 9 years old, when he was sexually abused by a neighborhood man, Bridges fell into street encounters with male homosexuals. He was an easy target for violence.

Tuesday, Bridges' dismembered body was found in six garbage bags in a dumpster near the North Side apartment of Larry Eyler.

Eyler, 31, was charged last night in his killing and is a suspect in 19 other slayings of men in Illinois and Indiana, detectives said.

Ironically, last fall, Bridges, 16, was believed to have been a victim of Eyler. At the time, bodies of other young men Eyler is suspected of killing had been found in shallow graves in the two states.

In July, 1982, Cook County Juvenile Court put the youth under guardianship of the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services because he was a runaway. He was placed at Maryville Academy.

He was returned to his parents, Noble and Austine Bridges, of 4511 N. Spaulding, on Jan. 31, 1983, after he appeared to be making a good adjustment at Maryville and his parents had family counseling, detectives said.

But he ran away again the following May 31. He told

police he lived with a homosexual man in a filthy basement apartment on North Leavitt before hitchhiking to High Point, N.C., where he lived with another man.

In February, he was found by NBC reporters and Chicago police in High Point. He was returned to his family and there was hope his disappearances into the world of child molesters and pornographers were over.

Roosevelt High School Principal Ursula Blitzner said he enrolled last fall in the school's special education division but disappeared before the first day of classes. He didn't show up until February, she said.

Blitzner said Bridges "was a rather shy, quiet and withdrawn child."

Mark Nykanen, a reporter on an NBC news special on child pornography, "The Silent Shame," which will be shown at 9 p.m. Saturday on WMAQ-Channel 5, accompanied Chicago Youth Officer Brian Killackey to High Point to return with Bridges.

Nykanen said he did not include videotape he shot of Bridges in the news special because DCFS officials feared it might harm him.

In the taped interviews, the youth said his first sexual experience was with an Uptown man when he was 9. The youth added that he had numerous encounters.

A DCFS spokesman said that after the youth returned to his family in February, he received counseling at least once a week and that it continued until his death.

Toni Ginnetti also contributed to this story.

2-YEAR TRAIL OF SEX KILLINGS LEADS TO MURDER OF UPTOWN TEEN

Body identified as Danny Bridges; Larry Eyler charged



Accused sex slayer Larry Eyler (right) walked out of Lake County Jail last February after evidence against him was ruled inadmissible. With Eyler are his mother and attorney David P. Schippers, who defended Eyler against charges that he murdered Uptown resident Ralph Galles. (Photo: Paul Cotton/GayLife)

By PAUL COTTON

A two-year trail of vicious sex murders of young men may have ended, police believe, with the discovery of 16-year-old Daniel Bridges' dismembered body and the arrest of Larry Eyler for Bridges' murder.

Eyler, 31, who had walked out of Lake County (Ill.) Jail on \$1,000 bail Feb. 6 after evidence linking him to

another murder was tossed out on a technicality, is being held in isolation at Cook County Jail, awaiting his Sept. 19 arraignment on charges of murder, armed violence, aggravated kidnapping, unlawful restraint, and concealment of a homicide. The penalty could be death.

Bridges' body was found in eight pieces in garbage bags in a dumpster behind the apartment building next to



Now Eyler has been charged with the dismemberment murder of Danny Bridges, 16, seen here as he appeared on an NBC News report about teenage prostitution. Bridges had also been a key witness in the Joe's Juice joint case in April 1982, in which three men were found guilty of charges involving sex with minors. Bridges' body was found in a Rogers Park dumpster Aug. 21. (Photo courtesy NBC/WMAQ TV, Chicago)

Eyler's building, 1628 W. Sherwin on Chicago's far North Side. Like most of the 24 other murder victims linked by police to Eyler, Bridges, a prostitute, had been tied up, sexually assaulted, and stabbed repeatedly.

Police say they have gathered a "mountain" of evidence against Eyler in the Bridges case. A witness allegedly saw Eyler with a teenager resembling Bridges driving in Eyler's pickup

truck Sunday night, Aug. 19. A janitor said he saw Eyler carry the garbage bags containing Bridges' body to the dumpster. Blood matching Bridges' type was found splattered under the just-painted walls throughout the apartment that Eyler, a house painter, had lived in for two months.

The relatively new technique of spraying the chemical Luminol, which interacts with iron oxide in the blood to give off a dark green glow,

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MURDER

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was used in the apartment, and one witness to the test said blood was found "just about every place we sprayed."

"We're doing this [because] we want everything out of that house we can use, and we really want everything in this case," said Chicago police technician Sgt. Leo Roberts to reporters. "We can't afford to lose him [Eyer] this time."

Eyer was charged last fall with the August 1983 murder of Ralph Calise, an Uptown resident whose body was found near Lake Forest in Lake County, Ill., not far from where two other bodies were found. Most of the 24 victims that have been linked to Eyer were either gay or had histories of prostitution. Police hoped Eyer's arrest would end the killings; but Eyer was released on bond after Circuit Court Judge William D. Block ruled in February that Indiana state police had detained Eyer illegally and that all evidence stemming from that detention—including handcuffs, a bloodstained hunting knife, boots that matched prints at the Calise murder scene, rope, and telephone records obtained on a warrant based on the other evidence—was inadmissible. Block later said he had no choice but to reduce Eyer's bond.

"This was our main fear—that if he was out

on the streets he would do it again," said Lake County Sheriff Robert Babcox. "He should not have been allowed back on the streets, for the public's safety and for his own safety. As much as possible we kept tabs on him, but we were dealing with harassment charges by his attorneys."

Eyer had filed a \$250,000 lawsuit last October charging that detectives violated his civil rights during their investigation.

Police believe that Bridges was killed in Eyer's bedroom, where the blood samples were concentrated, and that Eyer had carried the dead body into the bathtub and cut it up with a hacksaw. Bridges had been stabbed about six times with a knife and a dozen more times with a small, sharp instrument, which police believe to have been an awl found in the apartment. A hacksaw was also found, but its blade has not been recovered. Also found were a T-shirt with the word "Duke" on it, which a friend of Bridges' said she had given him, a bloodstained red upholstered chair, and bloodstained clothing and newspapers. Detectives said what appeared to be human tissue was found under a bathroom radiator, and several bags of bloody water were removed from the laundry room in Eyer's building.

But one question the evidence cannot answer is why Bridges, who knew Eyer and the earlier charges against him, had gone home with the suspected sex killer.

"Yeah, I knew him [Eyer]," said Bridges

Eyer was attendant in children's home

ceived by the naked eye.

"WE'RE DOING this [because] we want everything out of that house we can use and really, we want everything in this case. We can't afford to lose him [Eyer] this time," said Sgt. Leo Roberts of the Chicago Police Department.

Continued on page 6, col. 4

body was found Tuesday morning in a dumpster near Eyer's apartment at 1628 W. Sherwin Ave.

Friday night, police sprayed the chemical luminol throughout Eyer's apartment. Police sources said that luminol, when used in a darkened location, can bring out traces of spattered blood on walls or floors and detect bloody footprints that cannot be per-

feeding of children aged 6 through 12 years at the Augustana Group Home, 3120 W. Palmer Square., according to Mary Hastings, a spokesman for Lutheran Social Services of Illinois, which funds the home.

The disclosure came as police continued efforts to strengthen their case against Eyer, 31, in the slaying of Daniel Bridges, whose dismembered

By Andy Knott and Mark Eisman

LARRY EYER, charged with the dismemberment-murder of a 16-year-old Chicago boy, worked for two weeks last month as an attendant to handicapped children on the Northwest Side. The Tribune learned Friday.

Eyer was employed in the care and

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Chicago Metro Digest

New gay and lesbian anti-Reagan group to have first meeting Sept. 6

The newly formed Chicago Gay and Lesbian Committee to Defeat Reagan will have its first organizational meeting Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 8 p.m. at 7428 N. Damen, Apt. 2. A spokesman

for the group urged all Democrats, Republicans, and independents who cannot support the Republican platform to attend. For more information, call 338-2833.

during recent interviews with the Chicago Tribune and NBC News about the life of street prostitution he had led since a sexual encounter at age 9 with an adult male neighbor. "He was a real freak. He used to come around Uptown and hang around."

Reporters were led to Bridges by officers in the Chicago Police Department's Youth Division, with whom Bridges had cooperated to convict three men on sexual misconduct charges stemming from an April 1982 raid on the now-closed Joe's Juice Joint, 2628 N. Halsted. Ron Rasmussen, 36, with whom Bridges had lived, was found guilty of having oral sex with Bridges, then a minor, and was sentenced to eight years in prison. The juice bar's owner, Joseph Della Valle, 43, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to four years for taking sexual liberties with Bridges. Ron Hawbaker, 46, the bar's manager, also pleaded guilty on sexually related charges and was given two years probation.

After Joe's Juice Joint was closed, Bridges was placed in a Department of Children and Family Services institution, Maryville Academy in suburban Des Plaines. He was released in January 1983 to his parents, and reportedly went back to selling his body on the streets of Uptown, in the Wilson-Broadway area. Bridges ran away from home in May 1983, first to what police called a "filthy" North Side basement apartment, then to a home in High Point, N. C., where he and several other teenagers traded sex for room and board.

On several occasions while Bridges was missing, his dental records were sent off for comparison with the remains of some of the young men found sexually abused, stabbed, and abandoned in rural areas between Chicago and Indianapolis.

But Bridges returned home this February, to his parents' residence at 4511 N. Spaulding. He was due to be placed in another DCFS facility this week.

Eyler

Continued from page 1

ment crime lab, at 1121 S. State St. In addition to the Bridges murder, Eyler is a suspect in 23 other slayings, police say, including the stabbing death of Ralph Calise, in which Eyler also has been charged. Calise's body was found near Lake Forest in August, 1983.

In February, a Lake County judge ruled that key items of evidence would be inadmissible in Eyler's trial for the murder of Calise. The ruling also resulted in the lowering of Eyler's bond in that case from \$1 million to \$10,000, and Eyler's subsequent release on bond.

Hastings said Eyler was fired from the Augustana home July 30 after being absent for four days, from July 28 through 29, when he was supposed to work. Eyler also was turned down when he requested reinstatement at the home in early August.

"HE WAS NEVER alone with pe-

tents. He worked closely with a supervisor. His work performance was good for the time he was here," Hastings said.

Eyler got the job partly on the strength of personal references whose names he gave the home, including that of the Chicago attorney who represented him in the Calise slaying. The attorney, David Schippers, a former federal prosecutor, has resigned from the Lake County case. He said the Augustana home never contacted him about Eyler.

Among other references, Eyler also gave the name of Dr. Robert Little of Indiana State University, Terre Haute. Attempts by The Tribune to contact Little on Friday were unsuccessful.

The two names were confirmed by the Cook County state's attorney's office and by Don Hallberg, president of Lutheran Social Services.

Hallberg said Eyler's references were not checked until after he called the home on Aug. 3 and asked for his job back. "A conference was scheduled for Aug. 6,"

Hallberg said, and on Aug. 5 staff members called some of the names on the list. Hallberg would not say which references were called, but said one of them referred to the home's staff to Waukegan police. In that way the staff learned of Eyler's pending murder case in Lake County.

THE NEXT DAY, Hallberg said, a supervisor confronted Eyler with the information from Waukegan. After the meeting, Eyler was told he would not be rehired even though other staff members had thought well of Eyler, according to Hallberg.

"The staff was impressed by him in just a short time. The situation is unfortunate," Hallberg said.

The Augustana home is a red brick former private residence, neatly kept up with a flowered lawn in front, in a middle class neighborhood of large single-family homes and small apartment buildings.

Hallberg said all children at the home had been questioned but none of them had complained about any untoward behavior by Eyler.

Eyler pal talks to cops

By LESLIE ADLER

and ARSENIO OLBOROSO JR.

A 35-YEAR-OLD man whose family once lived with Larry Eyler may be providing information to law enforcement officials in the murder case against Eyler.

The police and the state's attorney's office, however, are refusing to discuss anything about the man, John Dobrovolskis. Dobrovolskis was arrested along with Eyler Aug. 28 at Eyler's apartment, 1624 W. Sherwin Ave., when police were just beginning to investigate the dismemberment slaying of Danny Bridges, whose body was found in a nearby dumpster. No charges were placed against Dobrovolskis.

Irv Miller, head of the state's attorney's Felony Review Division, said Aug. 28 that his office is main-

taining contact with Dobrovolskis. "There was no evidence linking Dobrovolskis with the killing," he said, adding that "there was no deal made in exchange for not charging him."

Miller did not know that Dobrovolskis had only recently cleared out of his apartment at 4419 N. Rockwell Ave., the address he gave police at the time of his arrest, but said his office had spoken to Dobrovolskis Tuesday, Aug. 28.

NO ONE at the Rockwell building recalled Dobrovolskis and the only sign of him that remained was his name on a mailbox in a dingy entryway. Also on the mailbox were the names of his wife, his mother-in-law and an unidentified fourth person. No other information on the group is available since the

building's landlord did not return phone calls to the Lerner Newspapers.

But the owner of Dobrovolskis' previous residence recalled both him and Eyler.

The landlady of 3240 N. Greenview, a plain green and white three-bedroom frame house in Lake View, said the lease was in Dobrovolskis' name, but that Eyler apparently had been living there with Dobrovolskis, his wife, Sara, and two or three children. Sara Dobrovolskis' mother may have also lived there.

"BOY, THAT was a strange situation," the landlady said in recalling the living arrangement. She said Eyler and Dobrovolskis frequently went out to bars at night, although they apparently did not

frequent the neighborhood spots.

Members of the gay community have said that Eyler patronized Lilie Jim's Tavern at 3591 N. Halsted St., Touche at 2825 N. Lincoln Ave. and several bars on Clark Street near Grand Avenue, including the Gold Coast and the Redoubt.

The Greenview building owner said Dobrovolskis "was real close to Larry (Eyler); let's just put that way."

She threw them all out of the building sometime in May or June after the rent had not been paid for two months. Dobrovolskis gave her no trouble when she told him to leave, she said.

In the few times she was inside the house when the Dobrovolskis were home, she recalled them as very polite, with a clean house.



EYLER

Suspect charged with killing teen

By Philip Wattley
and Mark Eissman

LARRY EYLER was charged with murder Wednesday night in the slaying of a 16-year-old boy whose dismembered body was found in a trash dumpster near Eyer's far North Side apartment, authorities said.

Eyer, who was charged last year with murder in Lake County, Ill., slaying, is a suspect in 18 more slayings, according to authorities. Of the 20 slayings in which he is a suspect, 10 occurred in Illinois and 10 in Indiana. The latest charges, in Daniel Bridg-

es' death, followed hours of painstaking search for evidence, according to Lt. Edward Wodnicki, commander of the Belmont Area police headquarters.

"Based on the evidence obtained by our detectives, the Cook County state's attorney has approved charges of murder and concealing a homicide against Mr. Eyer," said Wodnicki, who added that a massive amount of evidence was

gathered against Eyer. Wodnicki said Eyer would be held in the Belmont District lock-up Wednesday night before a preliminary hearing Thursday morning.

WHEN HE WAS arrested Tuesday, Eyer, 31, was free on bond on the previous murder charge because of a court ruling over police procedures. Eyer has refused to make any statement since he was arrested Tuesday morning, detectives said.

Bridges, of 4511 N. Spaulding Ave., was a Roosevelt High School student and the youngest of 12 children in his family.

Bridges had been interviewed this year by two news organizations, including The Tribune, for stories about sexual abuse of children. During both interviews, Bridges had said he knew Eyer, who had been charged in one murder then and was reported a suspect in 18 others.

Bridges told The Tribune, "Yeah, I knew him [Eyer]. He was a real freak. He used to come around Uptown and hang around."

EYLER, WHO HAD been living at 1628 W. Sherwin Ave. in recent months, was arrested after Bridges' dismem-

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Killing

Continued from page 1

bered body was found in a black plastic bag in a garbage dumpster behind another building in the 1600 block of West Sherwin Avenue.

Police said a janitor has identified Eyer as the man he saw carrying a filled plastic bag out to that dumpster at 4 p.m. Monday.

Dr. Robert Stein, Cook County medical examiner, said Wednesday that the cause of Bridges' death was "stab wounds to the chest, one of which punctured his heart."

Bridges was stabbed about six times with a knife and a dozen more times with a smaller instrument, such as an ice pick, Stein said. The body was dismembered with a saw, Stein added.

A man who was in Eyer's first-

floor apartment when police arrived Tuesday morning remained in the Belmont Area station Wednesday voluntarily, Wodnicki said. Other officers said the man will be called to testify before a grand jury that will investigate the killing. Eyer and the man and his wife lived in a North Greenview Avenue building when Eyer was arrested previously, police said.

THE CURRENT investigation is being directed by Assistant State's Atty. Irving Miller, head of felony review, and his deputy, Dennis Derbach. Both met with police investigators Wednesday night in the Belmont police headquarters.

As part of their search for evidence, police used laser beams to determine if Eyer's fingerprints could be lifted from the plastic bag in which Bridges' body was found. Fingerprint tests also were conducted in Eyer's apartment.

On Wednesday, police removed a

T-shirt from the apartment with the word "Duke" on it and were asking members of Bridges' family if they recognized it.

Also Wednesday, technicians removed parts of the bedroom walls that will be examined for blood and fingerprints.

ON TUESDAY, detectives took 20 bags of items from the Eyer apartment to be examined at the crime laboratory at police headquarters, 1121 S. State St.

The bags contained a blood-stained red upholstered chair, blood-spattered clothing and newspapers and an awl believed capable of inflicting the puncture wounds found on Bridges' body.

Earlier, police removed bags of bloody water from the laundry room of Eyer's apartment building, plus materials found in the laundry drain, which police believe are skin and other body parts.

Police believe that Eyer made

contact with Bridges Saturday or Sunday.

Eyer, a husky Indiana-born house painter, was charged last fall with murder in the death of Ralph Calise, 28, an electrician who lived at 5014 N. Hermitage Ave. Calise's body, bearing multiple stab wounds, was found Aug. 31, 1983, in a desert area near Lake Forest. Two other bodies were found earlier in the same area.

Judge William Block of Lake County Circuit Court dismissed much of the evidence in the Calise case last February on grounds that police had seized it from Eyer without probable cause. Block also lowered Eyer's bond from \$1 million to \$10,000, allowing Eyer to post the necessary \$1,000 in cash to go free.

Also contributing to this story were Lauren Silberman and Andy Knot.

SEX SLAYING SUSPECT HELD

**Murder indictment
to be sought today**

By Art Petacque and
Phillip J. O'Connor

A murder indictment will be sought today against Larry Eyler, a suspect in 19 sex slayings of men in Illinois and Indiana, after the dismembered body of a 16-year-old youth was found in a dumpster near Eyler's apartment building.

The youth was identified last night as Daniel Bridges, of 4511 N. Spaulding. Investigators said they would present blood samples found in Eyler's apartment and other evidence to the grand jury.

Eyler, 30, of 1628 W. Sherwin, had been released from jail Feb. 6 after a judge reduced his bond from \$1 million to \$10,000 in the murder of a man in Lake County, Ill.

The Lake County sheriff and state's attorney criticized the court ruling that permitted Eyler to go free



Larry Eyler
Out on bond

six months ago, but the judge defended his decision as the only one he could have made.

Another man who was in Eyler's first-floor apartment when police knocked on the door yesterday morning also

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SUN-TIMES/Bob Ringham

Sharon Faught (right), the sister of 16-year-old slaying victim Daniel Bridges, is comforted by a friend, Linda Wynn, outside the police station last night.

Sex slaying suspect is questioned

Continued from Page 1

was being questioned by police, who obtained warrants to search Eyer's apartment, van and the apartment-building laundry.

Detectives said they found what appeared to be human skin in a drain in a tub in the laundry room of Eyer's apartment building and sent it to the crime laboratory for examination.

Among items removed from his apartment were a wooden dining room chair with a red cushion, a laundry basket containing clothing,

several plastic bags that appeared to contain clothing, a pen containing a white plastic bag with liquid in it, and a plastic pail containing books and other items.

Detectives said Bridges' body had been cut into eight parts.

Eyer has been linked with the slayings of 19 men in Illinois and Indiana between Oct. 23, 1982, and Oct. 19, 1983. Investigators said motives in a number of the slayings appeared to be sexual.

In the latest slaying, the dismembered body was found yesterday morning in a dumpster at the rear of 1640 W. Sherwin—adjacent to Eyer's apartment building—when a janitor, Joseph Balla, became disturbed because the bags were not from his building.

Balla began removing the six bags from the dumpster and, as he did so, one of them broke and body parts fell out. The janitor from Eyer's building told police he'd seen Eyer put the bag in the dumpster Monday afternoon. He then led them to Eyer's apartment.

Police said the body was discovered at about 6:15 a.m., three hours before a private scavenger service was to have picked up the trash and moved it to a waste-disposal center.

Police lab technicians reconstructed the body, took a



SUN-TIMES/Jim Klepich
Police remove evidence from a dumpster at 1640 W. Sherwin where earlier yesterday the dismembered body of Daniel Bridges was discovered.

photograph of the face and were able to identify the victim as Bridges after showing the photo to youths in the Uptown neighborhood. The boy's parents—Noble and Austine Bridges—made positive identification.

Lake County Sheriff Robert "Mirkey" Babcox, who investigated the slaying for which Eyer is awaiting trial, said one of his biggest fears had been that Eyer, "with his track record," would kill again if released.

Lake County State Attorney Fred L. Foreman said the case was "very similar" to that of suspected multiple killer Alton Coleman, 28, accused of a seven-week crime

spree in six states while he was free on bond in a rape case.

Foreman said he had conferred with the Cook County state's attorney's office, adding, "If we get enough evidence on Eyer, we will go into the Illinois Appellate Court and ask that his bond be revoked."

Eyer's case is "another classic example of the [legal] exclusionary rule at work" under which evidence found by the courts to have been obtained improperly by police can't be used against a defendant, Foreman said.

Lake County Circuit Judge William Block reduced Eyer's bond a week after



SUN-TIMES/Al Podgorak
A stunned Austine Bridges is helped from the police station last night after helping officers in the investigation of the slaying of her son, Daniel.

court], the case will come back to me."

The judge said that if a courts have ruled that if a motion to suppress evidence is allowed, the defendant "shall" be released without bond, unless there are strong reasons not to.

"If it wasn't for the nature of all the circumstances, he should have been released without any bond," Block said. "I set some sort of bond to keep some sort of restrictions on him. Unfortunately, perhaps, it would have violated the law to keep his bond at \$1 million."

Jim Casey and Susan Satter also contributed to this story.

that evidence recovered by Indiana authorities could not be used in the trial for the slaying of Ralph Carlise, 28, a Chicago electrician. Eyer had been in jail since his arrest on Oct. 29 by Lake County authorities.

The judge ruled that Eyer earlier had been detained illegally by Indiana police and his property had been seized without probable cause. Indiana police had confiscated handcuffs, a blood-stained knife, tape, rope and a pair of boots from Eyer's truck.

Block said he did what he felt was proper, adding he had to be guarded in his public comments because "if I'm reversed [by an appeals

SUSPECT QUIZZED IN 20TH SLAYING

Body recovered from dumpster

By Philip J. O'Connor
and Jim Casey

Larry Eyler, a suspect in as many as 19 sex slayings of men in Illinois and Indiana, was being questioned today in the slaying of an unidentified man whose dismembered body was found in six plastic bags in a North Side dumpster.

Eyler, 30, of 1628 W. Sherman, who was released from jail Feb. 6 after a judge reduced his bond from \$1 million to \$10,000 in the murder of a man in Lake County, Ill., was being questioned by Area 8 detective.

Another man who was in Eyler's first-floor apartment when police knocked on the door this morning was also being questioned by police who obtained warrants to search Eyler's apartment and van.

Detectives said the slaying victim, whose body had been cut into eight parts, was in his 20s, white, about 5 foot 8, 160 pounds and had tattoos



Larry Eyler
Out on bond

between some of his fingers. Police were attempting to identify him through fingerprints and the tattoos, and were checking missing persons lists.

Lake County Sheriff Robert "Mickey" Babcox, who investigated the murder that

Turn to Page 14



SUN-TIMES/Am Kephthar
Police officers remove evidence from a dumpster at 1640 W. Sherman, where earlier today dismembered body parts of an unidentified man were discovered. Larry Eyler, 30, lives at 1628 W. Sherman.

Dumpster yields man's body; suspect quizzed

Continued from Page 1

Eyler is awaiting trial on, said, "That was one of our biggest fears at the time—that with his track record he would kill again."

"Our biggest concern was that he would do it again. He should have been kept locked up for the protection of the citizens. I don't think he can control himself."

Eyler has been linked with the slayings of 19 men in the two states between Oct. 23, 1982, and Oct. 19, 1983. Investigators said that motives in a number of the slayings appeared to be sexual.

In the latest murder, the dismembered body was found about 6:30 this morning in a dumpster at the rear of 1640 W. Sherwin—adjacent to Eyler's apartment building—when a janitor, Joseph Balla, became disturbed because the bags were not from his building.

Balla began removing the six bags from the dumpster and, as he did so, one of them broke and body parts fell out. He called police.

Capt. Frank Nolan, a Rogers Park District watch commander, was directing officers in cordoning off the dumpster when one of Eyler's neighbors told Nolan: "I saw who put those bags there and I can show you where he lives."

The neighbor led officers to Eyler's first-floor apartment, where Eyler and the second man were taken into custody. The neighbor said

Eyler put the bags into the dumpster about 4 p.m. yesterday.

Detectives said the body had been dismembered either by somebody who had been a butcher or who had medical experience because the cuts were clean.

The head was severed from the chest, as were both arms and legs. The legs had been cut into two pieces. Cook County Medical Examiner Robert J. Stein went to the scene.

Neighbors told police they had heard sounds of a quarrel in Eyler's apartment Sunday night. They said Eyler had lived there two months.

Lake County Circuit Judge William Block reduced Eyler's bond on Feb. 6, a week after ruling that evidence recovered by Indiana authorities could not be used in the murder trial of Ralph Calise, 28, a Chicago electrician. Eyler had been in jail since his arrest on Oct. 29 by Lake County authorities.

The judge ruled that Eyler had been detained illegally earlier by Indiana police and his property seized without probable cause. Indiana police had confiscated handcuffs, a blood-stained knife, tape, rope and a pair of boots from Eyler's truck.

Lake County State's Attorney Fred L. Foreman is appealing Block's ruling on the suppression of key evidence in the case because the state has a weak case without it.

Babcox, in discussing Block's actions, said, "We have become a nation of technicalities. It seems we don't really care about the truth of the matter—all we care about is technicalities. We put somebody out on the street on a technicality."

"Our judge [Block] could have ruled either way. He could have ruled to hold him in custody and let the other side [Eyler's lawyers] do the appealing."

Block responded that he did what he felt was proper, adding he had to be guarded in his public comments because "if I'm reversed [by an appeals court], the case will come back to me."

Discussing the reduction of Eyler's bond, Block said higher courts have ruled that if a motion to suppress evidence is allowed, the defendant "shall" be released without bond, unless there are extreme circumstances.

"If it wasn't for the nature of all the circumstances, he should have been released without any bond," Block said. "I set some sort of bond to keep some sort of restrictions on him. Unfortunately, perhaps, it would have violated the law to keep his bond at \$1 million."

Block said it usually takes the Appellate Court from one year to 18 months to rule on an appeal.

Calise's bound and mutilated body was found Aug. 30, 1983, near Lake Forest.

Serial Killer Eyler Dies in Prison Hospital

By Scott Fornek
Staff Writer

Serial killer Larry Eyler, who was convicted of two murders and suspected in about 20 other Midwest slayings, died Sunday on Death Row, apparently of complications from AIDS.

Prison officials would not release the cause of death, but Eyler's attorney, Kathleen T. Zellner, said he succumbed to AIDS, which he believed he contracted in 1984. He tested HIV-positive in 1990.

Eyler, 41, died about 12:30 p.m. at Pontiac Correctional Center's prison infirmary, where he had been for about a week, said Nic Howell, a spokesman for the state Corrections Department.



Larry Eyler

"He did well until 10 days ago," Zellner said. "Then he developed flu-like symptoms and high fever. He pretty much died in his sleep."

Eyler had been on Death Row since 1986 for the murder of 15-year-old Daniel Bridges, an Uptown street kid whose dismembered body was found in a dumpster near Eyler's North Side home.

A house painter, Eyler kidnapped Bridges, who was working as a prostitute, and took him to his apartment on Aug. 20, 1984. He tortured and fatally stabbed the youth, according to trial testimony.

Using a hacksaw, Eyler cut up the body in his bathroom and placed the parts into plastic garbage bags, prosecutors said. A janitor from a nearby apartment building found a human thigh in one of the bags.

Eyler pleaded guilty three years ago to the 1982 murder of Steven Agan, a Terre Haute, Ind., man whose body was found at an abandoned Indiana farm.

Three years ago, Eyler tried to have his death sentence reversed in exchange for information on more than 20 murders committed from 1982 to 1984, Zellner said. Cook County State's Attorney Jack O'Malley rejected the deal.

Eyler charged in killing

By Art Petacque
and Phillip J. O'Connor

Larry Eyler was charged last night with murder in the dismemberment slaying of a 16-year-old North Side youth, while Kenosha County, Wis., authorities were investigating him for a similar slaying last year.

Officials had expected Eyler to be indicted yesterday, but a longer-than-anticipated presentation to a Cook County grand jury delayed it at least until today.

Eyler, 31, who was arrested Tuesday morning, also was charged with concealing a homicidal death.

Five state's witnesses—the man who had been in Eyler's apartment when he was arrested, the man's wife, the janitor who discovered the victim's remains and two police crime-lab technicians—were scheduled to testify before the grand jury.

Area 6 Violent Crimes Cmdr. Edward Wodnicki's detectives yesterday checked the Uptown neighborhood for witnesses who might place Eyler in the company of the victim, Daniel Bridges, of 4511 N. Spaulding.

Bridges' dismembered body was found Tuesday in six garbage bags in a dumpster near Eyler's apartment.

Bridges was known in Uptown by other youths and had a juvenile arrest record, police said. He had not been reported missing by his parents, Noble and Austin Bridges, who identified him Tuesday night.

When Kenosha County sheriff's Lt. Lee Ormson learned that Eyler was being questioned in the Bridges slaying, he sent a detective to confer with Area 6 police.

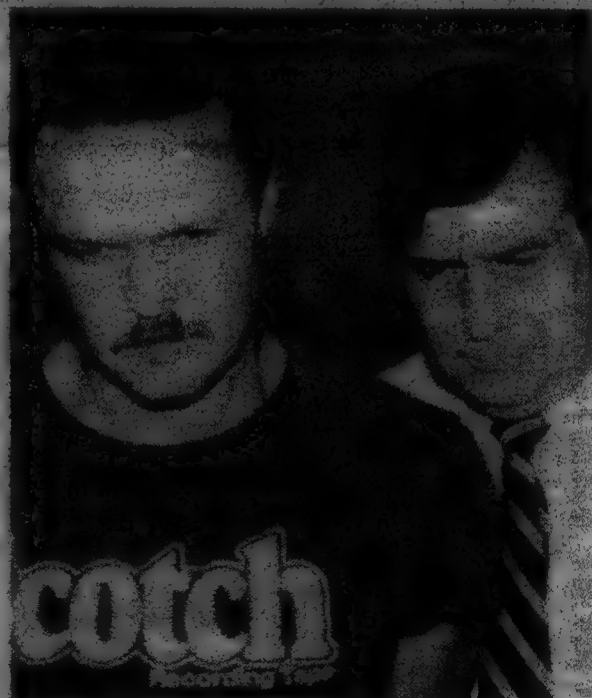
Eyler previously had been a suspect in 19 other sex-related slayings of men in Illinois and Indiana, and had been charged with murdering one of them.

Last Oct. 4, Ormson said, the torso of Eric Hansen, 19, of St. Francis, Wis., was found in a park near the Kenosha-Racine county line.

Ormson said the head and other parts of Hansen's body were never found, but Hansen had a distinctive back injury that enabled X-rays to identify the torso.

Hansen frequented gay bars in Milwaukee and was last seen in an area of gay bars and adult bookstores, Ormson said. The torso was found in a plastic bag, he said.

Milwaukee Chief of Detectives Kenneth Hagopian said his department has a half-dozen unsolved homosexual



SUN-TIMES/Bob Fingham

Police move Larry Eyler (left), just charged with murder in the dismemberment slaying of Dan Bridges, 16, to a new cell in the 6th District lockup last night. Kenosha County, Wis., authorities also are investigating him.

slayings from the last four or five years. "Naturally, we're going to take a look at this guy [Eyler]," he said.

Cook County Medical Examiner Robert J. Stein said an autopsy showed Bridges had been stabbed seven or eight times in the chest with a sharp object, and that one of the wounds punctured the heart, causing death.

Bridges' body had been cut into eight pieces. Police said they found an awl and a hacksaw without a blade in Eyler's first-floor apartment at 1628 W. Sherwin.

Detectives said they also found what appeared to be human tissue under a bathroom radiator. Blood was

found on some clothing in a bathroom hamper and on a living room wall.

Chicago police said they were moving carefully in assembling evidence because they want to avoid legal pitfalls that led to suppression of crucial evidence against Eyler in a Lake County, Ill., murder case.

After Lake County Circuit Judge William Block threw out that evidence, ruling that Indiana police had seized it without probable cause, Block on Feb. 6 reduced Eyler's bond from \$1 million to \$10,000. This allowed Eyler to go free after posting only \$1,000 cash, 10 percent of the bond.

Witness sought to name suspect

By Hanke Gratteau

A 26-year-old Chicago man is being sought by police in Kentucky because he may be able to identify the "prime suspect" in at least eight, and possibly as many as 21, murders in Illinois and Indiana, the Sun-Times has learned.

Lake County (Ind.) sheriff's police Detective Frank Hughes said the witness was found Oct. 13, 1982, unconscious and suffering from exposure in a field along Route 41, near Lowell, Ind.

Traces of a drug found in his body were also found in the bloodstream of a murder victim found less than 10 miles away 10 days later, Hughes said.

Police theorize the man who gave the witness the drug after hiring him to perform a sex act could be the murderer, he said.

Investigators are seeking the witness in hopes he can identify a photograph of a 30-year-old Uptown house painter whom police have called the "prime suspect" in at least eight of the murders.

The painter emerged as a suspect last week when he filed suit in U.S. District Court here seeking to stop police in Indiana and north suburban Lake County, Ill., from harassing him.

Charging police with civil rights violations, the suit also sought the return of the suspect's 1982 Ford pickup truck, which Lake County, Ill., police had seized as evidence in multiple homicides they are investigating, the suit said.

Meanwhile, Indiana State Police Detective Ted Knorr said Thursday the bodies of four unidentified young men unearthed Wednesday in Newton County, Ind., have been linked to a dozen unsolved murders in Illinois and Indiana.

Other investigators have said the number of similar slayings could reach 21.

Police from five Illinois and Indiana counties, where similar murders with homosexual overtones are under investigation, visited the gravesite Thursday, Knorr said, and were satisfied the deaths "are consistent with other slayings they have had in the two states."

The witness now being sought told police last year that he was picked up by a man driving a red pickup truck on Chicago's North Side. The witness, who said he was a male prostitute, agreed to have sex with the man for a fee, Hughes said, and took some pills the truck driver offered him.

Traces of ethchlorvynol, a drug sold under the name Placidyl and used to treat insomnia, were found in the witness' bloodstream.

The same drug was found in the bloodstream of Steven Crockett, 19, of 4501 N. Malden, whose body was found Oct. 23, 1982, in a rural area of Kankakee County, two miles north of Route 17 on the Illinois-Indiana State line, according to the Kankakee County coroner.

Crockett's death was the first of eight unsolved murders linked by police because all of the victims were young males who were either prostitutes or connected with the gay community, investigators said.

Cops seek to link Danny Bridges murder to other sex slayings

By PAUL COTTON

Investigators are hoping evidence gathered on the murder and dismemberment of 16-year-old Daniel Bridges can aid in prosecution of 24 other sex slayings linked by police to Larry Eyer.

Meanwhile, police have grown more confident that Eyer is their man following the release of test results showing Eyer's bloody fingerprints inside the garbage bags containing the eight separate pieces into which Bridges' body had been stuffed.

Law enforcement officials from Indiana and Illinois met in Chicago Aug. 29 to begin comparing the mass of evidence taken from Eyer's apartment after his Aug. 21 arrest in the Bridges case with the data collected in the year since Eyer's name was first tipped to a hotline set up by an Indiana Multi-Agency Task Force investigating several gay-related murders.

Eyer had gotten out of jail on \$1,000 bail Feb. 6 after much of the evidence against him in the August 1983 murder of Ralph Calise was rejected by Lake County (Ill.) Circuit Court Judge William D. Block. Block ruled that the evidence was taken illegally by Indiana state



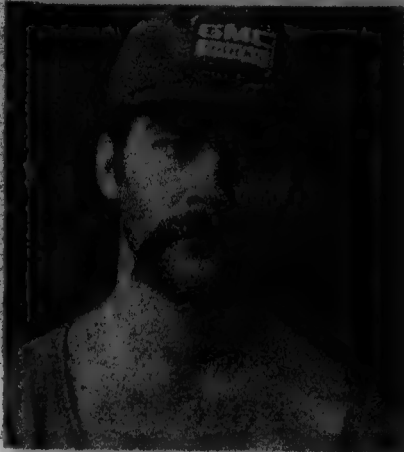
Larry Eyer, suspect in the murder of Danny Bridges.

police when they held Eyer for 12 hours without charging him following a Sept. 30 traffic stop.

"Clearly and unequivocally the defendant was seized for the purpose of questioning," said Block, saying such action is "highly criticized by the Supreme Court."

Without the boots that matched footprints at the Calise murder scene near Lake Forest,

See MURDER, page 3



Police believe Larry Eyler is the murderer of as many as 25 young men, most of whose bodies were found deposited in rural areas in Illinois and Indiana. Among the victims (clockwise from top left): Chicagoan John "J.J." Johnson, 25; David Block, 22, of Highland Park; and Michael Reiley, 22, and Daniel McNeive, 21, both of Indianapolis.

MURDER

Continued from page 1

Ill., the hunting knife the same size as the blade stabbed 19 times into Calise, the rope, and the tape found in Eyler's truck that day. Block said the prosecution did not have enough evidence to warrant Eyler's \$1 million bond, and reduced it to \$10,000.

"If the defendant is committing multiple murders, I don't want him out on the streets," said Block. "But the issue is you don't have evidence other than homosexuality, bondage, and previous acts of violence."

Eyler, well known in Chicago and Indianapolis gay bars, acknowledged at the hearing that he is gay and "into bondage." In 1978 Eyler allegedly picked up a hitchhiker, drove him to a secluded woods, tied him up nude, and stabbed him. Eyler's attorney claimed it was accidental. The charges were dropped, police say, because the victim was afraid his homosexuality would become known if the case went to court. A similar incident allegedly occurred in May 1982.

Illinois authorities first suspected a serial killer in January 1983, after three bodies were found with striking similarities:

- Steven Crockett, 19, of 4501 N. Malden, Chicago, found Oct. 23, 1982, in a wooded area in Kankakee County, Ill., stabbed 32 times, pants undone, and drugged with Placidyl, a hypnotic depressant used to calm mental patients;

- John "J.J." Johnson, 25, of 3241 N. Broadway, Chicago, found Dec. 25, 1982, just a few miles across the Indiana-Illinois border from where Crockett was found. Johnson had been stabbed more than 12 times, his pants were pulled down, and he had been drugged with Placidyl;

- And Steven Agan, 23, of Terre Haute, Ind., found Dec. 28, 1982, in Vermillion County, Ind., pants pulled down and "dressed out like a deer," according to one police source.

Another eight bodies were added to the list by the time the Indiana task force learned that Eyler kept residences in both Terre Haute and Chicago and had a history of violence. Those victims were:

- John Roach, 21; Daniel McNeive, 21; Michael Reiley, 22; Robert Foley, about 20; Edgar Underkofler, 27; Gustavo Herrera, 28; Ervin "Dwayne" Gibson, 16 (a friend of Bridges); and Jimmy T. Roberts, 18.

Another eight were found by the time Eyler was arrested in the Calise slaying. They were: an unidentified Hispanic in his early 20s; Eric Hansen, 18; an unidentified 18-26-year-old; Michael Bauer, 22; John Bartlett, 19; two other unidentified victims; Calise.

Four more victims were found while Eyler was in custody: Richard Wayne, 21; David M. Block, 22; and two unidentified victims. Police say those victims had been murdered before Eyler was in custody. The 1982 murder of Jay Reynolds in Lexington, Ky., has also been linked to Eyler.

Kid prostitutes hooked on tragedy

By Lynn Emmertman

THE SCENE repeated itself with sickening frequency. A freckle-faced boy sat on a parked car on a sunny North Side street corner. Kicking the fender with sneakered feet, he eyed the traffic until a late-model sedan slowed and stopped.

The boy leaned into the car's open window, exchanged a few words with the middle-aged male driver and jumped inside. Within 15 minutes, he had returned in search of another customer.

Asked what he was doing, the boy looked up through his blond bangs, flashed a carefully manufactured smile and said, "D'ya want me to go with you in your car?"

When his offer was refused, his smile twisted into a sneer. "Whatsa matter?" he grumbled. "Don't you want to get your jollies like the rest of them?"

The boy, about 12, is among 20 or so youths who sell their sexual services to passing drivers on street corners in the Uptown community, a high crime, racial and ethnic melting pot just west of the luxury lakefront condominiums on the city's North Side.

Socioeconomics is not the only diverse aspect of Uptown. Police say the neighborhood's streets provide a "sexual smorgasbord" of illicit services.

UPTOWN HAS one of the city's worst child prostitution problems, according to Sgt. Robert Hargesheimer of the youth division's special investigations unit. Each month the unit, which targets serious juvenile abuse and exploitation cases, initiates an average of 11 investigations that result in an average of 4 to 5 arrests. More than 80 percent of the people charged in the unit's cases are convicted, records show.

Many of those cases are initiated by three undercover youth officers: Mickey Dolan, Sam Christian and Brian Killackey, who pose as customers seeking youthful prostitutes in order to identify and aid abused children and arrest the people who exploit them.

But the three could not save Danny Bridges.

Danny was a gentle 16-year-old who sold himself on Uptown street corners. Police said he was seen playing his trade on the corner of Montrose and Magnolia Avenues a few nights before he was picked up by a customer, sexually abused, tortured and killed last week.

Larry Eyler, 31, a suspect in 21 other killings, has been charged with the crime.

Ex-teacher rebuilds features of slain boy

By Phillip J. O'Connor

A facial reconstruction by a former Antioch High School teacher helped police identify the decomposed body of a 16-year-old Up-town youth who is believed to be one of Larry Eyler's slaying victims, investigators said.

The reconstructed death mask "looks very much" like the slain youth, Ervin Dwayne Gibson, said Lake County Sheriff Robert "Mickey" Babcox, who praised artist Jane Craner for her efforts.

"I'm sure the facial reconstruction helped," Babcox said, explaining that investigators used it to zero in on Gibson, who was reported missing Feb. 12, 1983. Positive identification was made through dental records.

Eyler, 31, a house painter, was indicted Thursday by a Cook County grand jury in the slaying of another youth, Daniel Bridges, 16, who also disappeared from the Up-town area. Eyler's name has surfaced as a possible suspect in sex-related murders of 27 men in Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin.

Gibson's body was found last April 15 in a rubbish pile in woods near Lake Forest. The skeleton of a dog was found beneath him. Gibson had been stabbed 10 times in the back and once in the neck. His trousers had been pulled down, as was the case of a number of other men Eyler is suspected of slaying.

After Gibson's decomposed body remained un-



Left: Ervin Dwayne Gibson. Below: Antioch High School teacher Jane Craner (left) looks over her homicide victim reconstruction, which looks very much like the slain youth, says Lake County Sheriff Robert "Mickey" Babcox (center). At right is Lake County Coroner Barbara Richardson.



SUN-TIMES/Robert A. Reader

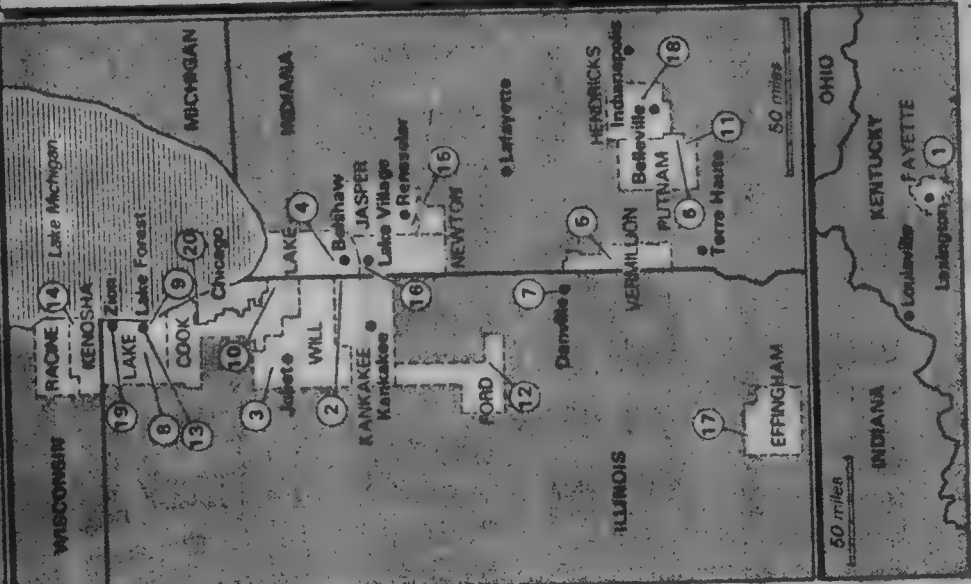
identified for weeks, Babcox and Lake County Coroner Barbara Richardson asked Craner to create the likely features of the victim by working with his actual skull. Craner said she used plastic clay, a mixture of Vaseline and clay, to create the victim's features. She learned the scientific techniques at Colorado State

University in Fort Collins. Craner, who retired last year from teaching art after 18 years at Antioch High, said, "It makes me feel good that I was able to help. They were quite pleased with the results."

She said her reconstruction was "close, especially around the mouth," but the victim turned out to be

24 bodies linked to Larry Eyler

1. March 22, 1982
Jay Reynolds
2. Oct. 23, 1982
Steven Crockett, 19
3. Oct. 30, 1982
Robert Foley
4. Dec. 25, 1982
John R. Johnson, 25
5. Dec. 28, 1982
Steven Agan, 23
6. Dec. 28, 1982
John L. Roach, 21
7. March 4, 1983
Edgar Underkoffler, 27
8. April 8, 1983
Gustavo Herrera, 28
9. April 15, 1983
Ervin Dwayne Gibson, 16
10. May 9, 1983
Jimmy T. Roberts, 18
11. May 9, 1983
Daniel Scott McHieve, 21
12. July 2, 1983
Skeleton of unidentified male
13. Aug. 31, 1983
Ralph Cahse, 28
14. Oct. 4, 1983
Derrick Hansen, 18
15. Oct. 15, 1983
Skeleton of unidentified male, aged 18-26
16. Oct. 19, 1983
Four skeletons: two identified as Michael Butler, 22, and John Bartlett, 19
17. Dec. 5, 1983
Unidentified male
18. Dec. 7, 1983
Richard Wayne, 21, and an unidentified body
19. May 7, 1984
David M. Block, 22
20. Aug. 21, 1984
Daniel Bridges, 16



SUN-TIMES

younger than first suspected. "I was led to believe he was older and my features [on the reconstruction] tended to be more mature looking," she said.

She said forensic pathologists estimated the victim was in his early 20s. Craner said that she has since been contacted by sheriff's police in Newton County, Ind., about aiding in

identifying two bodies that were among those of four slain men found Oct. 19, 1983, in a barnyard. But the coroner there has opposed reconstruction and the project is in limbo, she said.

Meanwhile, Babcox said he expects a task force of investigators from Illinois and Indiana to hold a meeting soon to review new evi-

dence against Eyler. Babcox said task force investigators are hopeful items taken from Eyler's apartment at 1628 W. Sherman by Chicago police may make it possible to prosecute Eyler in some of the other cases in which he is a suspect. He has been charged with a murder in Lake County, Ill., in addition to Bridges' death.

Sex called motive in 4 killings

Bodies discovered in Indiana barnyard graves

By John O'Brien
and Dan Brogan

THE CORONER of a northwest Indiana county where skeletal remains of four young men were found said Wednesday that the men may have been the victims of "a homosexual killer" who "ritually disposed of the bodies in a barnyard graveyard."

"I think we are dealing with a systematic, ritualistic and homosexual type of killing here," Dr. David S. Dennis, coroner of Newton County, told The Tribune.

Indiana State Police said three of the victims apparently were white; one was black. The head of one of the victims was missing. The trousers of each victim were pulled down around his ankles, "suggesting homosexual activity," the coroner said.

Dennis spoke as a light drizzle settled over the area where mushroom pickers discovered three bodies Tuesday evening on an

unfenced farm about 50 miles south of Chicago, just off U.S. Hwy. 41. A fourth body was discovered by police about 20 feet away from the others Wednesday morning.

DENNIS SAID A study of the remains indicated that the victims may have been slain over a period of two years, "one at a time." The farm, which had been abandoned for about 2½ years, is near Lake Village, Ind., and about a 1½ miles south of the Kankakee River.

Detective Sgt. Ted Knorr of the Indiana State Police said the deaths may be related to a series of 12 unsolved homicides of young men found in Indiana and northern Illinois in the last two years.

Most of those victims were stabbed to death, and each was found in a field or off a rural road. In Illinois, three were found in Lake County and one each in Cook and Kankakee Counties. Six of the victims lived or worked within two miles of each other in a gay community on the

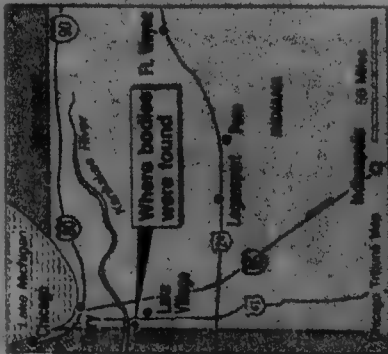
North Side of Chicago, authorities said. One of the Chicagoans was found slain last Dec. 31 near Lowell, Ind., about 15 miles north of the Newton County site.

A task force of police and coroners in Indiana and Illinois is working on the multiple murders. Authorities speculate that some of the victims were abducted and slain while hitchhiking.

INVESTIGATORS said the three bodies found Tuesday were buried side by side under small mounds of earth in the barnyard of property owned by a nearby farmer. The three graves were precisely three feet apart. All four victims were laid out with their feet pointing north.

Each was apparently stripped of identification, but coins and currency were found with the bodies, leading police to rule out robbery as a motive, Knorr said.

The bodies were sent for testing to the Indiana University Medical Laboratory in Indianapolis. Because of the skeletal condition of the bodies, a



cause of death may never be determined, Dennis said.

Knorr said the victims wore jackets and other heavy clothing. A suede jacket and sweater which could belong to one of the victims was discovered in a nearby barn, he said. Parts of a camera and a camera case also were discovered in the barn.

Police said there is no evidence to suggest that the deaths of the four men are related to illegal trafficking in marijuana, which grows in wild abundance in Newton County, attracting pickers each harvest season from around the country.

Also contributing to this story was William Pressley

Eyler seen as 'gentle, harsh'

INDIANAPOLIS (UPI)—Larry W. Eyler, suspected of as many as 24 sex slayings in four states, had gentle and harsh sides to his personality, friends and authorities said yesterday.

Detectives assigned to the Central Indiana Gay Task Force of the Indianapolis Police Department described Eyler, 31, as possessing a "dual nature." They said one side was outgoing, helpful and capable of being liked.

The other side was extremely hostile, said Jerry Campbell, supervisor of the task force, which was reactivated last week after Eyler was charged with the dismemberment slaying of a 16-year-old youth in Chicago.

Eyler is a suspect in slayings in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Kentucky.

Police gathered information, including gasoline credit-card receipts, that showed him to be a nocturnal, isolated man who roamed the roads between Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Ind., and Chicago from December, 1982, when the killings began, until late August, 1983.

Friends in the Indianapolis homosexual community, who asked not to be identified, told a reporter for the Indianapolis Star they were not surprised that Eyler had worked for two weeks with disabled children in Chicago—a job from which he was fired in July and in which he fed and cared for children in the Augustana Group Home.

"There was always a gentle side to Larry, a part that wanted to help people and to be recognized for that," said one acquaintance.

Then there was the mean streak.

"Once in a while he would just go off," said a friend who said he met Eyler in a homosexual bar in Indianapolis.

"Real weird or something, and we just left him alone. Sometimes, somebody would get beaten up pretty bad by Larry."

Bond reduced; suspect in fatal stabbing freed

By Eddy McNeil

THE \$1 MILLION bond for Larry Eyler, accused in the stabbing death of a North Side man, was reduced to \$10,000 Monday as a result of last week's decision to throw out most of the evidence against him. Eyler promptly posted the required 10 percent of the bond and was freed from Lake County Jail.

Earlier Monday, prosecutors said they would appeal the decision to suppress evidence.

Assistant State's Atty. Peter Trobe said Eyler, 30, a self-employed housepainter who maintained residences in Chicago and Terre Haute, Ind., remained a suspect in similar slayings of 19 young men and boys in Illinois and Indiana in 1982 and 1983. No charges have been filed in any of those cases.

Eyler's bond was reduced by Judge William D. Block, and he left the jail in Waukegan for the first time since his arrest by Lake County authorities Oct. 28 on charges of killing Ralph Calise, 23, an electrician whose body was found near Lake Forest Aug. 31. Eyler's trial was to begin Monday but was postponed pending the appeal of the decision on the evidence.

BLOCK ON Friday ruled that a 15-hour detainment of Eyler Sept. 30 by Indiana State Police, the search of his pick-up truck and the seizure of his boots were illegal. That ruling barred prosecutors from using as evidence his boots and a hunting knife taken from his truck that authorities contend was used to kill Calise.

Lake County sheriff's Detective Daniel Collin testified in a four-day hearing on the motion to suppress the evidence that Eyler's boots matched footprints at the murder scene.

As a result of Block's ruling, Assistant State's Atty. Raymond McKoski and Trobe said the tire tread on Eyler's truck was the only evidence tying Eyler to the murder scene. Collin testified the tread matched that found at the scene.

Defense attorney David Shippers told Block Monday: "Larry has no intention of leaving the state or going back to Indiana. There's one state I know he'll never go back to. He'd have to be crazy to go back to Indiana."

THE APPEAL on the evidence issue could take up to 18 months, officials said.

Suspect charges rights violation

A MOTION was filed Monday in U.S. District Court asking the court to enjoin the jailers of murder suspect Larry W. Eyler from violating his civil rights by denying him religious articles, not allowing him to attend religious ceremonies and refusing to let him watch television. Eyler, 30, of 3249 N. Greenview Ave., a house painter, is being held in Lake County Jail in lieu of \$1 million bond. He is charged with murdering Robert E. Calise, 23, of 5014 N. Hermitage Ave., whose body was found Aug. 31 near Lake Forest. Eyler was arrested by sheriff's police in the Dirksen Federal Building on Friday, only minutes after a federal judge refused to enjoin Sheriff Robert H. Babcox from investigating Eyler as a suspect.

The Eyler legacy: 21 deaths

Murderer admitted grisly 2-state spree

By John O'Brien
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

In a way, it was like the reading of a will. But it was a legacy of murder that Larry Eyler left behind.

Before a throng gathered in the ballroom of a suburban hotel, Eyler's attorney read a roll call Tuesday of 21 young

■ Victims' families say they now can find peace. **Page 6.**

men and boys—a list of victims compiled by Eyler more than three years before his death Sunday in prison.

Eyler, convicted of the 1984 dismemberment slaying of a Chicago boy, admitted to killing 17 other young men and boys by himself and participating in the murders of another four with an unnamed accomplice a decade ago, according to Eyler's lawyer, Kathleen Zellner.

"I make no excuses for him," said Zellner, the court-appointed lawyer for Eyler, a Crawfordville, Ind., native whose killing fields ranged from Lake County, Ill., and Chicago's Uptown neighborhood to central Indiana and Illinois.

Eyler, 41, began drawing up the list of his victims in 1980 in an attempt to escape execution, but the state would not agree to a deal. Shortly before his death of AIDS-related complications in Pontiac Correctional Center, Eyler agreed to allow his lawyer to release names of the victims and details of their murders.

Law-enforcement authorities in Illinois and Indiana expressed interest in the new information about the unsolved murders, but said they must review the evidence before closing those cases. If the murders are attributed to Eyler, he would rank as one of the Midwest's most notorious serial killers.

At a news conference called to give information to the victims' families and urge police to arrest Eyler's alleged accomplice, Zellner attempted to explain the killer's behavior.

Zellner described Eyler as a "rage killer," a physically pow-

Eyler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

erful but emotionally insecure man in his 20s and 30s at the time of the murders who blamed his explosive behavior on his own abuse as a youngster in a household that saw five step-fathers come and go.

"He has left them a bitter, bitter legacy," she said of the families of Eyler's alleged victims and Eyler's own family.

Zellner read from a list of victims given to her by Eyler before his death, and she gave details of the murders to those gathered in the glittering grand ballroom of the Naperville Holiday Inn. The crowd included the mothers of two of Eyler's alleged victims—Ralph Calise and Daniel Scott McNeive.

It was, as one observer remarked, the suspected serial killer's last will and testament of evil deeds.

It had been kept under wraps until his death.

Zellner quoted Eyler as telling her, "I gave you everything I was capable of giving you" about his alleged murders.

Eyler's alleged victims, police determined, had been strewn over a pyramid-shaped area stretching from northern Illinois to central Indiana and Illinois. The murders took place in an area that Eyler often traveled in his pickup truck between his North Side Chicago apartment and the home of a companion, college librarian Robert David Little of Terre Haute, Ind.

Eyler secretly outlined his crimes as long as 3½ years ago in a failed 1990 effort to get off Death Row and replace his sentence with one of life in prison.

Ironically, Eyler claimed he had nothing to do with the murder for which he was on Death Row. The victim, teenager Daniel Bridges, was stabbed and dismembered in Eyler's apartment in 1984.

According to Zellner, Eyler took and passed a lie-detector test about the crime, though he said he helped dispose of the body.

In return for lifting the death penalty, Zellner said, Eyler had promised to tell all.

It never happened back then, not publicly anyway. But Eyler's admissions led to charges against Little in an Indiana murder case. However, Little's trial ended in acquittal in 1981.

In that case, Eyler testified he and Little engaged in a bondage

Eyler's letter to the governor

Here is a letter alleged serial killer Larry Eyler wrote to then-Gov. James Thompson in 1990:

Dear Governor Thompson,
I am writing to tell you that I am
willing to give confessions on twenty-one
murders done in Illinois and Indiana.
I am also willing to give evidence

Dear Governor Thompson,

I am writing to tell you that I am willing to give confessions on twenty-one murder cases in Illinois and Indiana.

I am also willing to give evidence against another individual who was involved in some of these crimes.

My reason for doing this is that I want to clear up these cases for the families of the victims. I want to bring another individual to justice.

I am asking you to spare my life. I have deep remorse for my crimes. I can never undo what I have done but I do believe that I have good qualities. I love my family and I know I have positive things to add to their lives.

Please give me the chance rectify the wrongs I have committed.

Sincerely,

Larry W. Eyler

Chicago Tribune

murder near Terre Haute. The jury's acquittal infuriated Eyler because his chances of making a deal had soured.

"The only nice thing he did was give me permission to come here today," Zellner said. She distanced herself from her late client, describing the murders as despicable. But there was a job to be done, she said, and she would do it—making public the identities of 14 of the 21 victims. Seven victims remain unidentified.

Along with the list of victims, reporters were given copies of a letter, dated Nov. 28, 1990, written by Eyler to then-Gov. James Thompson. In it Eyler offered to cut a deal to "rectify the wrongs I have [sic] committed" and get off Death Row.

Zellner said it is her hope, based on Eyler's revelations of murder to her over hundreds of hours of jailhouse conversations, that

■ The families of many of Eyler's alleged victims will now know what happened to their loved ones, including details of how Eyler met each victim.

■ Police and prosecutors in a dozen counties in Illinois and In-

diana where the murders occurred will now either close the books on murders Eyler claimed he did alone or bring charges against the unnamed accomplice.

Zellner refused to link that accomplice to murder by name, since no charges are pending. But she said she had a message for him.

"You and I know who you are," she said. "I hope you will leave some record of what you have done."

Continuing, Zellner said she believes there are people who have information that would help charge the accomplice—she described one as an Indiana businessman.

"I am pleading for him to come forward," she said.

Each of the 21 killings, from the fall of 1982 until December, 1984, Zellner said, provided Eyler with "a sense of release" from pent-up anguish that would overcome him after a spat with a gay lover and while he had been drinking.

It was while in such a foul mood that Eyler, a house painter and counter clerk by occupation, would dress up in macho clothing.

jump into his pickup truck, and go cruising for a hitchhiker or frequent gay bars in search of someone to kill.

Victims, Zellner said, were routinely offered liquor, drugs or money by Eyler, or Eyler and his accomplice, to participate in sex. Each would be handcuffed, blindfolded and gagged.

But, she said, "sex was a ruse for murder."

Eyler "was superficially charming, very manipulative," Zellner said, as if to explain how Eyler was so good at winning over his victims.

"One of the most skilled con men I have ever met," she said of him. "He played a lot of mind games. He was evasive."

Zellner began the unusual press conference by saying Eyler's death had made it possible.

"No one is more relieved to be here today," she said, speaking before a battery of cameras. "I have waited three years to relieve myself of this burden. Mr. Eyler reluctantly agreed to let me do this."

Eyler's death, she allowed, was itself a form of justice "by a higher authority. What couldn't be ac-

complished through the legal system happened," she said.

Zellner said she believes physical evidence can still be found that would help convict an accomplice.

While the victims' wallets were destroyed to prevent identification, their shirts were kept as mementos. She claimed that for a time Eyler and the accomplice hid personal effects in a Milwaukee storage locker.

Finally, she was asked if Eyler had shown remorse.

"I don't know if I want to credit him with that," Zellner said.

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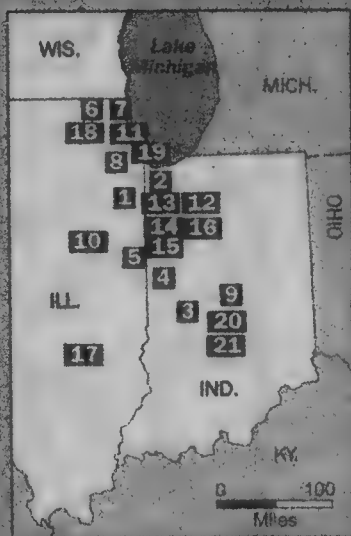
Confessions of alleged serial killer

On Tuesday, Larry Eyler's attorney detailed his confessions of 21 murders; he allegedly committed 17 alone and four with an accomplice. Eyler died Sunday at Pontiac Correctional Center, where he was on Death Row for the 1984 murder of 15-year-old Daniel Bridges of Uptown.

Eyler's alleged victims

Locations and dates of murders; in chronological order.

- 1 Steven Crockett, age 19*
Mankakee
Oct. 23, 1982
- 2 John R. Johnson, age 25
Lake County, Ind.
Dec. 25, 1982
- 3 John L. Roach, age 21
Putnam County, Ind.
Dec. 28, 1982
- 4 Steven Agar, age 23*
Newport, Ind.
Dec. 28, 1982
- 5 Edgar Underkoffler, age 27
Danville, Ill.
March 4, 1983
- 6 Gustavo Herrera, age 26
Lake County, Ill.
April 8, 1983
- 7 Ervin Dwayne Gibson, age 16
Lake County, Ill.
April 15, 1983



- 8 Jimmy T. Roberts, age 18
Cook County
May 9, 1983
- 9 Daniel Scott McNeive, age 21
Indianapolis/Bellefonte, Ind.
May 9, 1983
- 10 Unidentified male
Ford County, Ill.
July 2, 1983
- 11 Ralph Callee, age 28
Lake County, Ill.
Aug. 31, 1983

- 12 Unidentified male
Rensselaer, Ind.
Oct. 15, 1983
- 13 Michael Bauer, age 22
Newton County, Ind.
Oct. 19, 1983
- 14 John Bartlett, age 19
Newton County, Ind.
Oct. 19, 1983
- 15 Unidentified male
Newton County, Ind.
Oct. 19, 1983
- 16 Unidentified male*
Newton County, Ind.
Oct. 19, 1983
- 17 Unidentified male
Effingham, Ill.
Dec. 5, 1983
- 18 David M. Block, age 22
Lake County, Ill.
May 7, 1984
- 19 Unidentified male*
Eyler's Chicago apartment
June 1984
- 20 Richard Wayne, age 21
Indianapolis/Bellefonte, Ind.
Dec. 7, 1984
- 21 Unidentified male
Indianapolis/Bellefonte, Ind.
Dec. 7, 1984

*Victims allegedly murdered by Eyler and an accomplice.

Source: Kathleen Zellner, Larry Eyler's attorney

Chicago Tribune

Slaying victims' kin see Eyer arraigned

By Rosalind Rose

Indianapolis, 3 p.m. yesterday so he could arrive to Chicago to see the arraignment of Larry Eyer, the man suspected in the slayings, including that of McNive's brother, Daniel.

"If something like that happened to your brother, you'd drive a couple hundred miles, too," McNive told a reporter after Eyer, 30, a house painter, pleaded not guilty in the dismemberment murder of Danny Bridges, 16, of Chicago.

"I wanted to hear the proceedings," McNive said. "I wanted to see Larry Eyer."

McNive, 29, his mother, Emma, 54, and his sister, Missy, 20, gathered in court with the Chicago relatives of Bridges, whose dismembered body was found Aug. 20 in a dumpster near Eyer's North Side apartment.

"I just wanted to meet them [the Bridges family] because we share a tragedy," said Mrs. McNive, her voice cracking. "There aren't too many people you can talk to about something like this."

Eyer, of 1628 W. Sherwin, stood mute as his attorney, David Schipper, entered a not-guilty plea in the Bridges slaying before Chief Criminal Court Judge Keith and J. Fitzgerald.

Assistant State's Attorneys Michael Angarola and Mark Rakocay said Eyer could face the death penalty if convicted of all charges in the Bridges murder. The case was assigned to Associate Judge Joseph J. Ursi for trial.

At the time of the Bridges murder, Eyer was free on a \$10,000 bond in the slaying of Ralph Calise, a 28-year-old Chicago electrician whose bound and mutilated body was found Aug. 31, 1983.

near Lake Forest. The bond was set after Schippers won a motion to suppress evidence against Eyer in the Lake County case.

Since then, Eyer's name has surfaced as a possible suspect in 24 sex-related murders in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Kentucky.

McNive's mother showed photographs of her dead son to a Bridges relative today as the two waited for Eyer to appear in court.

"We share a grief," Mrs. McNive said. "But I have no strength to share. I'm a religious person. I believe in the resurrection. I don't think this is the end of my son."

Bridges' relatives—his parents, four sisters and six brothers—declined comment.

"The only thing the family could say would be explosive," one relative said.



SUN-TIMES KATHLEEN ROSE

A friend comforts a grieving Ann Marie Bridges, mother of Danny Bridges, 16, as she arrives in court here yesterday for arraignment of Larry Eyer, 30. Eyer pleaded not guilty in the dismemberment murder of the Bridges youth. In addition to that slaying, Eyer is a suspect in 24 killings in four states.

Slashing victim testifies on night of terror

By Marianne Taylor

WHEN THE 18-year-old woman woke up in a hospital bed last October, a doctor told her that her left breast had been severed and her right one badly cut.

She recalled nothing about how the injuries were inflicted, but as she tried to piece together her last hours of consciousness she began to remember:

A man driving a red van had picked her up early on Oct. 6, 1982, while she was working as a prostitute in the industrial area near North and Elston Avenues. Blue and white feathers dangled from the rear-view mirror; a wooden partition separated the back of the van from the front.

The man, whom she later identified as Robin Gecit, 29, offered her \$25 for sexual favors. She acquiesced and climbed into the van.

BUT AS SHE testified in a halting and sometimes quiet voice Tuesday at Gecit's trial in Criminal Court, she remembered that Gecit had threatened her with a knife and a gun, handcuffed her hands and feet and then tied her breasts with a rubber cord.

The woman testified that he forced her to have sex with him, then shoved some pills into her mouth that he made her wash down with a soft drink. She blacked out shortly afterwards and awoke later in the hospital.

While doctors closed the woman's gaping wounds, detectives reconstructed what they believed happened to her between the time she blacked out and when she was found, moaning, in an alley near 2700 N. Campbell Ave., by a man searching for cans.

The next break in the case came Oct. 20, when police stopped Edward Spreitzer, 21,

who was driving the red van belonging to his boss and friend, Robin Gecit. POLICE BROUGHT Gecit, Spreitzer and Gecit's brother to Illinois Masonic Hospital where the woman still was recovering. In a lineup that evening in a hospital hallway the woman pointed to Gecit as the man who had picked her up Oct. 6.

In the jury trial before Judge Francis Mahon, prosecutors Joseph Locallo and Robert Smierciak will argue that Gecit was the man who slashed the woman and left her in the North Side alley. Gecit is charged with attempted murder, rape, deviate sexual assault, armed robbery and aggravated battery.

Gecit's attorneys told the jury Tuesday that they believe the woman had identified the wrong man as her attacker, and they said Gecit's confession to the slashing was given to police under duress.



Robin Gecit

Stab victim identified as Uptown teen

By Eddy McNeill

THE BODY OF A teenager who was found stabbed to death in a wooded area of Lake County last April has been identified as that of Ervin Dwayne Gibson, 16, a resident of the Uptown neighborhood, Lake County. Coroner Barbara Richardson said Monday.

Gibson is one of about 20 murder victims who have been found stabbed to death in a similar manner in Illinois and Indiana in recent months.

One investigator has said they appeared to be victims of a "Gacy-type killer," referring to John Wayne Gacy of Norwood Park, who has been convicted of killing 33 men and boys.

Gibson was identified partly through dental records and fingerprints, Richardson said.

THE TEENAGER'S mother, Sylvia, said Monday that her son had dropped out of school in the 8th Grade and had spent time in a juvenile institution because of truancy.

She described him as a thoughtful and helpful son who nevertheless was very independent.

"He was in the habit of disappearing for two to three days at a time," said Irving Mirsky, a family friend.

Gibson, who had been released from the state juvenile correction center in St. Charles in August, 1982, was reported missing by his family last February. His mother said she had last seen him Jan. 25, when he said he was going out to meet a friend and would invite him to stay overnight at the Gibson home.

GIBSON'S BODY was discovered April 15 in a rubbish pile in woods west of Riverwoods Road, a mile south of Ill. Hwy. 60 near Lake Forest. He had been stabbed 10 times in the back and once in the neck.

Gibson's trousers had been pulled down. That and the stab wounds in the back are common elements in the string of murders.

Mrs. Gibson said her son was the victim of a homosexual rape several years ago. Charges were pressed against a neighbor, she said, but there was no conviction.

LAKE COUNTY Sheriff Robert Babcox has stated that the prime suspect in the series of murders is Larry Eyer, 30, who has homes in Uptown and Terre Haute, Ind.

At least three of the victims have been found in Lake County, including Gibson, and Ralph Calise, 28, of 5014 N. Hermitage Ave. Eyer is charged only with the Calise murder and is awaiting trial.

Gecht found guilty of mutilation, rape of teen

By Marianne Taylor

ROBIN GECHT, the man accused of having a brutal fascination with women's breasts, Thursday was convicted of raping and mutilating an 18-year-old prostitute.

The verdict from the sequestered jury came after 2½ hours of deliberation in a Criminal Court courtroom that filled quickly with spectators once word of the jury's decision circulated.

Gecht, 23, of 2763 N. McVicker Ave., turned to look at his wife and his mother, who sat one row apart in Judge Francis Mahon's courtroom, and showed little reaction to the jury's finding that he was guilty on all counts, including aggravated murder, rape and aggravated battery.

The attack on the now 19-year-old woman left her with her right breast badly cut and her left breast

severed. She faces at least two more operations.

For police, the case began almost a year ago with a few hand-scrambled clues written by the woman as she was recovering, unable to speak because of the tubes in her nose and mouth, in the intensive care unit of Illinois Masonic Hospital after the Oct. 6, 1982, attack.

THE NOTES PROVIDED the first tip to police that the woman's assailant drove a red van—later termed "a rolling indictment of Robin Gecht"—which was spotted Oct. 20, 1982, as it was being driven by Gecht's friend and helper in his electrician's business, Edward Spreitzer, 21.

Gecht's arrest the same day and the questioning later of his friend led police to question Gecht in a series of Chicago and suburban homicides, including some murders for which Spreitzer and two other

friends are awaiting trial. It was during Gecht's testimony in his defense this week that jurors first learned that Gecht had been questioned about the homicides, with which he has never been charged.

When the trial ended Thursday, jurors had been told that more than a year before the Oct. 6 attack and a similar attack on another woman three months earlier, Gecht expressed a fascination with breasts.

"HE TOLD ME THAT IF I DIDN'T cut off my breast, or if Rosie (Gecht's wife) didn't, that there were prostitutes being manipulated and mutilated every day, and that he would go find one," a 22-year-old waitress and model testified after describing herself as a former girlfriend of Gecht's.

From the witness stand, Gecht responded to the accusation by saying quickly, "That would be

crazy." But prosecutors Robert Smietciak and Joel Goldstein argued Thursday that Gecht eventually carried out his threat, once on June 13, 1982, in the similar attack for which he is awaiting trial, and again on Oct. 6, 1982.

"This case is not about sex," Goldstein told the jury earlier Thursday. "This is a case about how Robin Gecht needs to control and manipulate women."

"What he couldn't get from his girlfriend or from his own wife, he got from a prostitute," Smietciak added. "She will live with those scars forever."

"ROBIN GECHT THOUGHT he had the perfect victim for the perfect crime," Goldstein said. "In his twisted mind, he thought no one would care because she was a prostitute and because she was black."

city/suburbs

Rape suspect's ex-lover tells threats

By Marianne Taylor

THE TESTIMONY TUESDAY of a 23-year-old woman who said she and Robin Gecht once were lovers echoed eerily the accusations made last week by two prostitutes who have named Gecht as the man who sexually assaulted them and slashed their breasts.

"He told me that if I didn't cut off my breasts, or if Rosie (Gecht's wife) didn't, that there were prostitutes being manipulated and mutilated every day and he would go find one," the woman, who works as a waitress and model, testified. She said Gecht was the father of her 2-year-old child and that Gecht threatened to find a prostitute—"out-of-state if he had to"—if she refused his request.

The testimony came at the end of the fifth day in Gecht's trial for attempted murder and followed that of a 19-year-old former prostitute who said she awoke Oct. 6, 1982, in a hospital bed to learn that her left breast had been severed and her right one badly cut. She described how Gecht had picked her up the night before near North Avenue and Throop Street, and how he had

raped and dragged her before she lost consciousness.

A 17-YEAR-OLD WOMAN has testified to a similar attack, but she said she was conscious when Gecht forced her to cut her breast.

In his testimony Tuesday, Gecht denied making the comment to the waitress and said that he knew the woman, but that they had been only "good friends."

In more than four hours of testimony, Gecht told the jury how he had been beaten and threatened by police attempting to elicit a confession while he was being questioned in connection with a series of homicides.

On Nov. 7, 1982, he said police drove him in an unmarked police van to the banks of the Chicago River on the North side, supposedly the scene of a homicide, where they told him, "If I didn't talk to them, they would leave me there," Gecht said. "They were going to kill me."

POLICE OFFICERS have asked repeatedly making these threats or beating Gecht. Gecht denied Tuesday that he made the admissions to the two stabbers of the

prostitute that had been attributed to him by police.

Gecht has never been charged with murder but was questioned about several homicides last fall, including at least one of the four murders for which his friend Edward Spreitzer, 21, is awaiting trial.

Until Tuesday, both sides in Gecht's trial for attempted murder had been careful to avoid informing the jury that Gecht was once questioned in the murder cases to avoid the possibility that jurors might be prejudiced unfairly against Gecht.

But it was while being questioned by Gecht's attorney, Thomas Jordan, that Gecht described how police were asking him "about a series of murders I was allegedly involved in."

OUTSIDE OF COURT, Jordan explained his trial strategy which allowed the jury to know Gecht was once a suspect in a murder.

"It's more important that the jury understand how he was beaten and the reason for it rather than that he was being investigated for a murder that he has never been charged with," he said.



Robin Gecht

Phony story by hooker led to 3 suspects

By Jim Casay and Philip J. O'Connor

A prostitute's fictitious tale of being attacked by a man with an ax touched off an investigation that led to the roundup of three suspects in as many as 17 Chicago-area murders, detectives said Wednesday.

Her phony story led police to again arrest Robin Gecht, 28, who had been free on bond in an attack in which another prostitute was mutilated, and to question two of Gecht's friends who implicated him and each other in the unsolved murders, police said.

The prostitute first told police that Gecht had attacked her with a homemade ax, made out of a hammer handle and a broken bottle, after she entered his car in the 3800 block of N. Sheridan on Nov. 1.

She later admitted she cut her arm while committing burglary, but the admission came only after police had embarked on an intensive investigation that made the three men suspects in the series of unsolved murders.

The same prostitute also said she saw Gecht attack still another prostitute in a motel the night of Oct. 31, but police now believe that story also was phony.

Lt. John Minogue of the Area 6 Violent Crimes unit said additional murder charges may be filed within the next few days in the series of slayings that took place over

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Chicago Sun-Time, Thursday, November 11, 1982

Hooker's phony story led to murder suspects

Continued from Page 3
the last 18 months. Gecht, whose last known address was 2163 N. McVicker, has been charged with the attempted murder of a 19-year-old prostitute on June 13.

Andy C. Kokoraleis, 19, of 917 W. North, Villa Park, and Edward Spreitzer, 21, of 8200 W. Schubert, were charged with the strangulation and bludgeon murder of Rose Beck Davis, 30, of 2300 S. 17th Ave., Broadview, whose partly-clad body was found Sept. 8 between two apartment buildings at 1250 and 1254 N. Lake Shore.

Spreitzer also was charged with the murder of Sandra Delaware, 28, whose body was pulled Aug. 28 from the north branch of the Chicago River under the Fullerton bridge.

In addition, investigators said Gecht has been linked by acquaintances to:

- The slaying of the Davis woman on the Near North Side.

- The abduction and suspected slaying of a 21-year-old Elmhurst woman, Lorraine A. Borowski, whose skeletal remains were found in Clarendon Hills Cemetery near Westmont last month. She had been missing since May 18.

- Shui Mak, 30, a Lombard woman whose remains were found Oct. 1 near Palatine and Barrington roads in South Barrington. She disappeared the night of May 29 after stepping from her younger brother's car onto the shoulder of Barrington Rd. in Hanover Park after the two had quarreled.

- Linda Sutton, 28, whose decomposed body was found June 1, 1981, in a wooded

area along North Ave. near Villa Park in Du Page County. She was reported missing the previous May and was last seen on a West Side street. Her last known address was 5080 West End and 5102 W. Madison.

- The fatal shooting of Rafael Tiredo, 28, of 1420 N. Milwaukee, at Damen and Lemoyne Oct. 6.

Minogue praised Detectives Thomas Flynn and Philip Murphy and said their halting of a van, registered to Gecht, last Oct. 20 also played a key role in the investigation.

Another prostitute had described the van to police after she was picked up in that type vehicle Oct. 6 near North and Elston by a man who raped and mutilated her.

Flynn and Murphy had been searching for the van since the incident, Minogue said, and when they stopped it, Spreitzer was driving. He told police he knew nothing of the attack and pointed out that the van was registered to Gecht, not him.

After police received the phony story on the Nov. 1 ax attack, they arrested Gecht at his brother's northwest suburban Carpentersville home, then brought in Spreitzer for questioning on Saturday.

"That is when the case snowballed," Minogue said. Then Monday, detectives brought in Kokoraleis for questioning. The two men implicated Gecht in a series of unsolved murders, detectives said, and began talking about each other.

Jury told 'ripper' suspect slashed second prostitute

By Rosalind Rose

"Ripper" suspect Robin Gecht, on trial for allegedly mutilating a prostitute last October, used similar tactics in attacking another prostitute four months earlier, a Cook County Criminal Court jury was told Tuesday.

Although Gecht, a 28-year-old self-employed electrician, is only charged in the knifing and sexual assault last October of an 18-year-old prostitute, Assistant State's Attorney Joel Goldstein told the jury in an opening statement that they would hear from a 16-year-old prostitute who was similarly attacked.

The jury is the second chosen in the Gecht case. A mistrial was declared in July after two jurors admitted they disobeyed a judge's order by reading newspaper coverage of the trial. Judge Francis J. Mahon has ordered the second jury sequestered.

During Tuesday's opening statements, Goldstein outlined the similarities between the two attacks, on June 13 and Oct. 6, 1982, in which two teenage prostitutes were mutilated.

Goldstein said both women were picked up within a two-block area on the North Side by Gecht and brought to the rear of his red Dodge van.

There, Goldstein said, Gecht displayed a gun and knife, tied the victims about the

chest, handcuffed them and forced them to engage in sex acts. Both suffered slash wounds to the breast and were dumped off naked.

Gecht, dressed in a red velvet jacket, rubbed his forefinger across his upper lip as the second victim, now 19, testified about her encounter with him last Oct. 6.

Under questioning by prosecutor Robert Smierciak, the woman said Gecht picked her up at the corner of North Ave. and Throop and drove her to a spot, he said, would be safe from police.

There, the woman said, Gecht displayed two weapons, handcuffed her wrists and ankles and sexually assaulted her. She said Gecht forced her to swallow about 10 pills and she next remembered waking up in a hospital with one of her breasts slashed off and the other cut.

Last November, then-police Supt. Richard J. Brzezczek held a news conference announcing that Gecht and two friends were suspects in a series of mutilations over an 18-month period.

But Gecht has been charged only with non-fatal slashing attacks on two prostitutes. Three of his friends have been charged with murder.

Some of the assaults have been likened to those of Jack the Ripper, who terrorized 19th-century London with a series of prostitute mutilations.

Trial opens for suspect in rape, knifing of teen

By Marianne Taylor

ON TWO SEPARATE occasions last year, Robin Gecht stopped his red electrician's van to pick up prostitutes working in an industrial North Side area, prosecutors charged Tuesday, saying that the fates of the two women Gecht chose as his "dates" were strikingly similar.

Gecht, a self-employed electrician, is on trial on charges that on Oct. 6, 1982, he raped and slashed the breast of an 18-year-old prostitute.

In the opening statements of the attempted murder trial Tuesday, Assistant State's Atty. Joel Goldstein told a Criminal Court jury that he and his partner, Robert Smierciak, would prove Gecht's "method of operating" by presenting evidence that on June 13, 1982, Gecht pulled his van to the curb of a street in the same North Side area to pick up a 16-year-old woman working as a prostitute.

Like the 18-year-old, the younger woman was threatened with a gun and a knife, sexually assaulted and her breast was mutilated, Goldstein said.

OUTSIDE THE courtroom, defense lawyers John Goldberg and Thomas Jordan said they had objected to the introduction of evidence about the earlier attack, a charge for which Gecht is awaiting trial.

Three acquaintances of Gecht's have been charged in a series of Chicago and suburban killings authorities said last fall they believed were similar to the not-fatal slashing trial.

of the two women who identified Gecht as the assailant. Authorities emphasized that Gecht has not been charged with any of the cases for which his acquaintances are awaiting trial.

As she took the stand to testify later in the day, the older victim described in halting, quiet tones how a man driving a red van had picked her up near North Avenue and Throop Street. She identified the man as Gecht, who offered her \$25 for sexual favors that she told him would cost only \$20.

"That's him right there," she said, pointing to Gecht as he stood behind a table next to his lawyers.

ALTHOUGH THEY did not make an opening comment to the jury Tuesday, Gecht's lawyers said during an earlier trial on the same charges that Gecht had been at home with his wife at the time the woman was attacked.

The woman testified that she remembered that after the man pulled a gun and a knife he had tied her breasts together tightly with a cord and forced her to have sex with him.

But about her injuries, she remembered only that she awoke in Illinois Masonic Hospital to a doctor's description of what had happened to her. Her left breast had been severed and her right one badly cut.

Gecht's earlier trial ended abruptly in a mistrial last July when two jurors admitted they had disobeyed Judge Francis Mahon's orders by reading newspaper accounts of the trial.

City/suburbs

Forced to stab self, rape victim testifies

By Marianne Taylor

A 17-year-old St. Louis woman testified Thursday that Robin Gerecht forced her at gunpoint to stab herself after he picked her up early on June 13, 1982, as she worked as a prostitute on the North Side.

The woman said she was initially happy when Gerecht stopped his red electrician's van for a "date" because, she testified, "The police were hot that night."

She said, "They were picking up the girls" working as prostitutes that night in the industrial North Side neighborhood near North and Elston Avenues.

"I said to him I was glad he stopped because I didn't want to go to jail," she said. "He didn't say anything. He just had a grin on his face."

GECHT, 29, leaned forward on his chair as the woman described without a sign of emotion how the man she identified as Gerecht forced her at gunpoint into the back of his van, handcuffed her and tied her waist with a metal wire to the shelves that held his electrician tools, then sexually assaulted her.

"Don't kill me," the woman said

she told Gerecht. "I'll do anything you tell me to."

"He placed a knife in my hand [and] with a gun in his hand he told me to stab myself in the left breast."

"Did you stab yourself?" the woman was asked by Joel Goldstein, an assistant state's attorney.

"Yes," she said. "I took a knife and stabbed myself in the breast, I'd rather do that than die."

THE WOMAN said Gerecht placed a white bucket underneath her "so blood would run into the bucket."

The woman testified that Gerecht enlarged the small puncture wound with his hand, then further enlarged it with a butcher knife, before sexually assaulting her again.

SHE TESTIFIED as a prosecution witness against Gerecht, who is on trial on charges that he picked up, assaulted and severed the breast of another prostitute. That victim, an 18-year-old woman, said she flagged Gerecht for a "date" in the same neighborhood on Oct. 6.

In other testimony, police detectives had reported that Gerecht had admitted picking up both prostitutes and stabbing them.

Authorities emphasized that Gerecht



Taking photo by Frank Henes

Robin Gerecht, on trial for stabbing a prostitute, waits in a squad car Thursday as jurors look over his van at a police auto pound.

has not been charged with any homicides, and the jury listening to the testimony in the trial for attempted murder did not hear why Gerecht was being questioned the night he allegedly admitted knifing the 18-year-old woman.

Three of Gerecht's friends have been charged in a series of Chicago and suburban murders that authorities said last fall they believed were

similar to the nonfatal slashing of the two women who have identified Gerecht as their assailant.

The trial moved outdoors briefly Thursday afternoon at the request of prosecutor Robert Smierciak. The 12 jurors and two alternates were taken to a police auto pound three blocks from the Criminal Courts building to inspect a 1975 red Dodge van allegedly driven by Gerecht.

Tulture 10/4/97

2 accused of abducting, killing boy

Offer of a bike allegedly used to gain youth's trust

ASSOCIATED PRESS

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—For weeks, neighbors warned Jeffrey Curley not to get in the Cadillac with two men who promised to give him a bicycle.

On Friday, those men were accused of abducting the 10-year-old, smothering him with a gasoline-soaked rag, stuffing his body into a cement-filled container and dumping it in a New Hampshire waterway.

Prosecutors said pornography from the North American Man/Boy Love Association was found in the car, and one of the suspects, car detailer Charles Jaynes, 22, may have sexually abused the boy after he was killed.

The other suspect, 21-year-old Salvatore Sicari, had been seen in the neighborhood posting fliers after the boy was reported missing Wednesday.

"He was a lovely kid," said neighbor Jackie Linnane. "His only problem was he was too friendly."

Authorities were searching a cove in Portsmouth, N.H., where the Piscataqua River empties into

the Atlantic for the boy's 4-foot-10-inch, 80-pound body.

Several neighbors believe it was the promise of a new bike that lured Jeffrey into the car; his godmother said he had three bicycles stolen over the past few months.

"He told his mother last week that a friend was going to give him a bike, and she told him, 'Nobody gets a bike for free. Stay away from him,'" said Mary Higgins, the godmother. "She thought it was all over with."

Jeffrey disappeared Wednesday afternoon after visiting his grandmother's house, which is a few blocks from his parents' home.

Based on rumors about the men in the Cadillac approaching Jeffrey in the past, the boy's older brother and four other men went to confront Jaynes at the car dealership where he was working Thursday.

"You're coming with us. You're coming with us," the men told Jaynes as they tried to get the 250-pound man into a car, according to sales manager Robert Harrah.

Police intervened and arrested Jaynes on outstanding larceny

and fraud charges.

Prosecutor David Yannetti said investigators were continuing to question Jaynes in the boy's killing and that further charges were likely.

Outrage over the slaying erupted after Sicari, wearing a bulletproof vest, pleaded innocent Friday to murder and kidnapping charges and was ordered held without bail.

As he was led from the courthouse to jail, 15 to 20 teenagers swarmed Sicari and had to be held off by police as they peppered him with obscenities.

In another child-abduction case, a newspaper reported Friday that the parents of the New Jersey teenager accused in the strangling of 11-year-old Eddie Werner had asked a judge to commit their son to a mental hospital three days before the slaying.

Eddie disappeared Saturday while selling candy and wrapping paper door to door for the PTA at his Jackson Township school.

His body was discovered Monday night in the woods.

THE NATION



Derek King



Alex King

Brothers convicted of killing father with bat

Two Florida boys were found guilty of murder and arson while a family friend was acquitted in the death of Terry King. Derek King, 14, and his brother Alex, 13, were tried as adults and accused of bludgeoning their sleeping dad so they could run away with Ricky Chavis, a convicted child molester who had befriended the boys. **PAGE 10**

'Castrated' convict gets prison in attack

A convicted rapist who was considered a success story for going through a "chemical castration" was sentenced Wednesday to 40 years in prison for a sexual attack on a 5-year-old Virginia girl. Joseph Frank Smith was convicted in November of molesting the girl in her bed in 1993. Smith was convicted of twice raping a woman in 1983 in Texas, and as a condition of receiving probation agreed to take sexual-suppression drugs. Smith moved to Virginia and appeared on CBS's "60 Minutes" in 1984 as a success story for chemical castration. Smith stopped taking the medication after he was released from treatment in 1989.

See Times 2/4/99

Plea deal, lighter terms for boys in murder case

Florida brothers won't spend more than 8 years in jail

By BILL KACZOR

PENSACOLA, Fla. — Two boys accused of bludgeoning their father to death with a baseball bat pleaded guilty to reduced charges and got up to eight years in prison Thursday after a judge threw out their convictions and spared them a much harsher sentence.

In strong, clear voices, Derek King, 14, and his brother, Alex, 13, admitted to third-degree murder as well as arson, for burning down the house around their father's body last year.

Derek was sentenced to eight years in prison, Alex seven—well below the 12½-year minimum specified under state guidelines.

The case drew widespread attention in part because prosecutors presented evidence at one trial that an adult friend was the killer and told another jury the boys did it.

A month ago, Circuit Judge Frank Bell tossed out the boys' second-degree murder convictions, saying the brothers' rights were violated by the "unusual and bizarre" way prosecu-



Derek King



Alex King

Admit to third-degree murder, arson

tors simultaneously presented two contradictory theories of the crime. He ordered both sides to try to resolve the case in mediation.

The brothers were facing prison terms of 20 years to life before the convictions were thrown out.

The boys' mother, Kelly Marino—who has not lived with them for several years—made a last-ditch effort to have them examined by mental health experts before they pleaded guilty, but the judge said the request had no standing.

The boys told the judge they understood what they were doing.

Outside court, Marino denounced the plea bargain and said her sons had no idea what they were admitting to. She was accompanied by lawyers hired by comedian Rosie O'Donnell to help with

the case. They did not participate in the mediation.

"This is not right," Marino said, shaking her head in disbelief. "We do plan to challenge this."

Terry King, 40, was beaten with an aluminum bat as he slept in a recliner at his home in Cantonment. The house was then set on fire to cover the crime.

The boys, who were 12 and 13 at the time, gave detailed confessions to police: Derek said he swung the bat and Alex said he had urged his brother to kill their father because they were afraid of being punished for running away from home.

The boys later recanted and pinned the slaying on Ricky Chavis, a 41-year-old convicted child molester and family friend.

Chavis was acquitted of first-degree murder but remains jailed on other charges of accessory after the fact to murder, evidence tampering and sexually molesting Alex.

Jurors in the boys' trial said they believed Chavis wielded the bat. But they said they convicted the boys because they let Chavis into the house.

The case was the latest murder trial involving a child in Florida which leads the nation in the prosecution of juveniles as adults.

AP

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CHICAGO TRIBUNE

SECTION 1

NAT

Molester to live near prison

California predator finished treatment

By Kim Curtis
Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO—A sexual predator who was the first graduate of a post-prison treatment program will live in a trailer near a prison after his release, the state said Wednesday after trying for months to find a suit-

able home.

The site is temporary while the state looks for more-permanent lodging, said Nora Romero, spokeswoman for the Department of Mental Health.

The inmate, Brian DeVries, could be released as early as Sunday.

Romero ruled out the possibility that DeVries would move to Washington state to live with his father—an earlier option both states found objectionable.

"He will live in a trailer in

Monterey County, on land that is under the operation and control of the Department of Corrections," Romero said. The trailer is at the edge of the Correctional Training Facility, a medium-security prison near Soledad and about 20 miles from downtown Salinas.

DeVries, 44, a child molester who had himself surgically castrated and has promised to live a "kid-free" life, said in a telephone call from prison that he was satisfied with the site.

DAD KILLERS

Boys beat him to death to live with gay lover

From BARRY WIGMORE
in Florida

TWO young boys murdered their father so they could live with a homosexual neighbour.

Derek King, 14, and his brother Alex, 13, battered their sleeping father Terry to death with a baseball bat and tried to disguise their crime by setting fire to their home.

They wanted to move in with their 40-year-old neighbour - Alex's lover - because he let them smoke marijuana, play video games and stay up to watch TV.

The boys confessed the day after their father's charred body was found and gave police a graphic description of his last breath and seeing his brains through a hole in his head.

They later claimed the neighbour, Ricky Chavis, had killed printer Terry, 40, while they hid in the boot of his car.

When the guilty verdicts were read out Derek bowed his head while Alex wiped away tears as his lawyer draped an arm around his shoulders.

Their mother, Kelly Marino, wept softly behind them. She had walked out on Terry four



GUILTY: Alex prays while his brother Derek talks to a court official moments before the verdict

years ago, leaving the boys with him. They now face at least 22 years in jail after being found guilty of arson and murder by a court in Florida.

They will be sentenced on October 17. Chavis was found not guilty of arson and murder

in a separate trial. He now faces charges of having sex with Alex, being an accessory to murder and tampering with evidence.

Detective Terry Kilgore said: "We were confident of the boys' guilt from the first time we

spoke to them." The officer, who interviewed Chavis nine times, added: "We always had the feeling there was something up with Chavis. He is a lot of things, but we did not feel he was the killer."

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ION

THURSDAY AUGUST 7, 2003

after relocation effort fails

DeVries has been held since 1997 at the Atascadero State Hospital with about 400 sex offenders. He is the first sexual predator to complete the state's treatment program, which tries to rehabilitate the most dangerous offenders. Most are refusing treatment.

The release process was shrouded in secrecy as officials tried to avoid the outrage that often arises when sex offenders move into a neighborhood.

An earlier effort to house

DeVries in Santa Clara County fell apart after neighbors fought the plan. A judge ordered the department to find suitable housing in California or release DeVries by Sunday to his father in Washington. Governors of Washington and California publicly objected, and California officials said the restrictions the state planned to impose would not apply in Washington.

Those rules include requiring DeVries to stay in state-

funded housing and submit to outpatient treatment that includes monitoring by satellite, extensive therapy and random searches of his home and vehicle.

DeVries must register as a sex offender with the Monterey County sheriff's office within five days of the move and must obtain a driver's license and transportation to continue his outpatient treatment. Treatment and monitoring will cost \$180,000 a year, Romero said.

SEX ABUSE

A Report From the Front in the War on Predators

Years after Megan's murder, her law is still on trial

BY MATT BAI

HE DIDN'T LOOK ESPECIALLY menacing seated in a New Jersey courtroom, his mousy face hidden behind wide spectacles, his hands resting in his lap. But if Jesse Timmendequas's own confession can be believed, he used those hands to fondle and then strangle 7-year-old Megan Kanka on a summer day in 1994, wrapping a belt around her neck until she bled from the mouth. He finished the job by putting a plastic bag over her head. Then Timmendequas—a convicted pedophile who was living with two other child molesters across the street from the Kankas—dumped Megan's body in a nearby park and joined volunteers who were searching for the girl. His alleged crime horrified the nation and led to a federal "Megan's Law" that requires states to keep tabs on dangerous sex offenders and let the public know where they are. Last week Megan's mother finally had the chance to tearfully stare down the 36-year-old Timmendequas from the witness stand. He seemed not to notice.

Given the evidence presented so far, Timmendequas will likely be locked away if he doesn't get the death penalty. Banishing predators like him from parents' nightmares, however, is proving more difficult. More than 40 legislatures have now passed their own versions of Megan's Law; in the toughest states, parole officers may knock on doors or hold a town meeting to warn residents about their new neighbor. But Megan's Law is also on trial; legal challenges persist, and an early study found that while chronic child molesters are less likely to get away with their crimes under the law, they're no less liable to commit them. Meanwhile, legislators in Texas just voted to allow convicted child molesters to be castrated in



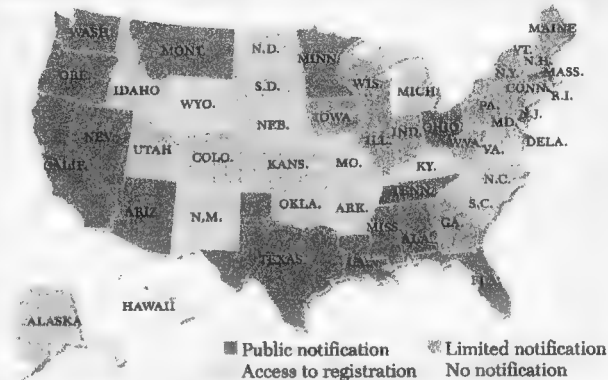
JEFF ZELEVANSKY—POOL/AP



In the dock: Police say Timmendequas confessed to murdering Megan in '94

Spotlighting Sex Offenders

Under new laws, states publicize freed sex convicts' whereabouts in one of three ways: release their names to newspapers; notify schools and child-care centers; or allow access to lists by request.



prison. The measure is strictly voluntary, though, and will affect only a few perverts. For all the courtroom drama and state-house debates, the most important question for parents remains unspoken: is there anything that would have prevented Megan Kanka's death?

Though police say he broke down during interrogation and led them to Megan's bloodied body, Timmendequas is pleading not guilty. Public defenders hinted to the judge that they might know who the real killer is, and they sought a mistrial after Maureen Kanka's emotional testimony.

(They didn't get it.) Timmendequas's scrawled confession to police—replete with grammar-school spelling errors—was read aloud by a cop who was clearly shaken. It wasn't clear, however, that Megan would still be alive if neighbors and schools had known about Timmendequas. A lot of the people on Megan's street already knew that at least one child molester—one of Timmendequas's roommates—lived among them. Critics say that just knowing there is a pervert in the area doesn't really matter unless you're willing to keep your child locked inside all the time.

The more natural response is to drive the sex offender away, and this is what bothers civil libertarians. In Washington state, a house was torched hours after neighbors rallied to keep a sex offender out of it. In Oregon, where molesters can be forced to post a sign—sort of a scarlet M—in their windows, a retired military man just out of prison was forced from a home last year after someone left him a burning cross.

Simpler solution: States have grown tired of the balancing act between the rights of ex-cons and those of their potential victims. Texas, for one, is following the lead of a convicted sex offender who asked the state to let him try a much simpler solution: castration. (Child molesters who choose the operation wouldn't get out of jail any sooner.) While Gov. George W. Bush has yet to sign the bill, it's been widely praised by victims' groups. "There's no such thing as a reformed child molester," says Dianne Clements of the Houston-based Justice for All. That isn't quite true; experts say only

some offenders are bound to repeat their crimes. But after Megan's death, no one's taking any chances. When two teenage sisters were found dead in Spotylvania, Va., last week, neighbors suspected a sexual predator and began eying anyone with a white Ford pickup truck—a vehicle as common as a lawn mower. "The public is fed up with living with this kind of fear," says Dr. Toni Farenkopf, a Portland, Ore., psychologist. That fear isn't going away—even if Jesse Timmendequas does.

With KAREN ALEXANDER in Virginia

Trial opens for neighbor in slaying of 'Megan's

Two-time molester faces death sentence

By Merrill Goezner
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

TRENTON, N.J.—A twice-convicted child molester, whose latest alleged crime spawned "Megan's laws" around the country to identify where sex offenders live, went on trial for his life Monday for the rape and murder of 7-year-old Megan Kanka.

As 36-year-old Jesse Timmendequas sat impassively, Maureen Kanka told how on a Friday evening in mid-July 1994, every family's nightmare became her family's reality.

With her husband and son out shopping and her two daughters curled up on the couch watching television, she laid down in her bedroom for a few moments of rest after a hard week's work.

When she got up, her older daughter told her that Megan had crossed the street to visit a friend. She was never seen alive again. After an all-night search that involved hundreds of neighbors, a police presented her with torn pieces of a pair of girls shorts that had been fished

from garbage cans in front of the house across from where Timmendequas lived. "I got very emotional and told them they were pieces of her shorts," Kanka testified, her voice breaking down in sobs. "And then I ran into the house."

Later that day, Timmendequas led police to the body and that night told them he had raped and murdered the child. The confession, which includes damaging statements about his motives, holds the key to whether he will face death by lethal injection if convicted of the most serious of eight counts he faces: intentional murder.

In her opening statement, Mercer County prosecutor Kathryn Flicker told the jury that Timmendequas feared he would be sent back to jail after luring Megan into his house and fondling her. Reading from the confession, she said: "I was scared she would get loose and tell on me . . . that I would get in trouble and go to jail."

In the most dramatic moment of her opening statement, Flicker asked the eight men and eight women on the jury panel (a dozen eventually will be chosen to decide the case) how it was that "hundreds of searchers were unable to find her body but he"—she turned and pointed at Timmendequas—"led the police to her body."

Megan's body had been dumped in Mercer County Park in Hamilton Township, where the Kankas lived. She had been raped, sodomized, strangled, and two paper bags had been placed over her head.

The prosecution also plans to introduce forensic evidence that a bite mark on Timmendequas' hand was made by the girl. "Megan had literally left her mark," Flicker said. "She struggled. She fought."

Defense attorney Barbara Lependorf gave no indication how she plans to counter the battery of facts and circumstantial evidence against her client, including DNA from the semen found in Megan's body.

In her opening statement, she told the jury that a police officer's testimony should not be given more weight than anyone else's and stressed how confessions can be offered for a variety of reasons.

The low-key statement—even the defendant yawned during its presentation—suggested the defense will try to create doubt in jurors' minds that Timmendequas intended to kill Megan, a strategy aimed mainly at the sentencing phase of the trial, which is expected to last six weeks.

Security was tight in Superior Court

esday, May 6, 1997

Section 1

7

law' girl

Judge Andrew Smithson's courtroom. While photographers will be allowed to take pictures of witnesses as they enter the courtroom, the judge has agreed to a request from Richard and Maureen Kanka to ban live coverage of the trial.

However, the judge did allow broadcasters to cover the opening statement and will do the same for closing arguments.

Maureen Kanka was composed for most of her two hours on the stand. Since her daughter's murder, she has pushed for legislation to require that communities be notified when a sex offender moves in and for that information to be made available to neighbors.

She stood next to President Clinton a year ago when he signed a measure that would cut federal anti-crime aid to states that fail to pass laws providing for community notification.

Those "Megan's laws" continue to face opposition from civil liberties groups around the country. A challenge to the New Jersey statute by the state public defender's office is before a federal appeals court in Philadelphia.

The plaintiffs are 2,000 released sex offenders who claim the notification amounts to additional punishment in violation of their constitutional privacy rights.



AP PHOTO

Jesse Timmendequas, accused of slaying Megan Kanka, 7, listens Monday to his attorney's opening statement. The girl's death led to a spate of "Megan's laws," requiring that communities be notified when sex offenders move in.

Psychiatrists disagree on pedophile's castration

By Robin Anne Roe

SPECIAL TO THE TRIBUNE

Two Northwestern University professors disagreed vehemently with each other Tuesday as they testified on the impact surgical castration is likely to have on a child molester who voluntarily underwent the procedure.

The two appeared in a Kane County courtroom for the first day of hearings in the sentencing of a 30-year-old Schaumburg man who pleaded guilty last year to sexually assaulting two young girls.

Jeffrey Morse was castrated at his own request in hopes that Judge Donald C. Hudson will see it as a demonstration of remorse and a mitigating factor in sentencing.

On Tuesday, the two Northwestern University witnesses agreed only that no documented studies on the impact of the procedure on pedophiles have been performed in the United States.

Alexander Obolsky, a forensic psychiatrist, testified for the state that there is no cure for pedophilia, and that the only known treatment for the behavior involves medication, psychotherapy and finding a more appropriate sexual outlet.

But Michael Bailey, a psychologist specializing in male human sexuality, said "castration is all he [Morse] needs to prevent him from touching another young girl."

Morse is expected to testify and be sentenced Tuesday when the hearing is slated to resume.

Tribune 2/25/98

Castration fails to win leniency for pedophile

Judge decries 'trading body parts' for sentence

By Janan Hanna

TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

After being charged with sexual crimes against two west suburban girls, Jeffrey Morse of Schaumburg rejected an offer from prosecutors for a 25-year prison sentence in exchange for a guilty plea.

Instead, Morse, 30, entered a blind plea—a plea of guilty without a prior agreement on sentencing—and underwent surgical castration in the hope that a judge might view his willingness to sacrifice so much as the ultimate act of contrition. That, he hoped, would lead to a more lenient sentence.

It didn't work.

Kane County Circuit Judge Donald Hudson on Tuesday sentenced Morse to 26 years in prison, saying that to go easy on him would set a dangerous precedent. Morse faced a maximum of 37

years.

"He is not entitled to receive a lesser sentence than this court would otherwise impose," Hudson said. "The court would be condoning the trading of body parts for a lesser sentence."

Hudson added that the "interests of justice cannot be contingent on a defendant's actions after his arrest and his conviction."

"Why did the defendant wait until the gates of the penitentiary were closing in on him" before he tried to control his sexual deviance? Hudson asked.

Morse pleaded guilty late last year to molesting an 11-year-old from Algonquin and trying to molest a 9-year-old from St. Charles.

He was castrated by an unidentified

SEE MOLESTER, PAGE 2

of his crimes. "But I hope that from this tragedy, something good can come out of this."

He said he was prepared to live with the judge's sentence.

Kane County Assistant State's Atty. Kathy Diamond Karayannis, who with assistants Betsy Flood and Jody Gleason prosecuted Morse, said the judge's sentence was "completely appropriate for this case."

Wharton said he would ask the judge to reconsider his ruling and, if the judge refuses, he would appeal the sentencing.

"Did I expect more leniency? Yes I did," Wharton said after the sentencing. "Certain treatments are effective, and I think the court should have looked at that."

fessor at Loyola University Medical Center in Maywood, said the studies are 30 years old, contain inconsistent periods of followup with offenders, and contain a disproportionate number of voyeurs and exhibitionists—the least violent sexual offenders—skewing the results.

"I don't believe the recidivism rates are 2.8 percent," he said.

Before the sentencing, Morse told the judge that he volunteered for castration because he wanted to gain control of his life and get "back to society and do something productive."

He tearfully apologized for his crimes, saying, "A day doesn't go by that I don't pray that the girls are all right."

"I can't undo what I did," he said

candidate for effective treatment of his sexual disorder. Castration, coupled with Morse's willingness and desire to undergo intensive psychiatric treatment, could work to control Morse's conduct, making him eligible—some day—for reintegration into society, Berlin said.

But even though castration would significantly reduce Morse's sexual drive, Berlin said nothing would change Morse's sexual orientation.

Berlin also noted that a number of European studies indicate sharply reduced recidivism—a combined average of 2.8 percent—among more than 3,000 castrated sex offenders.

But prosecution witnesses said the study findings are not credible.

Dr. John Mulhall, a urology pro-

Hudson said he believed there was no "medical consensus" on that issue.

Testimony at the sentencing hearing indicated that psychiatric and medical experts have varying degrees of confidence in European studies that indicate significantly reduced recidivism rates after castration.

Dr. Fred Berlin, a psychiatrist who teaches at John Hopkins University School of Medicine, where he specializes in the treatment of sexual disorders, likened sexually abnormal behavior to alcoholism, saying molesters can reform, but not on their own.

Berlin, who examined Morse for about four hours Monday, said he believed that Morse was a good

Molester

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

fied board-certified urologist on Jan. 20.

Testimony during Tuesday's sentencing hearing disclosed that Morse admitted to a pattern of sexual deviance throughout his life, including at least 50 instances of masturbating around children.

Still, Morse's lawyer, Paul Wharton, pleaded with the judge for a minimum 6-year sentence, saying his client "was the safest pedophile in the world."

At issue during the sentencing was whether castration reduces the likelihood that a sexual offender would repeat his criminal conduct.

Kidnapped girl says suspect bragged about murdering family

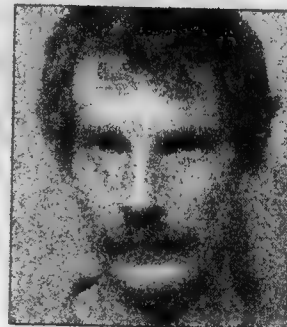
Man said he targeted her after seeing her in bathing suit: cops

BY NICHOLAS K. GERANIOS

COEUR D'ALENE, Idaho — Convicted sex offender Joseph Edward Duncan bragged to his 8-year-old captive during more than six weeks on the run, telling her how he used a shotgun and hammer to kill her family after staking out their home for days, court documents show.

Shasta Groene remembered it all and has been providing authorities with details that are building a strong case against Duncan, according to the minutes and a recording of a closed-door probable-cause hearing. Duncan was charged Tuesday with three counts of first-degree murder and three counts of first-degree kidnapping in the deaths of Shasta's mother Brenda Groene, 40, her brother Slade, 13, and Groene's boyfriend Mark McKenzie, 37.

"He told her he was out driving around looking for children to kidnap," Kootenai County sheriff's detective Brad Maskell testified during the probable cause



Shasta Groene poses for a photo two days after she was rescued in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Joseph Edward Duncan is charged with killing her family.

—KOOTENAI COUNTY SHERIFF PHOTO/GETTY IMAGES

hearing Tuesday. "He ... saw her playing in the yard with her brother and wearing a bathing suit. At that point he chose them as possible kidnap victims."

According to court records and testimony, Shasta's ordeal began when her mother called her into the living room early May 16. Her mother, brother and McKenzie were bound with zip-ties and duct tape. Duncan then bound her and Dylan and left them outside. Shasta said they saw Slade stagger

out of the home. They yelled for Slade to untie them, but he was incoherent and bleeding from his head and was unable to respond.

Shasta remembered that Duncan wore dark gloves and had a shotgun and night-vision goggles. She also recalled the brand name of the hammer used to bludgeon the victims, which Duncan showed her after the attacks.

Dylan's body was found in Montana last week.

AP

NATION

Officials: Danielle likely dead

Prosecutors vow murder charge against neighbor in California case

By Karen Brandon

Tribune national correspondent

SAN DIEGO — Believing that 7-year-old Danielle van Dam is dead, prosecutors on Monday announced they will charge a man with her murder, though they have not recovered the child's body.

David Westerfield, who lives near the van Dam family, was arrested for kidnapping Friday. He also may face child pornography charges, prosecutors said.

For more than three weeks, authorities and scores of volunteers have conducted a fruitless search for the 2nd grader in the hills near her suburban home in Sabre Springs and in the desert where the neighbor accused of abducting her spent the weekend after she vanished.

"Murder is a hard word," San Diego County District Atty. Paul Pfingst said Monday. "But based upon the evidence that's before us today, it's the correct charge."

Pfingst said he will charge Westerfield with murder dur-



Brenda van Dam (facing camera) thanks volunteer searchers Saturday. Despite their efforts, Danielle van Dam, 7, remains missing. AP photo by Bob Greiser

ing kidnapping, a charge punishable by death or life without parole. He said no decision had been made about whether to seek the death penalty.

Westerfield, whose 50th birthday was Monday, is being held in custody and is scheduled to be arraigned Tuesday afternoon.

The district attorney's office said the absence of the child's body would not deter prosecution. Spokeswoman Liz Pursell said she could recall four murder cases in which the office had successfully prosecuted defendants even though the body of the victim was never found. Two of those convicted murderers are on Death Row, she said.

In making his announcement Monday, Pfingst acknowledged the work of volunteers who have helped in what he called an unprecedented search for the blond-haired, blue-eyed girl.

"Everyone is grateful for their efforts," he said. "We hope those efforts to recover Danielle are not abandoned now that Mr. Westerfield has been charged with murder."

Danielle last seen Feb. 1

The girl was last seen Feb. 1 and her disappearance has been featured on the television program "America's Most Wanted."

Pfingst said he discussed the decision to charge Westerfield with murder with the girl's parents, Damon and Brenda van Dam. "When they heard the word and recognized that

they were dealing with this issue, both parents were in tears," he said.

Steven Feldman, a San Diego lawyer representing Westerfield, did not return calls requesting comment. Feldman said Friday that he would "mount a vigorous defense" and added that he would seek a gag order in the case.

Westerfield was arrested Friday after laboratory tests showed that blood found in his motor home and on his clothing matched Danielle's, police said.

Suspect's DNA found in home

In addition, they said, DNA evidence that matches Westerfield's was found in the girl's bedroom. The district attorney's office and the police department declined Monday to give details about evidence.

Westerfield is a self-employed mechanical engineer. Twice divorced, he has two adult children, a son and a daughter.

D'Ann Genovese, 43, who has known the suspect socially and professionally for a decade, said she and her husband remain supporters of Westerfield. "There's no way," she said. "It has to be a big mistake."

She described Westerfield as a mild-mannered gentleman, someone who is "a little bit on the quiet side and a little bit on the sensitive side." She said he was very active and dedicated to his children. He had started his home-based business, Spectrum Design, to have the flexibility to attend his children's

Missing

Since Morning of 2/2/2002 Sabre Springs Area, San Diego



Danielle - 7 Years Old

4 ft. Tall, 58 Lbs. Blue Eyes, Dirty Blond Hair

Possibly wearing light blue pajamas

Please Call San Diego Police with any information

-2000

For general information

missing.tripod.com

AP photo by Bob Grieser

Danielle van Dam, 7, sold Girl Scout cookies to accused kidnaper David Westerfield a week earlier, her parents say.

activities, she said.

Genovese said she and her husband worked with Westerfield for many years, and that her husband had hired him to do work on occasion, dating back 20 years. Westerfield's name is on three patents, including one with her husband, for a continuous passive mo-



San Diego Union Tribune photo
Suspect David Westerfield, 50, is a mechanical engineer with two grown children.

tion machine, a medical device used for orthopedic surgery patients. In addition, she said, he did extensive work on the design of garage door openers.

Though Westerfield lived two doors away, the van Dams have said they scarcely knew him.

Danielle sold Girl Scout cookies to him a week before her disappearance, the parents said.

On the night of Feb. 1, Damon van Dam, who was home alone with his daughter and two sons, tucked his daughter into bed in her second-story bedroom. His wife, who was at a local bar where she saw Westerfield, said she returned early in the morning of Feb. 2, but did not look in on the child. Later that morning, the parents have said, they went into the girl's bedroom to awaken her and discovered that she was missing.

Neighbor guilty of killing girl

7-year-old was taken from Calif. home and slain

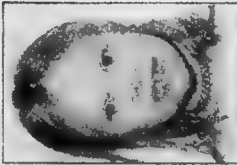
By BEN FOX

SAN DIEGO—A neighbor was convicted Wednesday of kidnapping 7-year-old Danielle van Dam from her home and killing her in the first of a string of brazen child abductions that have drawn national attention this year.

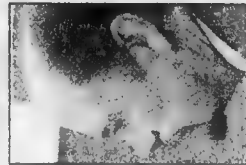
Danielle's mother burst into tears and a crowd outside the courthouse cheered as the jury convicted self-employed engineer David Westerfield of murder, kidnapping and possessing child pornography.

Westerfield, 50, will face life in prison or a death sentence when the trial's penalty phase begins next week.

The parents, jurors and trial attorneys remained under a gag order and couldn't comment on the verdict.



Danielle van Dam



David Westerfield



Damon van Dam (center) comforts his wife, Brenda, as the verdict is read at the San Diego trial of David Westerfield in the slaying of their daughter, Danielle. Westerfield lived two houses away from the van Dams. Now he faces life in prison or execution for kidnapping and murdering Danielle.

AP

The jury de-

liberated for about 40 hours over 10 days after a lurid trial in which the defense suggested that the lifestyle of Danielle's parents, including spouse-swapping and marijuana use, put her at risk.

Prosecutors had argued that the jurors couldn't ignore evidence such as drops of the victim's blood on Westerfield's jacket.

Danielle disappeared from her home sometime after her father put her to bed on Feb. 1. Her naked body was found along a rural road nearly a month later, too

decomposed to determine how she died or whether she was sexually assaulted.

Westerfield, who lived two houses away from the van Dams, left on a meandering trip in his motor home the morning her family reported she was gone, and police and volunteers began searching the neighborhood.

He was placed under surveillance and eventually arrested after investigators learned he had been at the same bar as Danielle's mother and two of her friends the

night the girl vanished.

"Those who are close to the family have chosen to defer comment or reaction until the van Dams can speak for themselves," Sara Fraunices, the parents' spokeswoman, said after the verdict.

Westerfield's sister wept and shook her head as she sat two rows behind him.

"I am in shock. I am just in shock," said David Neal, a former brother-in-law of Westerfield. "He thought he was going to get off."

Outside the courthouse, Jeri Fortier, 56, was among the crowd that erupted in applause when the verdicts were read.

"There was a mountain of evidence against Westerfield. He was obviously guilty," Fortier said.

Sabre Springs, the neighborhood where Danielle lived, was quiet except for a gathering of reporters. Across the street from Westerfield's home someone posted a sign that read: "Please NO media. Thank you."

"I wanted to cry. I'm glad that

they found somebody guilty and that we can all rest and feel a little more safe in the neighborhood," said resident Vicki Sanders.

Danielle's slaying led a year of high-profile abductions of children, including Elizabeth Smart, 14, in Utah; Samantha Runnion, 6, in Orange County, Calif.; Cassandra Williamson, 6, in Missouri; and Jennifer Short, 9, in Virginia. Elizabeth and Jennifer remain missing. Samantha and Cassandra were found dead.

AP

IS, Tuesday, December 21, 1989

San Antonio Express

Sidney Cooke the evil child sex killer is condemned to die in jail



ONE of Britain's most notorious child sex killers was jailed for life last week for more offences against youngsters.

As ailing Sidney Cooke, 72, was sent down to spend what will probably be the rest of his life behind bars, one of his victims said: "We never want to see him released."

Cooke is now expected to be questioned about the death of Mark Tildesley, who vanished in June 1984, aged seven, on a visit to a fair near his home in Wokingham, Berkshire. His body has never been found.

The court at which Cooke was jailed heard how he befriended two teenage brothers in the early Seventies after he engineered their release from a children's home. He then subjected them to six years of abuse.

Sir John Nutting QC, prosecuting, had earlier described the sex assaults as so frequent and manipulative that the boys came to regard their relationship with Cooke as natural.

Cooke received two life sentences

BY MARTIN STONE

for 10 serious sex offences against the brothers and lesser terms for eight other charges which include similar crimes and indecencies. He admitted the charges in October.

Judge Mr Justice Poole recommended that the Home Secretary should not refer his case to the parole board — which would then decide whether or not it was safe to consider freeing him — for at least five years.

The parole board would take such a decision only if it was convinced that Cooke was no longer a danger. But the judge emphasised that the reports he had read were unanimous that the paedophile remained a control freak with a sexual fixation on children.

Before Cooke was sentenced, the court heard how his health was deteriorating. "He has had three strokes and a heart attack. He has spinal problems and a hiatus hernia," his barrister, Timothy Cassel QC, told Wolverhampton Crown Court.

"Whatever sentence you pass, what

little time he has in this world will be lonely and sad and bleak."

The sentence was welcomed by the detective who led the new inquiry, and by the two victims, now both in their late 30s.

The younger of the two brothers said: "When the judge said life, it made my day. I don't think Cooke can have any complaints after what he has done. We never want to see him released. The judge's description of him was very accurate."

Detective Superintendent Trevor Davies said: "I am delighted with the sentence. From the reports, everyone was unanimous that this man is a danger. I would expect him to be in prison for a long time. I don't think his attitude will change. He is a very domineering character."

Asked about ongoing inquiries, Det Supt Davies said: "Other instances where Cooke has been named are under investigation."

Cooke belonged to an Eighties gang suspected of being responsible for the killing of up to nine boys during sex

orgies. He was jailed for 19 years in 1989 for the manslaughter of rent boy Jason Swift in an East London flat.

The sentence was reduced to 16 years on appeal and he served only nine. After his release last year he lived in a police station in Yeovil, Somerset, for nine months at his own request because of public outrage.

Sentencing Cooke last week, the judge told him: "These offences, particularly those on both boys when they were under 14, in circumstances where you engineered their release from the safe residence they were then in, are very serious indeed and so grave as to merit an extremely long sentence."

The judge added: "The reports are adamant that, in spite of your advanced years, you remain for the time being and for an incalculable period, a serious danger to children and to young adolescents."

"Not only are you sexually fixated on them but there are within you wells of anger that make you peculiarly dangerous."

Castration doesn't gain leniency for pedophile

BY DAN ROZEK
SUBURBAN REPORTER

Saying he wouldn't "place a seal of approval on trading body parts for a lesser sentence," Kane County Judge Donald C. Hudson refused Tuesday to show leniency to a child molester who was voluntarily castrated.

Instead, Hudson sentenced Jeffrey Morse of Schaumburg to 26 years in prison for sexual assaults on two suburban girls in 1996 and 1997.

"The fact the defendant was surgically castrated does not balance the ledger sheet of the crimes he committed. It doesn't erase the grief and the anguish" of the victims, Hudson said. "I refuse to allow the defendant to use this as a bargaining chip."

Defense attorney Paul Wharton asked for a six-year prison term, saying Morse's castration demonstrated remorse and virtually eliminated the possibility he would commit additional sex crimes.

"Jeff Morse is the safest sex offender in the United States today," Wharton said. "Why? Because he's the only one who's been surgically castrated."

Experts called by the defense and prosecution disagreed on how effective castration is in reducing recidivism among sex offenders.

But Morse said he hopes the surgery would help him control his sexual urges.

"I did it because I want to control myself," he said, his voice quavering.

"I'm sorry, but I can't undo what I did."

Before imposing the sentence, Hudson sharply criticized Morse for victimizing children—whom Morse lured to his car by asking for directions.

"The defendant preyed upon the innate trust and goodness of young children," Hudson said. "I find this behavior particularly reprehensible."

Hudson said he feared setting a precedent that would allow other sex offenders to "trade their sexuality for a lighter sentence."

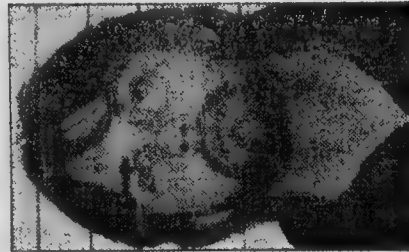
Assistant Kane County State's Attorney Kathy Diamond Karayannis said a lesser sentence "would have set a dangerous precedent" and called the 26-year prison term a "completely appropriate sentence."

■ Molester's mental exam can be videotaped; Page 28.

Morse, 31, who pleaded guilty last year, was castrated in January—a procedure Morse hoped would help him control his sex drive and demonstrate his remorse.

But the case also has raised legal, ethical and medical questions, including whether the surgery will make Morse less likely to commit other crimes against children.

Morse faced up to 90 years in prison for attacking an 11-year-old Algonquin girl and an 8-year-old St. Charles girl, although prosecutors had requested a jail term of 25 to 60 years.



Jeffrey Morse
Sentenced to 26 years

—Steve Turner 3/4/98

SICKO 'PORN' PLOT

33
New York Post, Thursday, September 30, 2004
nypost.com

Slain kid's mom targeted

By HEIDI SINGER

The distraught Staten Island mother of missing 7-year-old Holly Anne Hughes was the target of a bizarre plot to get her to make a porno film to win the girl's release, it was revealed in court yesterday.

Holly Cederholm confronted Andre Rand, the alleged abductor of her daughter, from the witness stand yesterday — and charged he was behind a disturbing phone call she received after Holly Anne disappeared in 1981.

Cederholm testified that a month after the little girl was snatched, she was visited by a priest who told her an anonymous caller wanted to speak with her.

After getting the police involved, the distraught mom spoke with the mystery caller — and was told that if she went to Baldwin, L.I., to make a steamy sex movie, her daughter would be freed.

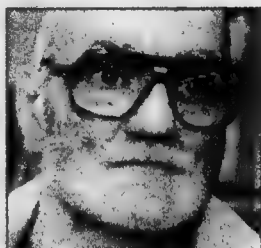
On the stand in Staten Island Supreme Court — but with the jury outside the courtroom — Cederholm told Justice Stephen Rooney, "That's the caller, Judge," pointing to defendant Rand.

"That man sitting there with the beard and the glasses is the caller."

She did not say why she thought Rand was the caller.

Cederholm never went to Long Island, as the caller demanded — and defense attorney Duane Felton had a testy exchange with her over why.

"There was no need to



ANDRE RAND

On trial in '81 kidnapping.

go to Baldwin," she replied. "My daughter was already deceased. I already knew that."

Cederholm eyed Rand angrily during her testimony, while her son, Edward, sobbed.

Holly Anne disappeared on July 15, 1981, but her body was never found.

Rand, who is serving 25 years to life for the 1988 kidnapping of another Staten Island girl, was indicted in 2001 on charges of abducting Holly Anne.

Cederholm's dramatic testimony was followed by an account by Rand's former fiancé about their twisted relationship.

Eileen Nix, who was 29 when she dated Rand, recalled: "He said, 'When we got married ... I want you to wear your hair in pig-tails.'"

"He said it made me look child-like," Nix said.

Nix testified that after their breakup Rand stalked her by hanging around outside her house almost every night — but not on the night Holly Anne disappeared.

LITTLE GIRL LOST

22
New York Post, Tuesday, October 5, 2004
nypost.com

Haunted by '81 kidnap

By JEREMY OLSHAN
and MARSHA KRANES

Tanya Goodson still gets chills when she passes the spot on Staten Island's Port Richmond Avenue where 23 years ago — when Tanya was 6 — her best friend was abducted by a man who offered them candy from his green Volkswagen.

"I said, 'No,' and she said, 'Yes,'" Goodson recalled yesterday. "She walked over to the car, and that was the last time I saw her. She was pulled inside."

Goodson recounted the nightmarish events of July 15, 1981, at the trial of Holly Ann Hughes' accused abductor, Andre Rand, 60, a convicted kidnapper and child molester.

Goodson recalled that Holly, then 7, was snatched as they walked to a neighborhood store to buy soap.

"The only thing I saw of the man was that he had a mask on," she told the Staten Island Supreme Court jury.

Later, outside court, she told The Post, "I still feel guilty ... I always think about that moment — the last time I saw my best friend."

"I was only five feet away from my house," she said. "I ran home hysterically crying and told my mom that he took Holly."

She said her mother told Holly's mom, and the police were called, but her friend was never found



ANDRE RAND

Perv finally on trial.

and has long been presumed dead.

"I've tried to put it behind me, but whenever I would walk past that place it's like yesterday," she said.

Goodson said she's going to make sure her daughter, Jaba Maria Rosa, 2½, isn't lured by a sicko the way Holly was.

"When she's old enough, I'll tell her what happened to me," she said.

In court during cross-examination, defense lawyer Duane Felton tried to discredit Goodson by implying that she was testifying to get drug charges against her dropped.

Goodson replied that she had entered rehab after she was busted for attempting to sneak drugs to her jailed boyfriend.

In other testimony yesterday, Nancy Pacella, a hospital worker, identified Rand as the "spooky" man she saw standing and driving near the abduction scene.

METRO

PAGE 24

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES • WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 2003

Another little girl groped at discount store

Police say one man linked to 13 cases on North, Northwest sides

BY FRANK MAIN
Crime Reporter

The attack on the little girl started innocently enough.

A stranger approached her in the aisle of a discount store and

asked for her help reaching a pair of shoes.

But when the man lifted her up, he unzipped her pants, fondled her and ran from the store.

The assault at 8:30 p.m. Monday in the Village Discount Outlet store at 4027 N. Kedzie was one of 13 linked to the same man since August 2001, Chicago police say.

It was similar to four assaults in two other Village Discount Outlet stores on the North and Northwest sides, police said.

"Either he shops there, or lives in the areas and finds it convenient," Chicago police officer Emily Bellomy said.

In Monday's crime, the 6-year-old girl was with a 9-year-old brother while her parents were shopping. The aisles in the store were "very tall" and prevented the parents from seeing what happened, Bellomy said. The man spoke to the girl in Spanish.

Most of the victims were Hispanic girls, ages 4 to 8, Bellomy

said. None of the incidents was violent, she said.

Police planned to interview the girl and her brother Tuesday afternoon. They also were preparing to review a surveillance tape from the store. Investigators have a fuzzy image of the suspect taken from a video camera in another Village Discount Outlet store and have developed a composite sketch of the man, described as 5-foot-6 and 160 pounds, 20 to 30 years old, with a thin mustache and red bumps on

his forehead, possibly from acne.

Village Discount Outlet Inc. released a statement Tuesday saying its policy is to post a security officer at each store. The company has hired off-duty Chicago police officers for extra security and plays messages in English and Spanish, cautioning parents to keep their children with them.

Village Discount Outlet is offering a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the attacker.

Kidnapper killed after chase

Kristina Jacobson, 7, runs from an overturned car after her kidnapper was shot and killed by police on Interstate 5 near Metz Hill, Ore., Thursday. The gunman took Kristina from her baby-sitter's house in Salem and headed south, pursued by police cars and an airplane. He shot at motorists, injuring two. The chase ended when the car ran over spikes set by police and hit the median. Kristina suffered minor injuries.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTO

John 10/11/98

Rory suspect is found hanged

By Gavin Madeley

THE man suspected of killing schoolboy Rory Blackthall has been found hanged at his home. A body believed to be that of suspected sex offender Simon Harris was discovered in his garden shed yesterday a few miles from where the 11-year-old's body was discovered a week earlier.

Officers swooped on the address in Livingston, Scotland, shortly after midday.

Harris, 37, who was awaiting trial on sex charges, had been swabbed for DNA as a matter of routine when he was arrested.

It is understood that DNA samples taken from Rory were matched with those of Harris.

Suspicion focused on him after police appealed for help in tracking down a 'gaunt' stranger wearing dark clothes and a deerstalker-style hat. They received 300 calls from the public. Several callers said Harris fitted the description.

A police spokesman said: "Ongoing inquiries by Lothian and Bor-



Victim: 11-year-old Rory Blackthall
Police has led officers to conduct forensic examinations on a house in Livingston in connection with the death of Rory Blackwell. "During a search conducted

today at an address in the Camps Riggs area, we can confirm that the body of an adult was recovered from the premises. A post mortem and formal identification is expected to take place tomorrow.

Detectives hope the post mortem results will close the case. Last night, neighbours described how police in riot gear and carrying shields stormed into the shabby grey house.

Hugh Nelson, 50, a construction site manager, said: "The police poured into the house in a real hurry. They had dogs and devices to break down the side gate and disappeared round the back. There's a lift by 8ft shed round there and they went inside it and into the house."

"It all seemed to be over as quickly as it had started. Officers in normal uniforms started sealing the place off. Within an hour, forensics started to arrive and some- body said they'd found a body."

Residents described Harris as a 'loner'. His mother Betty and step-

father Walter Inglis had lived at the house for 20 years.

One neighbour, who asked not to be named, said he moved in about three years ago, after his stepfather died. His elderly mother was taken into a nursing home a couple of years ago.

"He was a rugged sort of chap, but thin and had a really pale,

'He went a wee bit downhill'

thin, face and never really spoke to anybody and his attitude seemed to change a wee bit when his mother went into the home.

"He went downhill a wee bit and you hardly ever saw him except when he came and went in his car. It was a bit of an old banger."

Yesterday, the car was nowhere to be seen. Late into the evening, as the heavy rain continued, forensics officers in white uniforms continued to work over the house. At

about 6.30pm, a white van arrived to remove the body.

On Saturday, Rory's estranged parents visited the site where hundreds of well-wishers have placed bouquets of flowers.

Michelle and Russell Blackthall hugged Rory's older brother, Conal, and laid a floral tribute.

A brief note with the flowers read: "Rory Rory, you are always with us in our thoughts and in our hearts. Our wee Rory, we love you."

The last positive sighting of Rory, from Adambrae, Livingston, was at 8.30am on Thursday August 18 when his mother dropped him 300 yards from Mel-drum Primary School.

He never arrived. But it was not until his grandfather arrived to pick him up seven hours later that the family discovered him missing.

His body was found last Sunday in woodland. He had been killed 24 hours earlier by asphyxiation.

Police will be keen to establish whether Rory was held against his will at the house in Camps Riggs.

Daily Mail 8/29/15

Man in Truck Snatches Texas Girl From Bike

By JANINE ZUNIGA
ASSOCIATED PRESS

ARLINGTON, Texas — The streets where 9-year-old Amber Hagerman and her friends played were quiet Monday. Two days earlier, they had echoed with her screams as she fought a man who dragged her into his truck.

The girl hasn't been seen since.

"The streets are always full of kids playing. They aren't now," said neighbor Bruce Seybert, whose daughter is in Girl Scouts with Amber. "This is their time to sell cookies—I can't go out and let them do that."

Amber was riding her bicycle

near an abandoned, store two blocks from her grandparents' home Saturday when, according to a witness, she was snatched by a man who drove a late-model black pickup.

"He caught her right up under the arm," said Jimmie Kevil, 78, who called police. "He pulled her off the bike, and the bike fell to the ground. I knew something was wrong."

Despite hundreds of tips, investigators have no leads, police spokesman Dee Anderson said, acknowledging that "as the hours grow, the concern grows."

Officers are searching door-to-door and checking sex offenders

and owners of black pickups.

"I want to get out there and do something. I want to get out there on the street and holler and holler for her," said Amber's mother, Donna Whitson. "I know that's not

going to do anything, but I just want her back."

Authorities and businesses have offered \$15,000 for information leading to the arrest of the kidnaper. Pliers have been posted on nearby streets and handed out throughout the city by neighbors and friends.

The blue-eyed girl was last seen wearing pink jeans and a gray shirt with multicolored handprints all over it. Her brown hair was in a

ponytail.

"Just drop her off. Let her walk home by herself," Whitson pleaded. "Just don't hurt my baby."

25/1ST V1

Daily Mail, Wednesday, August 24, 2005

V2

Page 25

Daily Mail Reporter

THE 11-year-old boy who disappeared after he was dropped off at school was murdered, police said yesterday.

The body of Rory Blackhall, from Livingston in West Lothian, was found covered by a tent in woodland on Sunday afternoon.

Officers investigating the killing said Rory had been asphyxiated.

More details about his death are expected to be uncovered by forensic tests.

Detectives are focusing on the worn canvas tent covering his fully-clothed body and reported sightings of 'a number of strangers' in the area around the time Rory went missing on Thursday.

He was dropped off as usual by his mother at 8.30am in a bus lay-by

'He was the ideal pupil'

300 yards from his school, Meldrum Primary.

Investigators are attempting to piece together events until his body was found 78 hours later about three-quarters of a mile away.

Police said that there was nothing to suggest Rory intended to miss school on the day of his disappearance.

They believe his missing schoolbag may prove to be a vital clue to his death and are asking nearby residents to search their gardens for the navy blue Puma rucksack with a grey front pocket.

It contained a sandwich box with his name on it, a camouflage pencil tin and schoolbooks.

Yesterday, Rory's headmistress described him as 'an ideal pupil'.

Barbara Gregor said: 'Rory was a lovely boy who will be missed by everyone in the school. He was very

The missing 76 hours of murdered Schoolboy



Rory Blackhall: He vanished after being dropped at school

popular with staff and pupils. Rory was the ideal pupil. He was a hard-working boy who put 100 per cent effort into everything he did.

'He played a full part in the life of our school. His ready smile, sense of humour and good manners made him well-liked by everyone.

'We are all shocked and deeply saddened by what has happened.'

Hundreds of floral tributes have been placed near the spot where Rory's body was found, many from classmates.

One card read: 'He was one of the nicest, most caring boys anyone could ever know.'

'This is probably the saddest and most hurtful and upsetting thing that has ever happened to me.'

'Rory didn't deserve this and getting over it will be extremely hard - Amy.'

By Grace Macaskill
and Maureen Culley

A BOY who disappeared after being dropped off at school four days ago was found dead yesterday.

Police discovered the body of 11-year-old Rory Blackhall in nearby woodland.

Rory, of Livingston, West Lothian, was last seen when his mother left him at the gates of Meldrum Primary School early on Thursday morning.

A massive search began that afternoon after his grandfather went to collect him. Only to find he had not been seen in class.

Hundreds of volunteers joined Lothian and Borders Police search teams as they scoured the countryside around Livingston over the weekend.

But all hope of finding Rory alive was dashed at around 1pm

'Fantastic and affectionate'

yesterday when officers found a body in woods a quarter of a mile from the school.

Police said they could not tell whether the boy had died as the result of suicide, accident or murder. A post mortem was due to be carried out today.

Launching an appeal to find her son last Friday, Rory's mother Michelle described him as a 'fantastic and affectionate' little boy who was fond of dogs, fishing, trains and diving.

Mrs Blackhall, 41, who is a teacher at another local primary school, begged Rory to return home and revealed he had had a difficult time dealing with her separation from his father, Russell, 42, over the past year.

She said Rory, who had a 14-year-old brother, was much loved and the family simply wanted him to come home.

She said: 'There have been things happening within the family that have upset Rory over this year. I think this final thing of

Dead: The boy who vanished from the school gate

going back to school, he was unhappy about. I think that kind of tipped the balance.

'Rory's a very lovable boy who gets on with everybody. He's very affectionate. He is a fantastic boy and his mummy and daddy love him very much.'

Last night the family were too distressed to comment.

A former neighbour said: 'He was a lovely wee lad. He used to play out with my daughter all the time.'

All the kids in the street would play together and he was very much part of the little gang.

In the early stages of the search, police explored the area around the school. Officers vis-

ited the school and a police helicopter with thermal imaging equipment was also called in, along with Borders mountain rescue teams and divers who searched a reservoir.

Mounted police and the dog section also revisited the area where Rory was last seen and worked outwards, in a shoulder-to-shoulder search.

It was a search by specialist officers of local woodland that led to the discovery of his body.

At the outset police said they did not believe Rory had been abducted, but before finding his body yesterday a police source confirmed officers were speaking to known local sex offenders.



Rory Blackhall: Police found his body in woodland near his school

Cops fear child's killer will do it again

California girl's
body may be
'calling card'

By CHELSEA J. CARTER

STANTON, Calif.—A kidnapped 5-year-old girl was sexually assaulted and suffocated before her nude body was dumped near a rural road in what investigators said Wednesday was a "calling card" from a serial rapist and killer on the loose who will strike again.

Orange County Sheriff Mike Carona said Samantha Runnion



was asphyxiated sometime Tuesday, though he didn't say how she was killed.

"We believe that there is an ongoing risk, based on the profile provided to us by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that this individual will commit another crime of a similar pattern in a relatively short period of time," he said. "We need the public to be aware of that so they can continue to support our investigative effort to locate this individual and bring him to justice as quickly as possible."

Carona said the FBI profile suggested the killer could act again within 24 hours.

Autopsy results showed Samantha was alive for hours after her abduction Monday evening.

The sheriff also said she may have fought against her killer and inflicted "injuries to his hands, arms and possibly face."

"Don't sleep, don't eat, because we're coming after you," Carona warned the killer in a televised news conference near the girl's home in Stanton.

AP PHOTOS

A man dragged Samantha Runnion, 5, from outside her apartment building as she screamed.

Authorities said there was no prime suspect, and Carona warned parents in the area to tell their children to stay away from strangers.

"We believe that he is a serial rapist and perhaps a serial killer and would strike again," the sheriff said.

The news spread fear in Stanton, a suburb of 38,000 southeast of Los Angeles.

Samantha's 27-year-old mother, Erin Runnion, who made an anguished plea for the return of her daughter a day earlier, remained in seclusion Wednesday.

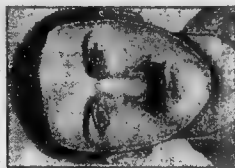
Samantha's body was discovered Tuesday afternoon, less than 24 hours and about 50 miles from where she was abducted kicking and screaming outside her apartment building by a man who pulled up in a light green Honda or Acura car and asked for help finding his

puppy. Samantha was playing with a 6-year-old friend at the time. That girl is now under the sheriff's protection.

Samantha's abductor was described by police as a Hispanic man with slicked-back black hair and a thin, black mustache. Carona said

Samantha's playmate's description of the man's speech patterns led them to believe he was an "Americanized Hispanic," as opposed to a recent immigrant from Latin America.

The abduction was at least the third high-profile disappearance of a child in the United States this year. Seven-year-old Danielle van Dam of San Diego was



Suspect
Asked for help

"The way the body was found, the fact it was not buried, not hidden and such, and how it was left is almost like a calling card, like a challenge: 'I'm here and I'm coming back again.' This is the reason why

found dead, and a neighbor is on trial. Fourteen-year-old Elizabeth Smart of Salt Lake City has been missing since June 6.

Two men who had gone out to do some hang-gliding spotted Samantha's body in a ravine near a glider launch site.

It was in neighboring Riverside County near heavily traveled Highway 74, on the edge of the Cleveland National Forest.

"The way the body was found, the fact it was not buried, not hidden and such, and how it was left is almost like a calling card, like a challenge: 'I'm here and I'm coming back again.' This is the reason why

we're saying this person is going to strike again," FBI agent Richard Garcia said.

The remains were identified by the girl's grandmother from photos. "Because the body was found very quickly, we have a high expectation that there will be significant forensic evidence found at the scene and significant forensic evidence found on the body of Samantha Runnion," the sheriff said.

The girl would have turned 6 on July 26. She was an advanced student who had just finished first grade at a private school.

Samantha's family said they moved from nearby Garden Grove to Stanton a year ago because they wanted a safer place for their three children where they could play outside without fear.

AP, with UPI contributing

PREVENTING ABDUCTION

Most of the more than 350,000 children abducted in America each year are taken by relatives. Random abductions by strangers are rare but terrifying; experts offer the following tips to parents for trying to avoid them.

■ Teach your children in whose car they may ride. Children should be cautioned never to approach or any vehicle, occupied or not, unless accompanied by a parent or trusted adult. If strangers ask for directions or assistance, the child should tell them to ask an adult.

■ Tell your children not to go out alone—always take a friend, sister, or brother. Teach them always to tell an adult where they are going, and never to take a ride with someone they don't know.

■ Discuss with your children whose homes in the neighborhood they can visit, and the boundaries of where they can and can't go in the neighborhood.

■ Make sure your children know their address and telephone numbers, and how to use the telephone. Be sure they know what to do in an emergency, and, if appropriate, how to reach you using a cell phone or pager. Make certain they do not tell anyone who calls that they are home alone.

■ Don't drop children off alone at malls, movies, video arcades or parks.

SOURCE: National Center for Missing and Exploited Children
AP

Execution urged for 70-year-old killer

A jury in Tampa, Fla., recommended Wednesday that Lawrence Singleton, 70, be executed for stabbing a prostitute to death in his home 20 years after he raped a California girl and chopped off her hands. A sentencing hearing was set for March 30.

Killer, 70, gets death

Lawrence Singleton, who was paroled amid public outrage after serving time for raping a California teenager and chopping off her forearms, was sentenced to death Tuesday in Tampa, Fla., for murdering a prostitute in his living room in 1997. Jurors had convicted Singleton, 70, of first-degree murder for stabbing to death Roxanne Hayes, a 31-year-old prostitute and mother of three.

Monster dies

Lawrence Singleton, the US killer who sparked outrage after raping a California teenager and cutting off her forearms in 1978, has died of cancer in prison at age 74.

4/15/98
Sutton

TEXAS

Despite new threats, molester must be freed, parole board says

RUSK—A child molester who has warned he will strike again must be released under the law, the state parole board said Wednesday.

Larry Don McQuay, 32, probably will be released to his hometown of San Antonio on Monday, said Victor Rodriguez, chairman of the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles.

Parole officials this week had delayed McQuay's release to see if there is a legal way to keep him behind bars.

McQuay, who earned an early release with good behavior, has served six years of an 8-year sentence for molesting a

6-year-old boy in San Antonio. He claims to have molested more than 200 youngsters.

In letters to victims' rights advocates and in previous interviews, McQuay said he will resume his attacks if released, this time killing his victims to keep them from identifying him.

State officials will announce McQuay's release, including where he will live and how closely he will be monitored, Rodriguez said, adding: "We have to ... do everything we possibly can within the law to protect the people that he may find himself around." W504

Child molester has castration surgery

BY GARY WISBY
STAFF REPORTER

Attended by doctors who were promised anonymity and police who scrubbed for the operation, a convicted child sex offender was castrated Tuesday in hopes of earning a reduced prison sentence.

Jeffrey Morse, 30, took a furlough from the Kane County Jail. "He was ecstatically happy" after the 45-minute operation, his attorney said.

Morse, of Schaumburg, had the procedure done at an undisclosed suburban location.

"He doesn't know the doctors' names—or their faces because they were masked—or where he went," said his attorney, Paul Wharton.

The doctors were promised anonymity, Wharton said.

Morse awaits sentencing for a 1996 attack on a 12-year-old Algonquin girl and an attempted attack on an 11-year-old St. Charles girl. The Kane County judge who will sentence him has not said whether he will consider

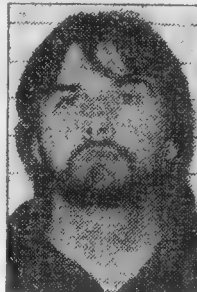
the surgery in deciding Morse's prison term.

Morse was accompanied by three plainclothes police officers who attended the surgery.

Wharton said he will urge Kane County Judge Donald Hudson on Feb. 24 to consider Morse's action in the sentencing.

"I cannot think of a more tangible expression of remorse, and remorse is clearly a mitigating factor at sentencing," the attorney said.

Medical and legal experts offer conflicting views as to whether castrating sex offenders prevents them from committing new crimes.



Jeffrey Morse
Sentencing Feb. 24

SunTimes 1/21/98

6-year-old sister was molested, cop testifies

Girls' abduction said to be planned 2 weeks

ASSOCIATED PRESS

ORLANDO—One of the two young sisters allegedly kidnapped in Michigan by their former baby-sitter was molested as many as three times during the five-day ordeal, a detective testified Wednesday.

The 6-year-old girl said Ronald Stafford molested her in a Daytona Beach hotel room after the abduction Friday from the sisters' home in Galesburg, Mich., according to Daytona Beach detective John Adazzio at a bail hearing.

Stafford, 21, was arrested along with his 17-year-old brother Lee and Ricky Geer, 19, on federal kidnapping charges Tuesday after a nationwide search.

Ronald Stafford, the girls' former baby-sitter, has a juvenile record for sexual assault. The girls' father, Jesse Hainer, said he had known Stafford for more than a year but later told him to stay away from his daughters.

"I think it was revenge," Hainer said Wednesday. "When I figured out what kind of person he was, his background, I didn't want him around here."

FBI agent James Dougal testified that Geer said Ronald Stafford had fondled one or both girls and had taken one to the woods for an hour.

Ronald Stafford said that Geer and his brother pinched the girls in the buttocks and grabbed the girls' legs, Dougal testified.

The girls' grandfather, Robert Hainer, said he was "sick" over the charges.

"I want them to spend the rest of their lives in prison. I know that's a heck of a lot to say about an 18- or 19-year-old," he said.

Ronald Stafford said the three men planned the sisters' abduction for two weeks because they thought the girls' father was mistreating them, Dougal testified.

A federal magistrate denied bail Wednesday to Ronald Stafford and Geer. Lee Stafford's records were sealed because he is a juvenile.

The girls were abducted Friday as they got off a school bus.

Vacationing college students saw pictures of the children on TV hours after they had dinner Monday with three young men and two girls. The students called authorities.

Police rescued the girls Tuesday morning at a Daytona Beach gift shop and returned them by plane to Kalamazoo, Mich.

"I'm free!" the 6-year-old girl said outside her home Wednesday. She arrived Tuesday night.

The 9-year-old had a message for Ronald Stafford, "The next time I see him, I'm going to kick him in the rear end."

The girls said nothing more and struggled to keep their souvenir law-enforcement hats on as relatives embraced them.

Teresa Hainer, the girls' mother, is talking about challenging her ex-husband's custodial rights in court.

Infant 3/27/97

Sister may have been molested

BY MIKE SCHNEIDER
ASSOCIATED PRESS

ORLANDO, Fla.—One of two young sisters kidnapped in Michigan by their former baby-sitter was molested as many as three times during the five-day ordeal, a detective testified Wednesday.

The 6-year-old girl said Ronald Stafford molested her in a Daytona Beach hotel room after the abduction Friday from the sisters' Galesburg, Mich., home, Daytona Beach detective John Adazzio testified at a bail hearing.

Stafford, 21, was arrested Tuesday along with his brother Lee, 17, and Ricky Geer, 19, on federal kidnapping charges after a nationwide search.

Ronald Stafford, the girls' former baby-sitter, has a juvenile record for sexual assault. Their father, Jesse Hainer, said he had known Stafford for more than a year but later told him to stay away from his daughters.

The 9-year-old sister told investigators she had not been molested, and she refused a doctor's examination, Adazzio said.

FBI agent James Dougal testified that Geer said Ronald Stafford had fondled the breasts of one or both girls and had taken one to the woods for an hour.

Ronald Stafford said that Geer and his brother pinched the girls in the buttocks and grabbed the girls' legs, Dougal testified.

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3/27/97 Times Sun-Times



JIM TILLER/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Detectives take Ricky Geer, 19, into a police station in Daytona Beach, Fla., after his arrest Tuesday in the abduction of two Michigan sisters. Two other men also were arrested.

Missing girls safe; cops arrest 3 men

ASSOCIATED PRESS

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—A four-day nationwide search for two Michigan girls ended here Tuesday when they were spotted walking along a beachfront highway with three young men accused of taking them from their school bus.

Officers moved in when the group stopped at a gift shop. Jessica Lynn Hainer, 6, and Teresa Mae Hainer, 9, appeared unharmed at the end of a 900-mile journey.

The girls—the older one in a T-shirt and jeans, the other in a T-shirt and a red skirt—each clutched huge teddy bears as they were escorted away by agents for their flight home.

Authorities filed federal kidnapping charges against Ricky Geer, 19, and two men who know the girls' family—Lee Stafford, 17, and Ronald Stafford, 21, who spent three years in an adolescent sex-offender program.

The girls were abducted Friday after stepping off a school bus in Galesburg, Mich., east of Kalamazoo.

An FBI document filed in Michigan said that Ronald Stafford was the girls' former baby-sitter. On Friday, he provided a note to the school asking that they be dropped off at a local apartment building.

When driver Juniata Earl arrived at the apartment, the Hainer sisters at first refused to get off the bus. She planned to take them back to the garage after her run but instead dropped them off at a mobile-home park where Ronald Stafford and an accomplice were waiting.



Jessica Lynn
Hainer



Teresa Mae
Hainer

Ricky Geer, 19 (from left), Ronald Stafford, 21, and Lee Stafford, 17, were charged with kidnapping Tuesday in Daytona Beach, Fla. The elder Stafford, who spent three years in an adolescent sex-offender program, is the girls' former babysitter, according to an FBI document filed in Michigan.



Sisters' kidnap saga ends safely in Florida

Michigan girls OK; 3 men arrested

ASSOCIATED PRESS

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—A four-day nationwide search for two Michigan girls ended Tuesday after they were spotted walking along a beachfront highway with three young men accused of taking them from their school bus.

Officers moved in when the group stopped at a gift shop, and the men were arrested without a struggle. Jessica Hainer, 6, and Teresa Hainer, 9, appeared unharmed at the end of a 900-mile journey.

"They're none the worse for wear," said Joe Martinolich, head of the FBI in Michigan. "It's a special Easter for all of us."

The girls—Teresa in a T-shirt and jeans, Jessica in a T-shirt and a red skirt—clutched huge teddy bears as they were escorted by agents for their flight home.

"It's the happiest news we ever had," said their grandmother, Olivia Hainer, in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Authorities filed federal kidnapping charges against Ricky Geer, 19, and two men who know the girls' family: Lee Stafford, who turns 18 next week, and Ronald Stafford, 21, who spent three years in an adolescent sex-offender program.

The girls were abducted Friday after stepping off a school bus in Galesburg, Mich., a town east of Kalamazoo.

As for a motive, "that is still in

the realm of speculation," Martinolich said. "The girls may shed some light on that."

An FBI document filed in Michigan provides some details. Ronald Stafford is the girls' former babysitter.

On Friday, he provided a note to the school transportation director asking that they be dropped off at a local apartment building.

When driver Juniata Earl arrived at the apartment, the Hainer sisters refused to get off the bus.

Earl planned to take them back to the garage at the conclusion of her run but instead dropped them off at a trailer-home park where Ronald Stafford and an accomplice were waiting.

"The girls were crying because they did not want to go with the two men waiting for them," the FBI affidavit said. "Earl recognized one of the white males as the girls' babysitter to whom she has dropped the children off in the past."

At the news conference with the FBI, the girls' father, Jesse Hainer, seemed ready to answer questions about the bus. But he was quickly silenced and left the room.

The FBI said it had only a few details about the group's travels. The men were running out of money and "committed petty crimes to feed themselves," Martinolich said.

The girls had been spotted in



AP Photo

Holding their teddy bears, Jessica Hainer, 6, and her sister Teresa, 9, leave Tuesday with detective John Adazio in Daytona Beach, Fla. They had been kidnapped Friday from Galesburg, Mich.

Florida as early as Sunday. Agents had felt since Monday that they were "closing the ring" around the group.

They got their break when college students on a spring vacation sponsored by a Christian group

encountered the alleged kidnappers and the girls Monday night and invited them to dinner. Late while watching the Academy Awards on TV, they saw pictures of the girls flash on the screen and called police.

city/suburbs

Indiana rape suspect linked to 50 other sex cases

By Cheryl Devall

A Lake Station, Ind., man charged with the rape of a 16-year-old girl was being held Wednesday in lieu of a record \$5 million bond after authorities told a judge that the man is a suspect in as many as 100 other sex cases.

When Steven Toth, 68, was arrested at his home Tuesday, police found approximately 300 photographs that they said depicted sexual acts with 50 to 100 children,

said Lake County prosecutor Jack Crawford.

Toth is being held in the Lake County Jail in Crown Point, Ind.

Toth is charged with raping a 16-year-old girl at gunpoint Saturday in his home, Crawford said. The girl, who reported the incident Monday, lives in Lake Station.

When police arrested Toth early Tuesday, they found "approximately 300 photographs of children, many of whom were en-

gaged in sex with him," Crawford said.

Investigators have counted in the photos at least 50 children, who they believe are younger than 12, Crawford said. None of the children has been identified.

"It appears at this time that this is one of the most serious cases of child molestation in the history of our county," Crawford said.

Because of the evidence, Crawford said, the state asked

Judge P. Edward Page of Lake County Superior Court to increase Toth's bail Wednesday from \$5,000 to \$5 million, the highest ever recorded in the county. Page agreed.

Toth has been charged only in connection with the rape. Crawford said police may file additional charges after the children in the photographs are identified.

Crawford said police believe that the children pictured may have been among Toth's former neigh-

bors in Gary. Toth lived alone at 2530 E. 37th St. in Lake Station and was divorced, Crawford said. He is a father and a grandfather.

Crawford said most victims pictured are girls, but some are boys. The photos, depicting "a variety of sexual acts," appear to have been taken during the last three years, he said.

Toth was charged with statutory rape in 1972, but was never convicted, Crawford said.

MEIRO

8/7/3

SECTION 2 CHICAGO TRIBUNE

3

Man charged in 8 sex assaults

Cops accuse him of molesting girls in discount stores

By David Heinemann and Angela Rozas
Tribune staff reporters

After two years of searching for a man who would accost and molest girls in North Side alleys, often while riding a bicycle, and in the aisles of discount stores, Chicago police said Wednesday they caught the man while investigating a stolen bike incident last week-end.

In charges filed Wednesday, Jose Rivas, 23, of the 4700 block of West Grace Street,

and fondle them, police said.

In a May 28 incident at the Village Discount store at 4898 N. Clark St., Rivas pulled an 8-year-old girl under a clothing rack in a secluded part of the store and performed oral sex on her, according to Assistant State's Atty. Jane Sack.

He was not a former employee of the Village Discount stores, Hargesheimer said, and it was unclear why he chose the stores at 4898 N. Clark, 4027 N. Kedzie Ave. and 3301 W. Lawrence Ave. to approach the children.

In three other incidents, Rivas allegedly rode a bicycle up to girls on street corners or alleys near their homes and molested them, Hargesheimer said.

Over the last year, police

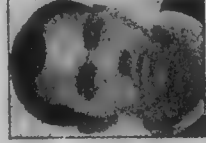
Hermilio Flores made the arrest, Detectives Emily Bello-my and Rolando Garza, who had been following the case for more than a year, interviewed Rivas.

He gave statements detailing his behavior with eight girls, Sack said in court Wednesday.

Rivas' bond hearing was postponed Wednesday. Rivas, a native of El Salvador, is single and unemployed, police said.

Rivas' criminal background includes a 2000 misdemeanor charge of public indecency, for which he was sentenced to a year of court supervision, Sack said.

Police said they plan to use DNA to see whether Rivas could be tied to other cases.



Rivas

Tip leads to arrest after sex assault inside store

By John Raby
Associated Press

Infant
7/18/13

SOUTH CHARLESTON, W. Va. — A man suspected of posing as a security guard to sexually assault an 11-year-old girl at a Target store was captured Wednesday as he left a lawyer's office in Kentucky, authorities said.

Later in the day, Allen Dwayne Coates was booked in a similar assault involving a 9-year-old girl at a Wal-Mart store in Kentucky.

Coates, 37, of Irvington, Ky., was arrested without incident and was being held on charges of first-degree sexual assault and kidnapping related to the West Virginia case, police said.

South Charleston police Chief David Dunlap said an anonymous tip from someone in Kentucky led to the arrest. He credited the capture to a grainy surveillance video from the department store.

"They saw it. They saw the individual on the news," Dunlap said of the tipster.

"It's a burden lifted. I'm sure the community will be elated that this predator is no longer on the streets," he added.

Police said the girl was assaulted Saturday at the South Charleston store after she and her mother separated to do individual shopping.

The videotape showed a man stalking a girl and then walking quickly down an aisle in another department, leading a girl by her wrist.

Police said the man was posing as a security guard and told the girl he saw her steal something. He then pulled a knife and forced her to the store's garden department, where he assaulted her.

CHICAGO
SUN-TIMES

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FEBRUARY 13,
2004

PAGE 6

METRO

Mom's friend charged with abusing kids

Seized after another girl accuses him of abduction, assault

BY STEFANO ESPOSITO
AND ANNIE SWEENEY
Staff Reporters

The two children still have the gifts John Malinowski, a friend of their mother, gave them over the year he allegedly abused them — a wooden model car wrapped in red ribbon and a photo album of "Love Is..." cartoons.

The boy and his sister said the abuse finally ended several months ago — without their ever saying a word to their mother.

"He said he was going to get me," the boy said Thursday as his mother talked to a reporter.

This week, Malinowski allegedly found another victim. He snatched a 10-year-old girl walking home from school and assaulted her in a vacant apartment Tuesday afternoon, investi-

gators said.

But the 10-year-old — unusually courageous and articulate, according to police — went straight to her mom and led police to Malinowski, who was hiding inside a closet of the Southwest Side apartment where he had attacked her.

"We don't know why he all of the sudden decides to snatch a kid off the street," said Lt. Robert Hargesheimer of the Special Investigations Unit. "Why now? Why that girl? These are questions that are all going to be answered during the trial."

But Hargesheimer said it is very likely that Malinowski, who was convicted in 1996 of sexually assaulting a 4-year-old, would have attacked again if he hadn't been arrested.

"He's very capable of doing it again," Hargesheimer said.

Malinowski, 42, was ordered held without bail Thursday on charges of predatory criminal sexual assault, aggravated sexual assault, child pornography and child exploitation. Malinowski, a former security guard, was charged with 15 counts in all



John Malinowski
"A loner"



Neighbor Kimberly Speer points to the apartment in the 2800 block of West 38th Street where John Malinowski once lived and where he allegedly assaulted a little girl. —SCOTT STEWART/SUN-TIMES

for the alleged attacks.

Malinowski met the mother of the brother and sister about seven years ago. At some point, they both worked at Intell Security Inc. on the South Side.

The woman, who gave an interview in her South Side home as her two children — now 12 and 10 — played, said Malinowski first took the family on outings. Eventually, he was spending time alone with the kids, taking them to the zoo, McDonald's, the beach or to his apartment, which was cluttered with lava lamps, stuffed toys and wooden models of old cars.

He gave her son two wooden model cars and her daughter a photo book filled with clippings of the "Love Is..." cartoon. As her mother described the gifts, the girl hovered nearby and asked, "Am I going to get in trouble for that book?"

Beginning in June 2002, police say Malinowski sexually assaulted the girl — who was 8 or 9 at the time — at his home in the 2800

block of West 38th Street and at the girl's home in the 4100 block of South Western. Malinowski is also accused of forcing the girl's brother, then 10, to take sexually explicit Polaroid photos of the girl and Malinowski.

"I wish they would put him in a cell and forget where the key was at," their mother said Thursday. "I'm sorry I ever met him. I wish to God I hadn't."

In this week's alleged attack, Malinowski is accused of abducting the 10-year-old girl from an alley in the 3400 block of South Claremont while she walked home from school. He put his hand over the girl's mouth and threatened to kill her if she screamed, prosecutors said. He then allegedly took her to a vacant apartment where he'd been staying in the 3500 block of South Artesian and assaulted her, prosecutors said.

Malinowski allegedly showed her the Polaroid photographs.

The girl told Malinowski that if she didn't return home by 3 p.m.,

her mother would call police. Malinowski dropped the girl off at a nearby restaurant, officials said.

Police arrested Malinowski the same day. Beside him in the closet was a green bag containing the explicit Polaroids displayed in a photo album and a journal listing the dates of the sexual assaults against the girl who lived on Western, authorities said. Investigators said they also found letters addressed to that girl's mother, in which he said he assaulted her daughter because he'd lost his apartment and car and "figured he'd be better off in jail."

A representative of Intell Security said Malinowski worked there until about a year ago. He was never armed and was typically sent to guard parking lots or construction sites, said a representative of the company.

Malinowski's work record was spotty. "He'd work for a while and disappear," the representative said. "He was a loner. Quiet and withdrawn."

Suspect held as a child abuser

Victim led police to hideout of alleged attacker

By Tara Doering
Tribune staff reporter

Drawing gasps from inside the courtroom, a Cook County assistant state's attorney read in detail how prosecutors allege that a convicted child molester sexually abused a 10-year-old girl and two other children.

John Malinowski, 42, stood silent before a judge in Bond Court on Thursday as he faced a total of 15 charges, including one count of aggravated kidnapping, 10 counts of predatory sexual assault, two counts of criminal sexual abuse, one count of child pornography and one count of sexual exploitation.

The judge ordered Malinowski held without bail.

Police credited his arrest to the courage of the 10-year-old girl they say he grabbed from an alley and then raped.



Malinowski

The girl took a shortcut through the alley in the 3400 block of South Claremont Avenue about 2 p.m. Tuesday because she was cold, prosecutors said. She was just a house away from her home when Malinowski grabbed her, covered her mouth and threatened to kill her. He then dragged her to a vacant third-floor apartment in Brighton Park at 3502 S. Artesian Ave., where he had been temporarily staying.

Malinowski, whose last known permanent address was in the 2800 block of West 38th Street, has been homeless since losing his job as a security guard.

After he performed sexual acts on the girl, she saw a digital wall clock that read 2:40 p.m. and told Malinowski she had to be home by 3 p.m. or her mother would get worried and call police, prosecutors said.

At one point, Malinowski showed the girl several photos in a green photo album of another girl engaged in sexual acts, Cook County Assistant State's Atty. Karen O'Malley said. Before letting her go, he

PLEASE SEE ASSAULT, PAGE 4

ASSAULT: Attacks on 2 other kids told in court

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

threatened her again not to tell anyone what happened, O'Malley said.

Moments later, O'Malley said the girl called her mother and told her what happened. Within hours, the girl led authorities to Malinowski's apartment, where they found him hiding in a closet wearing the security guard jacket he wore when he approached the girl, Chicago police Lt. Robert Hargesheimer said.

Malinowski, who was convicted in 1987 of sexually abusing a 4-year-old boy, told police that the girl approached him and asked him to have sex with her.

On Tuesday, police took from the apartment a green photo album that led them to another 10-year-old girl and her 12-year-old brother, who police said Malinowski sexually abused and exploited from June 16, 2002, to Aug. 31.

Malinowski, who graduated from Kelly High School and is divorced, met the brother and sister after becoming their mother's supervisor at Intel Security Inc., where he worked as a security guard for more than 10 years, authorities said.

The children's mother said Thursday that Malinowski gave her a ride from work one rainy day and he soon became a friend of the family. It wasn't until she had known him for a year that she let Malinowski take her children to places like the beach, park and out to eat alone.

But she told Malinowski to stop coming around when he tried to take her daughter to his apartment without telling her, the mother said. In front of Ma-

linowski, she said she asked her daughter if he had touched her, but her daughter said he had not.

But prosecutors said Malinowski sexually abused the girl, now 10, several times and forced her brother to take photos of the acts. He did not commit sexual acts with the boy, O'Malley said.

Malinowski recorded the dates of the sex acts in a journal that was confiscated Tuesday from the apartment, prosecutors said. He also wrote letters to the children's mother telling her of the sexual acts and that he committed them because "he had lost his job and car and thought he would be better off in jail," O'Malley said.

The mother said Thursday that she never received any letters from Malinowski.

The brother and sister said they didn't tell their mother about what they were forced to do because Malinowski had threatened them. "He said, 'If you don't take these pictures, I'm going to get you,'" said the boy, now 12.

The boy said he was relieved to find out that Malinowski had been arrested.

"It's been hard for me. I'm not holding it in anymore," he said.



MISSING GIRL
Rescued at Last

Hundreds of leads in girl's death

By CHelsea J. CARTER

STANTON, Calif.—Authorities hunted statewide Thursday for the killer of 5-year-old Samantha Runnion, pursuing hundreds of tips and warning that anyone who resembles the suspect or drives a similar car could be questioned.

"There have been numerous detentions, there have been a few arrests, there have been vehicles impounded," Orange County Assistant Sheriff George Jaramillo said. But so far, no sign of the killer.

Investigators said they were checking to see if Samantha's case was similar to unsolved child killings nationwide. But the focus of the manhunt remained in Southern California, where about 400 Orange County sheriff's deputies and local police officers were joined by nearly 100 FBI agents.

"Those individuals who are driving green cars, those individu-

als who generally meet and match the description are going to be detained and questioned," Jaramillo said.

The girl was abducted Monday as she played outside her Stanton home with a friend. Authorities said she was snatched off the street by a man who had asked for help in finding his puppy.

Samantha's body was found Tuesday near a highway. Authorities said she had been sexually assaulted and smothered after being alive with for several hours.

Gov. Gray Davis on Thursday offered a \$50,000 reward for information leading to an arrest and conviction of the girl's killer.

Sheriff Mike Carona said the suspect may bear physical signs of a struggle on his hands, arms and face. The girl's body was easily found—a sign the FBI said may indicate the killer plans to strike again. He said "we have a tremen-

dous amount of physical evidence" and were sifting through more than 1,000 leads received from around the country.

Outside Samantha's home, a memorial of flowers, stuffed animals, balloons, candles and personal messages continued to grow. The courtyard of the housing complex, usually full of children playing, was empty and there were few people in a nearby park. AP



Jesenia Lopez, 8, prays Thursday at a shrine erected in memory of Samantha Runnion in front of the Runnion home in Stanton, Calif. AP

METRO

Schools alert students after man exposes self

By SUSAN DODGE
SUBURBAN REPORTER

Police and school officials were warning girls in Morton Grove and Skokie Wednesday to walk to and from school in groups after a man exposed himself and molested teenage girls in eight recent incidents.

The man was described as in his late teens or early 20s, between 5 feet 6 and 6 feet 1, 150 to 175 pounds, with light brown or blond curly hair. Victims told police he wore wire-rimmed glasses and a hooded blue windbreaker.

The man exposed himself separately to four girls ages 12 to 16 between 3:20 p.m. and 6:20 p.m. Monday in Skokie near Lincoln Junior High School, 7839 Lincoln Ave. He touched one of the girls on the buttocks, police said.

Authorities believe the same man exposed himself separately to two girls on April 3, one on April 4 and one on April 16 as they walked in Morton Grove four blocks north of Niles West High School. The

girls were from 13 to 15 years old.

The man ran up to the girls, exposed himself and pinched some of them on the buttocks before fleeing, all "in a matter of seconds," said Morton Grove Police Cmdr. Garry Marta.

Principals at Lincoln Junior High and Niles West made public address announcements at both schools warning students about the incidents, urging them to walk together in groups and giving the suspect's description.

"In the event that you are confronted by someone who fits this description, immediately run to the nearest home and call 911," Niles West Principal Roger Stein told students. "Neighbors of the school are aware of these incidents and will help in any way they can."

Niles West teachers were posting a sketch of the suspect in every classroom in the school, said Jeff Berkwitz, a District 219 spokesman.

Robert Fehrs, principal of Lincoln Junior High, said the school sent a letter about the incidents to parents of all students.



Sketch of suspect



Morton Grove

Death penalty for Dodd

Vancouver man sentenced for killing 3 boys

Associated Press and Times staff

A Clark County Superior Court jury yesterday sentenced Westley Allan Dodd to death for fatally stabbing two young brothers and strangling a third boy.

The six-man, six-woman jury deliberated for about 12 hours over three days before announcing their verdict. Dodd, 29, of Vancouver, Wash., pleaded guilty June 11 to aggravated first-degree murder.

The former Renton resident admitted killing Cole Neer, 11, and William Neer, 10, both of Vancouver, and Lee Iseli, 4, of Portland.

Jurors found there was not enough mitigating evidence to allow them to be lenient and recommend life imprisonment without the possibility of parole.

Defense attorney Lee Dane said he was not surprised by the verdict or upset with the jury.

"They evaluated very seriously," he said. "You can't ask for more than that."

Bob Iseli, father of Lee Iseli, said he was happy with the verdict and wasn't going to feel sorry for Dodd.

"I personally don't feel good about the death penalty," he said. "But if we're going to shed a tear for anybody, we're going to shed a tear for my boy and the

Please see SENTENCING on A 13



Westley Allan Dodd

Death penalty for Dodd

SENTENCING

continued from Page 1

Neer boys."

Clair Neer, whose sons were stabbed to death by Dodd, bit his lip and leaned toward a friend next to him.

"At last, something went my way..." he said. "Finally they got that piece of garbage off the street."

The brothers were stabbed to death on Labor Day in Vancouver's David Douglas Park.

Dodd also admitted to abducting, molesting and strangling Iseli, who was taken from a school playground in Portland on Oct. 29.

Dodd was arrested about two weeks later when he tried to kidnap a 6-year-old boy from a bathroom at a movie theater in Camas, Wash.

On Friday afternoon, the jury asked Judge Robert Harris to provide the legal definitions of criminal insanity and substantial impairment as the result of mental disease, leading to speculation that at least one juror was arguing for life imprisonment.

A death sentence requires a unanimous verdict.

Harris had a bailiff give the jury the legal definition of mental impairment at 3:10 p.m. Friday but declined to provide the definition of criminal insanity, saying it was not an issue. Dodd did not offer an insanity defense.

"It was very draining, very emotional, very stressful," one of the jurors, who requested anonymity, said of the deliberations.

Prosecuting Attorney Art Curtis told jurors in an emotional, 50-minute closing argument Thursday that Dodd killed Iseli and the two Neer brothers because he enjoyed it.

"He fantasized on it," Curtis said. "He killed children for sexual pleasure. For fun. For the thrill of the hunt."

Defense attorney Dane, meanwhile, suggested Dodd may be insane. He said Dodd's actions were so bizarre, jurors must "decide what it means."

He also suggested society would be protected from Dodd if he were sentenced to life in prison, where children won't be present.

"The deaths are tragic, but the death of another person is equally tragic," he said.

In rebuttal, deputy prosecuting attorney Roger Bennett said he objected to the idea that Dodd's execution could compare with the slaughter of three young children.

"They're not even in the same universe," he said.

The defense called no witnesses and presented no evidence during the trial, nor did Dodd's attorneys engage in aggressive cross-examination of the state's witnesses.

The prosecution case included excerpts from Dodd's diary in which he described how he hoped to sexually torture and kill children. The evidence also included a

On Death Row in Washington

Convicted child-killer Westley Allan Dodd, 29, of Vancouver, Wash., joins a group of nine men now awaiting execution in Washington. The others facing execution are:

■ **Mitchell Rupe**, 34. Convicted June 7, 1982, of killing two bank tellers during a robbery in Tumwater.

■ **Patrick Jeffries**, 53. Convicted Nov. 18, 1983, of shooting to death a Port Angeles couple.

■ **Charles Campbell**, 34. Convicted Dec. 17, 1983, of slitting the throats of an 8-year-old child and two women in Clearview, Snohomish County, including one who had testified against him after he had raped her six years earlier.

Sunday, July 15, 1990 A 13

scrapbook that Dodd filled with photographs he took of Lee Iseli, both before and after his death. Beneath the photos are graphic and detailed captions.

Dodd had a history of deviancy with young boys and admitted in King County court documents in 1987 that he found his urges uncontrollable.

Dodd was arrested in Seattle in 1987 and charged with first-degree attempted kidnapping in connection with an attempt to lure an 8-year-old North Seattle boy from a playground. But the King County prosecutor's office could not prove Dodd planned to abduct the boy, so Dodd was convicted on attempted unlawful imprisonment, a gross misdemeanor.

Dodd received a one-year suspended sentence, actually spending 118 days in the King County Jail and a year on probation. In an affidavit filed by the prosecutor's office to support the 1987 charge, Dodd admitted trying to lure the boy to a nearby construction site to fondle him. Dodd said he told the boy he had permission to take him and look for a lost boy.

The boy managed to elude Dodd and then alerted his guardian, who reported the incident to police.

Dodd was quoted in an affidavit as saying he had a longstanding deviant interest in young boys and that he had similar contacts in Richland, where he went to high school, and in Nez Perce County, Idaho.

"By his own admission," reads the affidavit, "he is predatory and uncontrollable."

Shortly after graduating from Richland High School in 1979, Dodd entered the U.S. Navy and was stationed in Bremerton. His parents said he received a less-than-honorable discharge, which they believe involved a sexual incident.

Dodd then returned to Richland, where he was charged with three other incidents involving sexual advances toward young boys. He followed his parents to Lewiston, Idaho, in 1983 and was arrested for lewd conduct with a minor. In all cases, his sentences involved counseling.

Dodd moved into the Earlington Hill area of Renton in 1987.

Neighbors earlier this year said they didn't suspect anything unusual about Dodd. Neighbors said he always stopped by to chat and was always willing to lend a hand when someone needed help, and one neighbor invited him to help officiate Little League games.

Child testifies in molestation

Seven-year-old quivers, cries as she testifies against Danny Bill Stott.

By Kelly Heiderman
News-Leader

A 7-year-old girl who said she was molested by a neighbor tried and hugged her doll Wednesday as she testified that the man reached under her clothes and touched her.

Often, the child answered "I don't remember" as Assistant Greene County Prosecutor Jill Geary asked her questions.

As the child quivered and squinted before answering questions, Geary told her to take deep breaths and take her time.

"It is not unusual for a child in that situation to be totally terrified," Geary said after Wednesday's testimony. She and Assistant Prosecutor Alex Lewis declined to comment further about the



Stott

case. "It was just tragic," said defense attorney Bob McGee, who didn't question the child. "I think (the prosecution) probably put her through more turmoil than was necessary."

McGee plans to present three to four witnesses today. "We've still got witnesses that I anticipate will come and testify that (the victim's mother) had approached her children to lie and say the defendant had molested them as well when in fact it had not

happened," McGee said, adding that the victim may have also been coached by her mother.

The prosecution said Stott, who pleaded guilty in Clark County in 1985 to raping and molesting two girls younger than 14, used candy, toys and cartoon videos to lure the victim to his house between June 1, 1988, and June 3, 1989. There, the prosecution said, he showed the child pornographic movies.

The victim's mother testified that her daughter, who is not named to protect her identity,

trial

ty, went to Stott's house eight to 12 times a week over a year's time, sometimes sneaking over to eat candy and play with toys.

"I didn't think it looked right -- a little girl and an old man alone like that," the victim's mother said.

McGee said the victim's testimony may have helped Stott's case because the child didn't describe sodomy.

But the victim's mother testified that her daughter told her that Stott sodomized her.

The trial will continue today.

FLORIDA

Suspect held in abduction; missing girl feared dead

SARASOTA — Detectives were questioning an ex-convict Wednesday night in the disappearance of Carlisle Brucia, as indications mounted that the 11-year-old Sarasota girl whose abduction was captured on a security camera had been killed.

Late Wednesday, deputies blocked streets around a house where Joseph Smith had been arrested a day earlier. Authorities said the girl's body was not in the house but would not

comment on what they did find.

About 10:30 p.m., officials called Steven Kansler, Carlisle's stepfather, out of the crowd and took him into the house. When he emerged, he spoke briefly to Carlisle's friends—many of whom began weeping, and some collapsed to the ground. A close friend of the family said investigators told him they think Carlisle is dead.

Sarasota County Sheriff Bill Balkwill said Smith, 37, was in custody on unrelated charges.

Girl's neighbor charged

A neighbor of a 7-year-old San Diego girl who vanished from her bedroom was charged with murder, kidnapping and possession of child pornography Tuesday. David Westerfield, 50, the lone suspect in the death of Danielle van Dam, pleaded innocent to the charges and denied the allegations against him in state Superior Court. He remained in jail without bond. The three-page complaint against Westerfield did not provide specific dates for the alleged kidnapping and murder.

2/27/92
Sun-Times

2/5/92

La Grange man held on U.S. charges of molesting Indiana boy on videotape

By Matt O'Connor
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

A La Grange man was ordered held without bond Wednesday on federal charges of engaging in sex with an 11-year-old Indiana boy and videotaping the encounter in his home.

James W. Snyder, 34, and a friend who was charged in Indiana were accused of forcing the boy to inhale "poppers," a narcotic, before engaging in sex with him last October, the indictment alleged.

At a detention hearing Wednesday in federal court here, Assistant U.S. Atty. Virginia Kendall disclosed that investigators had recovered hundreds of images of child pornography, one involving the Indiana boy, on Snyder's computer.

That raised fears there could be

other victims as well, prompting U.S. Magistrate Judge Rebecca Pallmeyer to declare Snyder a danger to the community and to order him held in custody until trial.

Snyder's alleged accomplice, identified in court papers as John Lock, has pleaded guilty in federal court in Indiana and agreed to cooperate with authorities.

According to charges against Lock, he was accused of unlawfully removing the boy during a sleepover at the home of the boy's neighbor in Starke County, Ind., last Oct. 11.

Lock allegedly gave the boy excessive amounts of beer, marijuana and poppers and then engaged in sex with him.

The next day, Lock took the boy across state lines allegedly to Snyder's residence at 1518 Plainfield

Rd. in La Grange.

Snyder and Lock are accused of engaging in sex with the boy.

The charges also alleged that Snyder videotaped and photographed Lock as he had sex with the boy.

Indiana authorities had been notified by the boy's family of the kidnapping, and Lock was arrested on Oct. 13.

Snyder, who was originally charged with Lock in Indiana, was named in a six-count indictment Jan. 30 in federal court in Chicago.

At Wednesday's hearing, Kendall said a search of Snyder's computer files at his home uncovered about 800 images of children engaging in sex.

One of those images showed the Indiana victim being sexually molested, Kendall said.

2/13/97 Tribune

Police vow to solve Genette riddle

POLICE are still hopeful that they will solve the case of 13-year-old Genette Tate, who vanished 22 years ago on her newspaper round.

Detective Chief Superintendent Philip Pyke, head of Devon and Cornwall Constabulary's crime and operations division, said yesterday the murder investigation was still ongoing.

"The case file remains open and we continue to receive information from peo-

ple," he added. Genette's bicycle and newspapers were found in Within Lane, Aylesbeare, East Devon, but no trace of her has been discovered.

Mr Pyke said there had been considerable speculation that delivery driver Robert Black, currently serving 10 life sentences for murder, is a major suspect in the case.

"I can confirm that our inquiries still centre very much on Black," said the detec-

tive. "We have interviewed him on a number of occasions but he has never confessed to any involvement.

"We remain hopeful, however, that one day the mystery will be solved."

Yesterday, Detective Constable Philip Diss, who has been on the inquiry since Genette vanished on August 19, 1978, returned to the lane. He retires soon and was handing over the case to another detective.



VANISHED: Genette

Sunday Express 8/20/00

Child molesters arrested for not registering, living near school

Residents, unaware of their past, stunned as they're taken away

BY STEVE PATTERSON
Staff Reporter

Dan Parker was known as someone who treated the neighborhood kids pretty well.

He shared sweets with them, neighbors said, evident by the candy dishes on the counters inside his Harvey two-flat.

And while a dog, Pretty Girl, was chained in a bedroom, stuffed animals sat in corners elsewhere in the apartment. Toy trucks were buried within a dresser.

The 63-year-old was so kind, so attentive to youngsters, neighbors could hardly believe it was true:

That Parker and his roommate, Roy Miller, are convicted child molesters. That they've lived so unassumingly for almost two years in the south suburban home near Taylor Park — and directly across from Thornton Township High School.

The entire time, it appears, nobody knew of their past.

Parker and Miller, who met each other shortly after each was released from prison, never registered their address with police, as required by law.

Friday afternoon, officers from the Cook County Sheriff's Department found them and took them into custody. They were charged with failing to register and living within 500 feet of a school. Convictions could send both back to prison.

"I didn't bother nobody," Parker told the officers, who were accompanied on the raid by a Chicago Sun-Times reporter. "We were going to register."

Had they done so, neighbors of the men would have been able to find out they were living near child molesters, via the State Police or Cook County sheriff's Web site.

Miller has health problems and, though fairly quiet, told police about his conviction. About the way he "got mixed up with the wrong people" and "got accused of doing something with a 6-year-old that I know I didn't do."



Dan Parker
Bought bike, toys



Roy Miller
"Wrong people"

Parker is more outgoing, relaying how, a decade ago, he was accused of molesting a 5-year-old he baby-sat, a boy who lived next door to him in Chicago. He bought the child a bike and other toys, he admitted, but "I never did anything to that boy."

But scanning the Harvey flat and the candy dishes and stuffed ani-

mals, sheriff's Cmdr. John Palcu said that "something was going to happen here — if it didn't already." His agency will be in touch with Harvey police on that issue.

Miller served six years in prison, Parker seven. They said they enjoy their neighborhood, where they often walked to the park to watch softball games and the kids playing on swings. It's a good neighborhood, they boasted. But police told them and their landlord they'll have to move, to somewhere away from a school. Then they will be required to register their new address within 10 days, or risk another arrest.

Friday afternoon, neighbors gathered as police escorted Parker and Miller from their home. "We're going to have to sit down," one neighbor said, "and have a talk with the kids tonight."

Redays 2/16/6

WEDNESDAY

NATION

FROM NEWS SERVICES

Killer pleads for life

SARASOTA, Fla. A weeping Joseph Smith apologized Tuesday for the abduction, rape and murder of 11-year-old Carlie Brucia two years ago, telling a judge he had taken large amounts of cocaine and heroin that day in hopes of killing himself.

Smith told Circuit Judge Andrew Owens, who will sentence him to death or life in prison, "I do not ask for mercy for myself. The only thing I can see to give me a life sentence is for my family. I do not want to see them hurt any further."

Brucia was abducted while walking home from a friend's house in February 2004, an



attack that was caught on a car wash surveillance tape and broadcast nationwide.

A jury found the 39-year-old guilty in November and recommended by a 10-2 vote that he be executed.

Owens will sentence Smith on March 15.

Smith told Owens during the second day of the sentencing hearing Tuesday that he had been a heroin addict since he was 19 and had unsuccessfully tried to quit several times. He said his wife had kicked him out of their home in January 2004, he had lost his job, and, in the hours before abducting Brucia, he tried to overdose.

Heartbroken mom turns in son in brutal 'Candy Murder'

The brokenhearted mother of 15-year-old computer nerd Sam Manzie — who's accused of sexually torturing and murdering an 11-year-old boy selling candy — turned her son into the police. To her absolute horror, Dolores Manzie found a picture her son took of his victim Eddie Werner — and faced the terrible dilemma of whether to go to authorities.

"Her heart was breaking. She was in tears," revealed a police investigator. "She told us that her son said, 'I need help.' She told us he admitted killing the young boy."

The picture is sickeningly similar to photos taken of her son Sam by a child molester he met last year on America Online, the investigator told The ENQUIRER.

Shockingly, three days before the slaying, Sam's tormented parents asked a Family Court judge to place him in a mental institution — but the judge refused after deciding the young man was not dangerous.

Sam's own parents lived in terror of their son. He had dropped out of school, was given to sudden fits of rage — and required professional counseling five hours A DAY to keep him from boiling over.

But the teen finally spun out of control when he became disgusted with himself for cooperating with police in an investigation of 43-year-old child molester Stephen Simmons — the chubby, balding pervert he had met on-line. Sam angrily demolished his

FBI AGENTS huddle near the death scene in Jackson Township, N.J., where young Eddie Werner's body was found in the woods.

KIDS

computer, then the crazed teen continued his rampage. His next target: little neighbor Eddie Werner — one of the sweetest kids on earth.

The cheerful sixth-grader had been selling his candy door-to-door in an effort to raise money for his class at Christa McAuliffe Middle School in Jackson Township, N.J.

"Eddie was excited he had raised more than \$200 and was hoping to win the top sales prize of a walkie-talkie set," his distraught dad told police.

However, when he knocked on Manzie's door, a little after 4 p.m. on Saturday, September 27, the teen lured the boy

POLICE OFFICER stands guard at the home of 15-year-old suspect Sam Manzie, who lured his young victim inside. into the house, raped him and strangled the tiny 60-pound youngster with an electric extension cord, say authorities. Eddie's disappearance touched off a massive community search that led to the September 29 discovery of Eddie's body, hidden in the woods near the Manzies' home. The next day the Manzies let police search their home.



VICTIM Eddie Werner, 11, was selling candy when he was slain.



counseling five hours a day. In August, a counselor learned of Manzie's activities on-line and that the youngster had experienced illegal sexual relations with the older man. The counselor told police.

"They met at a mall and had sex in the woods," said Monmouth County Prosecutor John Kaye. "Simmons then brought Manzie to his home and continued the trysts."

On at least one of those occasions Simmons took pictures of his young partner in a sex act, said the prosecutor.

Under pressure from his parents, Sam initially cooperated in an investigation of Simmons.

Then on September 22, the fed-up teen destroyed his computer and other equipment. Five days later, authorities say he destroyed Eddie Werner. Afterward, pretending innocence, he commented to friends, "What a wacko to do that!"

Authorities charged Sam with murder and made plans to try him as an adult.

While all that was going on, the Manzies — who tried but were unable to help their son — fled their well-kept, expensive suburban house.

Said their attorney Michael Critchley: "They will not be going back."

ENQUIRER SPECIAL REPORT

By MICHAEL HANRAHAN
and JEFFREY RODACK

KILLED



MURDER SUSPECT Sam Manzie, 15, planned sexual encounters by Internet after meeting child molester Stephen Simmons (left) on-line.

house between my son and the rest of the family has quickly deteriorated, and we are afraid of Sam," he told the court. "Sam has violent moods."

Manzie, a tall, rail-thin loner, had no teen friends.

Neighborhood kids regularly taunted Sam with shouts of "Manzie the pansy" and got him to play football so they could pounce on him.

"We let him play just so we could drill him into the ground," admitted a youngster. The deeply troubled Manzie would respond by bullying younger children.

Addicted to his computer, Manzie also tried to find friends on-line — and enjoyed the cruel humor of "Beavis & Butt-head" on MTV.

Shortly before the cops showed up, Sam had rocked his parents to the core — confessing to them he had killed the boy, said the investigator.

A shattered Mrs. Manzie led police to Sam's bedroom and said, "I think there are a few things you may be interested in. There is a picture."

Confided the investigator: "It was heartbreaking for his mother — but she broke down and told us that just before the police arrived her son had admitted killing Eddie Werner. He also told her about the picture."

Tragically, the murder might have been avoided. A few days earlier, Sam's father had pleaded with a judge to commit his son. "The relationship in the

He also connected on-line with convicted pedophile Simmons — a Long Island, N.Y., businessman — and planned sexual encounters with Simmons that went on for an entire year.

Manzie had dropped out of the Christian Brothers Academy last year as a freshman because of an unspecified illness. He did not attempt to register in public school.

He instead was going to the Shoreline Behavioral Health Center in Toms River for

RANDOM ACCESS

DID THE NET KILL EDDIE?

A murder raises questions about whether we're doing enough to protect kids online

BY STEVEN LEVY

THE DEATH OF 11-YEAR-OLD EDDIE WERNER was heart-rending, all the more so because the scenario was so familiar. A disappearance. The small body discovered in nearby woods. An arrest of an obviously disturbed individual. And a quiet suburb loses the illusion that it's the kind of place where these things don't happen.

But not long after the suspect was taken into custody, a co-conspirator suddenly emerged: the Internet. The computer connection arose from a circumstance well buried in the gloomy chain of events that led to the murder, but nonetheless, it drew headlines, hand-wringing and howls for action. All underlying an uncomfortable fact: four months after the issue of free speech on the Net was decided by the Supreme Court's rejection of the censorious Communications Decency Act, we're still at a loss for how to protect our kids without trashing the First Amendment.

How did modems and bits become implicated in this crime? The link is indirect. Eddie Werner himself had not lured fate by going online; his mistake was knocking on a stranger's door not far from his own Jackson Township, N.J., home, in a zeal to sell wrapping paper for school fund raising. (He'd hoped to win the walkie-talkie set given to the school's top salesman.) The stranger, as the police explained, was a 15-year-old, himself a victim of sexual abuse. And that is where cyberspace figured in.

Last year, while using America Online, the 15-year-old, whom investigators have identified as Sam Manzie, visited a private chat room, where he apparently met Stephen Simmons, a 43-year-old T-shirt maker and a convicted pedophile. They arranged to meet and, police say, began an affair conducted mainly in motel rooms. When Manzie told a therapist of the arrangement, she blew the whistle, and the cops enlisted the boy in a sting that led to the older man's arrest. But Manzie was disturbed at his role in the setup, so much so that his parents requested that the boy be committed. Instead a judge remitted him to his parents' custody. Three days later, on Sept. 27, Manzie was alone at home—and little Eddie Werner was ringing doorbells. Police say that Manzie sexually assaulted the younger boy, strangled him and stuffed the body in a suitcase to dispose of the next day.

If blame was the game, there were plenty of places to point fingers. Yet by the end of the week the New York Post screamed CYBER PSYCHO on its front page, and the anti-porn group Enough Is Enough was describing the Internet as "a playground for pedophiles." Net advocates were appalled at the attacks. After all,



The victim: Eddie Werner's tragic death is provoking worries about cyberspace

they noted, solicitations from abusers like Simmons are illegal, whether online or off. In this case, the actual murder was a clear step removed from the Internet; still, people were making an issue of the fact that the 15-year-old suspect had a Web site. (Manzie's home page was mostly a shrine to the Smashing Pumpkins rock group.) "It's really sad that the anti-Net community would take a horrible crime like this and try to turn it into a free-speech issue," says Ann Beeson, a staff attorney for the ACLU.

But even though the Internet connection to this crime is shaky, the problem still exists: the online world provides an easier path for evildoers—stock scammers, cads and, yes, pedophiles—to get in touch with victims. While the Supreme Court has rightfully ruled that censorship is not the answer—to do so would unconstitutionally muzzle the rightful speech of adults—the current solution of software tools to block objectionable content from kids' eyes is no panacea. For one thing, in order for these tools to work, parents have to use them. Some parents are intimidated. Others aren't motivated.

You'd figure that America Online, 9 million subscribers strong and a self-proclaimed family service, would be moving heaven and earth to find a better way. Indeed, AOL does attempt to get parents to use the easy-to-program tools it provides to block out the bad stuff and keep kids out of private chat rooms. But the effort is falling short. On a given night, there may be as many as 19,000 AOL chat rooms going at once—too many to monitor carefully. In "private" chat rooms, where the heavy sexual activity probably occurs, AOL's proctors don't even attempt to keep an eye on the ac-

tion; the Panglossian reasoning is that parents should be savvy enough to turn on the filters to keep the kids out of those areas. Consider what happened to Sam Manzie, and it's clear that this isn't enough: the youngster checked out a chat room named "boyz" and found a 43-year-old lover.

If AOL wants to truly earn its image as a family-oriented service, it might consider more aggressive means of getting parents to use the controls. (Currently it estimates that less than a third of its households use them.) Maybe it could ship discs with the controls built in, lifting them only with the approval of the credit-card holder when the account is activated. If AOL is successful, perhaps providers who offer Internet service to families could follow suit.

There's plenty of room for improvement, in both technology and parental strategy. But we have to face a disturbing reality: the Internet will always pose a problem for parents, simply because of its open nature and its accessibility to good folks and creeps alike. The telephone and the automobile make life easier for crooks and stalkers, too, but that's a trade-off we all accept. When we get over our fear of the new and unfamiliar the benefits of computer communications will be seen in the same light. Cyberspace may not be totally benign, but in some respects it has it all over the often overrated real world. After all, one could argue, if young Eddie Werner had been selling his candy and gift-wrapping paper on the Internet, and not door to door, tragedy might not have struck.

Teen held in slaying of boy selling candy

From Tribune News Services

TOMS RIVER, N.J.—Before he was found strangled near his home, 11-year-old Edward Werner was eagerly pursuing a set of walkie-talkies, the top prize for selling the most candy and wrapping paper for his school's PTA.

He was going door to door alone, a practice most fundraising groups discourage, and sales were going so well he was flashing a \$200 wad of bills to friends.

On Wednesday, prosecutors said Edward was a victim of his own

success, killed for his money by a 15-year-old boy who answered the 6th-grader's knock on the door.

They say Edward was brought inside the home, sexually assaulted and strangled. The older boy then dragged the boy's 4-foot-11-inch, 60-pound body into the woods, officials said.

The 15-year-old, whose name was not released, was being held in a juvenile detention center. Authorities have 30 days to decide whether to charge him as an adult.

The case has focused new attention on the widespread practice of

using children to raise money for schools and other non-profit organizations.

Door-to-door selling is discouraged by the national PTA, youth organizations and the multibillion-dollar industry that puts products into the hands of a juvenile sales force.

Instead, the groups suggest children sell to relatives, friends or close neighbors and have parents sell to co-workers.

"The case serves as a reminder to all of us that we must be ever vigilant with the care and guid-

ance of our children," said Ocean County Prosecutor E. David Millard. "Even in what are otherwise the safest neighborhoods, the potential for harm to our children is ever present."

Edward's body, with the footprint of a sneaker on his back, was found by tracking dogs Monday night, two days after he disappeared. His body was just a few blocks from his home in Jackson Township, an area of middle-class homes and tidy yards along the central New Jersey coast.

Millard described the meeting

door-to-door for PTA

between Edward and the suspect as a chance encounter, the two didn't know each other.

Millard would not say what led to the arrest or whether the suspect had a record. The suspect's parents cooperated with investigators and the teenager surrendered to police.

Edward was among the legions of children around the nation involved in fundraising, a practice that annoys some.

The policy for all PTAs in the nation states that "children should never be exploited or used as fund-

raisers," said Maryann Kolbeck, president of the New Jersey PTA. "No child should ever sell—ever."

Groups such as the Girl Scouts of America have rules that an adult should accompany a girl selling or delivering cookies.

The Association of Fund Raising and Direct Sellers, a trade group representing about half the estimated 1,500 companies that deal with school and youth groups, adopted a policy last July saying it does not endorse door-to-door sales, said executive director Russell Lemieux.

Teen admits guilt in death of 11-year-old candy seller

Associated Press

TOMS RIVER, N.J.—A teenager pleaded guilty Friday to strangling an 11-year-old neighbor who came to his door selling gift wrap and candy for the PTA.

Sam Manzie, 17, appeared calm as he described in court how he choked Eddie Werner with a cord from an alarm clock for 40 minutes, stuffed his body into a suitcase and dragged it into the woods.

Eddie, who was in 6th grade, was hoping to win a walkie-talkie set by selling the most tapes.

His 1997 killing shocked the community and raised questions about the use of children for fundraising.

Manzie faces 30 years to life in prison at sentencing next month. In exchange for his pleading guilty to murder, prosecutors dropped charges that he raped

and robbed the boy. Manzie had been scheduled to stand trial as an adult next month.

"Obviously, sitting in court and dredging up everything would be very difficult, hard for the kids, the family and his friends," said Eddie's mother, Valerie Werner. "I'm just glad we won't have to go through that."

Manzie's lawyers had planned to argue that Manzie, 15 at the time of the killing, had a mental defect that prevented him from forming the intent necessary to commit the crime.

Eddie was killed three days after Manzie's parents sought unsuccessfully to have a judge commit the boy to an institution because of erratic behavior.

Manzie also was involved with an alleged pedophile whom he met in an on-line chat room. The defense said.

NATION

Finding Trauma Next Door

A child's murder reveals a separate tragedy: a victim turned victimizer

By GINIA BELLAFANTE

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, IN THE MIDDLE of the afternoon, 11-year-old Eddie Werner left his home in the Oakley Hills development in Jackson Township, N.J., outfitted in a very grownup weekend wardrobe of black jeans, a black shirt and sneakers, but holding on to a modest childlike wish—that he could sell enough candy and wrapping paper for his school's fund-raising drive to earn the grand prize of a pair of walkie-talkies. He set out to achieve his goal by knocking on the doors of the comfortable middle-class houses that dot the untroubled streets of his neighborhood. And he set out by himself.

That same afternoon another Jackson Township boy had far graver matters on his mind. From August to December last year, Sam Manzie, 15, had allegedly been involved in a sexual relationship with 43-year-old Stephen Simmons of Holbrook, N.Y., a convicted pederast whom Manzie had met over the Internet. Since late August, though, Manzie, with the consent of his parents, had been assisting New Jersey prosecutors in an effort to build a criminal case against Simmons for sexual abuse. Manzie kept up phone contact with Simmons so their conversations could be taped. Three weekends ago, however, the boy took a hammer to the recording device police had installed in his family's home, destroyed tapes and announced that he would no longer comply with the investigation. On Sept. 24, Manzie's parents tried unsuccessfully to have him committed. Three days later, Manzie met Eddie Werner at the older boy's front door. By Oct. 1, Manzie had been charged

with sexually assaulting and murdering the child.

According to investigators, Edward Werner arrived at Manzie's home (the older boy's parents were out) after 5:30 that Saturday afternoon to make his sales pitch. Manzie, who did not know Werner, then allegedly molested and strangled him, stuffed his body into a suitcase and hid it until the following day before disposing of the corpse in a wooded area that separates the Manzie and Werner neighborhoods. Police discovered Werner's body two days after his disappearance.

The dual tragedy in Jackson Township, a New York City suburb of 36,000, cut to parents' worst fears about how much freedom they can really afford children to roam sidewalks or cyberspace. Community members and the local press were quick to ascribe larger blame for the horrid crime. Shouldn't the unregulated Internet be made

accountable? Or the depressing lyrics of the rock songs Sam Manzie loved? Or the Christa McAuliffe Middle School for allowing students to solicit door to door?

What is certain about this case is that Sam Manzie was suffering a particularly tortured adolescence. He failed to complete his freshman term at an all-boys Catholic school this year, and it seems he might not have been attending school this fall. From age 12, Manzie, a bright boy, grew increasingly solitary and began spending more and more time alone with his computer. He created a home page on the Web that told of his passion for the band Smashing Pumpkins and expressed his wish for true friends.

The vulnerable teenager came into contact with Simmons during a foray into an America Online chat room aimed at homosexual men. While few sexual predators actually succeed in finding vic-



AFTERMATH: Werner's young neighbors, said a New Jersey pastor, "are in total shock"



DUAL TRAGEDY: Edward Werner, above, was trying to win a pair of walkie-talkies; Sam Manzie, right, on his home page, which has been yanked off the Web



OFFENDER: Convicted pederast Stephen Simmons allegedly lured Manzie, via the Internet, into an ongoing sexual relationship

tims online, Simmons managed to arrange an in-person meeting with Manzie last year at a mall in Freehold Township, N.J. The two got together afterward, as Simmons' credit-card receipts indicate, in several motels in the state, police say. At one point Simmons drove Manzie to his Long Island, N.Y., home for a weekend stay during which the older man allegedly tried to share the teen with his 59-year-old lover.

How Manzie managed to meet Simmons continually for months without his parents' knowledge is something of a mystery, but Sam Manzie's lawyer, Michael Critchley, is quick to defend their nurturing: "They provided support, they supplied understanding. When necessary, they supplied psychiatric assistance. As much as could be done, they did." The Manzies finally learned of the relationship when they noticed phone calls to Simmons on their long-distance bills. The Manzies sent Sam to a therapist and then warned Simmons to stay away from their son. His therapist contacted authorities about the boy's abuse.

Why his parents did not go to the police immediately is unclear. An equally troubling question is why the couple then complied with authorities who thought it necessary to use a fragile teenager as an informant in a case against a known pedophile. Professor John Myers, a child-abuse expert at the McGeorge School of Law, explains that using young victims for telephone undercover work in this kind of case is a common practice. However, according to Andrew Vachss, a New York City lawyer with expertise in child sex crimes, investigators could have dug up entire on-line conversations between Manzie and his abuser and got good evidence with a search warrant against Simmons. Because of the documented motel visits, he says, prosecutors were not desperately in need of corroborating information to charge twice-convicted Simmons. Moreover, says Vachss, "it isn't uncommon for someone who has been attacked in that way to feel a sense of complete depersonalization and diminishment, to feel like an object. The rage—his smashing equipment—pretty clearly and symbolically reflects that Manzie felt used in some way." "We are afraid of Sam," his father Nick had said in pleading with a judge to have his son committed. The judge refused, calling Sam "a fine young man."

The violent act he allegedly committed has left a once secure town uneasy. Says Jackson Township Mayor Vicki Rickabaugh: "I've always told my children not to talk to strangers or go to strangers' houses. It's every mother's cry. But how do you explain to a child that he can't talk to another child? You can't."

—Reported by William Dowell/

Jackson Township and Andrea Sachs/New York

Authorities: Teen held in death abused

Youth accused of killing N.J. boy selling candy

ASSOCIATED PRESS

JACKSON TOWNSHIP, N.J. A teenager accused of sexually assaulting and strangling a 11-year-old boy going door-to-door selling candy for charity was himself the alleged victim of sexual assault by a man he met on-line.

A 43-year-old New York man met the 15-year-old suspect through an America Online chat room and arranged trysts, authorities confirmed Thursday.

Stephen Phillip Simmons, of Holbrook, N.Y., met the youth then 14, four times last year at mall and took him to motels to have sex, Monmouth County Prosecutor John Kays said Thursday.

The teen also went to the man's Long Island home several times and their contacts continued until August, when the boy's father, suspicious of his son's frequent phone calls to Long Island and periodic absences from home, confronted Simmons, Kays said.

The parents sent the boy to a counselor, who went to the authorities after the boy told him about Simmons.

The boy is accused of killing Eddie Werner, 11, who disappeared Saturday while going door-to-door selling candy and wrapping paper for a school fundraiser. His body was discovered Monday night in a wooded area between the neighborhood where he and the suspect lived.

The name of the 15-year-old suspect was not revealed by authorities because he is a juvenile.

He was charged as a juvenile Wednesday with murder and aggravated sexual assault. Additional charges of robbery and felony murder were filed Thursday.

A hearing was scheduled for Friday. Ocean County Prosecutor E. David Millard said that he was "actively reviewing" whether to charge the suspect as an adult.

Kays said his office began investigating Simmons Aug. 28 and that the boy and his parents cooperated until eight days ago, when the youth smashed equipment on his home phone that monitored his calls with Simmons.

Authorities arrested Simmons Sept. 24 at his home and charged him with third-degree sodomy for one alleged encounter with the boy in August, said James Catterson Jr., the district attorney for Suffolk County, where Simmons lives.

He has been held in the Suffolk County jail on \$155,000 bail. Catterson said the case has been on hold because the victim has refused to cooperate.

Neighbors said the disclosures about Simmons' arrest may help explain the teen suspect's alleged behavior, but don't excuse it.

"Absolutely, he's a victim, too, but that doesn't mean you drag an 11-year-old into the woods," said Mark Omark, 37, who doesn't let either of his boys, ages 7 and 9, go outside alone.

10/3/97 Tribune

Boy selling candy found strangled

A 15-year-old boy was charged Wednesday with killing an 11-year-old who disappeared while selling merchandise door-to-door for a school fundraiser. Eddie Werner was sexually assaulted and strangled in the suspect's home in Jackson Township, N.J., Ocean County Prosecutor E. David Millard said. Before he was found strangled, Eddie was eagerly pursuing a set of walkie-talkies, the top prize for selling the most candy and wrapping paper for his school's PTA. He was going door-to-door alone—a practice discouraged by most fund-raising groups.

Sun-Tues 10/2/97

BRITAIN

8/19/92 Torture



Reuters photo by Dan Chung

A girl walks by flowers and other items Sunday left in honor of two missing 10-year-old schoolgirls in Soham. Police are examining remains and are questioning two suspects in the case.

Police officials believe bodies are those of missing girls

LONDON—Detectives said Sunday that they believe two bodies found in country woodland are those of missing 10-year-old girls, bringing a chilling end to a two-week search.

Police also continued questioning a 25-year-old teaching assistant and her 28-year-old school caretaker boyfriend about the Aug. 4 disappearance of Holly Wells and Jessica Chap-

man from their rural hometown of Soham, near Cambridge.

"It may be some days yet before we are able to positively identify the two bodies," Deputy Chief Constable Keith Hoddy said outside a church where town residents gathered to pray for the girls and their families.

"However, we are as certain as we possibly can be tonight that they are those of Holly and

Jessica," he said.

Police signaled Saturday that there was little hope of finding the girls alive after they arrested the two school workers on suspicion of murder. However, no charges have been filed.

The bodies were discovered near a path in a nature preserve 7 miles from town. The remains are at a local hospital for further examination, police said.

Kids foil abduction attempt

Leslie Jones McCloud

A man with a history of sexual offenses, according to police, attempted to lure six children whose ages range from 6 to 15 into a nearby alley recently, in the 11700 block of South Perry Avenue.

The incident was reported late Monday night, but according to police, they did all they could to have more charges approved and have him placed in custody, but the state could not abide.

Calumet District police said 29-year-old Mack Roberts tried to lure the children with the promise of Nintendo and PlayStation games at about 8:50 a.m. as they played on a public playground near Sonris Elementary School.

According to Calumet Area Sgt.

William Dunn, a parent of one of the children called the police to report the incident and all involved were cooperative but it wasn't enough to get stronger charges approved.

"The kids were playing when Roberts approached them and tried to take them into the alley. One of the kids pointed the guy out to police," Dunn said.

Police said it was unclear if Roberts had been seen in the area before, but did confirm he has a history of sex offenses.

He was not a registered sex offender. Roberts was released on his own recognizance as he was charged with attempted child abduction, a misdemeanor.

"We tried our best. The detectives

worked hard on this case but the State's Attorney's Office didn't approve the charges.

They said Roberts didn't do enough to lure the kids. We even went to the deputy chief to override the charges but it didn't work.

The level of cooperation from the parents and children was good," Dunn said.

Bob Benjamin, a spokesman for the Cook County State's Attorney's Office, said Tuesday that the law is clear on how and what charges are approved.

"I sure they (police) did all they could. There is a vast difference in trying to lure someone and making physical contact," Benjamin said.

7/7/99 Defender

Ingratitude

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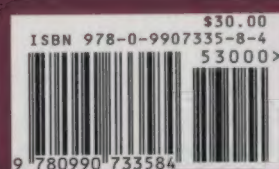
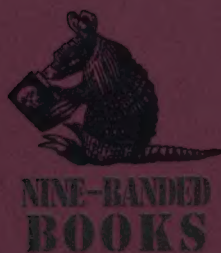
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